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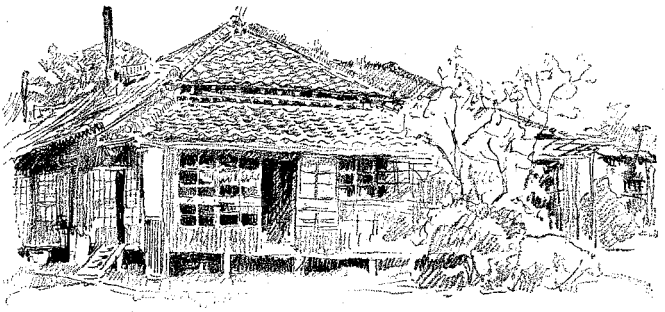
JAPONICA.

FIRST PAPER.—JAPAN THE COUNTRY.

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BLUM.



Sir Edwin Arnold's House at Azabu, Tokio.

THERE are two Japans. One commenced its national life, so says mythical history, six hundred and sixty years before our era, with the accession of the Emperor Jimmu Tenno. The other, everybody knows, came into existence about twenty-three years ago, in "the first of Meiji." Neither of them can be ever at all completely understood even by the most intelligent and indefatigable foreign observer. You ought certainly to have been born under one of the great Shogunates, the last of which fell amid battle and revolution in A.D. 1868, to comprehend in any intimate way ancient Japan; and you should be native-bred, a living part of the present brand-new order of things, to have a reasonable chance of feeling as this people feels and looks upon the outer and inner world with their eyes. Let nobody, therefore—least of all a mere traveller—venture to theorize too boldly about Japan and the Japanese. He is pretty sure to go wrong somewhere if he does. The first impressions which a fairly intelligent stranger may form of men and cities, manners and customs, in this delightful but incomprehensible "Land of the Rising Sun," have their value if carefully recorded, and his conclusions may not prove wholly without interest about its past, present, and future, when he has learned something of the language, and discovered how much he can never learn upon a hundred intensely attractive points. Even the artists have not really found out Japan yet; nor realized what color, what novelty, what refinement, what remarkable things in Nature and Art and Humanity she keeps awaiting them in the silvery light of her atmospheres, along with all sorts of absurdities and grotesqueries. There are many and many landscapes, in the hills and along the sea-shores of these fair islands which would present a new world to real lovers of scenery; and in the little, girlish steps of a *musumë*, cross-

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ing the mats of the tea-house, or tripping down the street on her wooden clogs, there is ofttimes a grace of special movement—a delicate, strange play of folds and feet—which no Western painter has thus far caught, and which is something midway between the pacing of fantail pigeons and the musical gait of Greek maidens on the friezes of the Parthenon.

The two Japans are, of course, perpetually blended. The younger nation, which has only just come of age, is all for railways, telegraphs, and European developments, including some of the least desirable and profitable. Yet the older nation lives on, within and around the Japan of new parliaments, colored wide-awakes, and Parisian costumes, and from time to time fiercely asserts itself. My lamented friend, the late Viscount Mori, Minister for Japan to Washington, and afterward to London—and one of the most enlightened of her modern statesmen—was assassinated in Tokio on February 11, 1889, really as an enemy to the independence of his country on account of his reforms, but ostensibly because he had lifted up the curtain of the shrine at Ise with his walking-stick. Only a few weeks back, in a neighboring district, the editor of a Japanese journal was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for speaking disrespectfully in a leading article about that very ancient dignitary the Emperor Jimmu. Considering that the potentate in question—albeit first of all Mikados—was so vastly remote as to be declared grandson or grandnephew of the Sun Goddess herself, and is said to have conquered Japan with a sword as long as a fir-trunk and the aid of a miraculous white crow's beak, one would think criticism was free as to His Majesty "Kamu-Yamato-Iware-Biko." But the Japanese administration generally, and the censorship of the press in particular, will have no trifling with the established traditions of Dai-Nippon. Japan took from China, along with her earliest imported religion (Shintoism), a measureless respect for ancestors, however fabulous; and, strangely enough, while her educated people disbelieve the legends of the gods, they seem to accept, or, at any rate, demurely repeat, the historical stories which relate how an empress stilled the waves of the sea by sitting down upon them, and how emperors had fishes for their ministers, and were transformed into white or yellow birds. Afterward, from China, came Buddhism, and with it the all-important tea-leaf and tea-cup; and Confucianism, if it had features deplorably materialistic, yet inculcated that loyalty to chiefs and that reverence and devotion to parents which have formed the keystones of the Japanese social system.

Nihon or Nippon—like our own word Japan—are corruptions of the Chinese Jip-pên, which means "The place the sun comes from." Marco Polo's Zipangu is derived from the same word, for it was by way of China that Japan was first heard about. In classic Japanese the land is styled "O-Mi-Kuni," the "Great August Country," and the learned Mr. Chamberlain gives, among many appellatives, yet another name, which probably you would not wish me to repeat very constantly—"Toyo-ashi-wara-no-chi-aki-no-naga-i-ho-aki-no-mizu-ho-no-kuni"—which signifies "The Luxuriant-Reed-Plains; the Land-of-Fresh-Rice-Ears; of a-Thousand-Streams; of Song; of Five-Hundred-Autumns." It should meanwhile interest all Americans to be reminded that their great country was discovered, quite as an accident, by Christopher Columbus on his first trip, while he was really looking for Zipangu; which region he still endeavored perpetually to reach, on all his subsequent voyages to America.

Japan is so broken up, so *accidenté* in surface and contour, that not more than fifteen per cent. of her soil lies available for cultivation, and only two-thirds of it has, as yet, been brought under the *suki* and *kuwa* of the blue-frocked Japanese farmer. That hard-working person has little or nothing to learn from Western science, cultivating his land, as he does, with not less skill than industry. Half his time is passed knee-deep in the sticky swamps of the rice-grounds; but he seems to mind this no more than the odors of the liquid manure which is so carefully hoarded and distributed by ladlefuls with rash disregard of the traveller's nose. The climate suits him a great deal better than it

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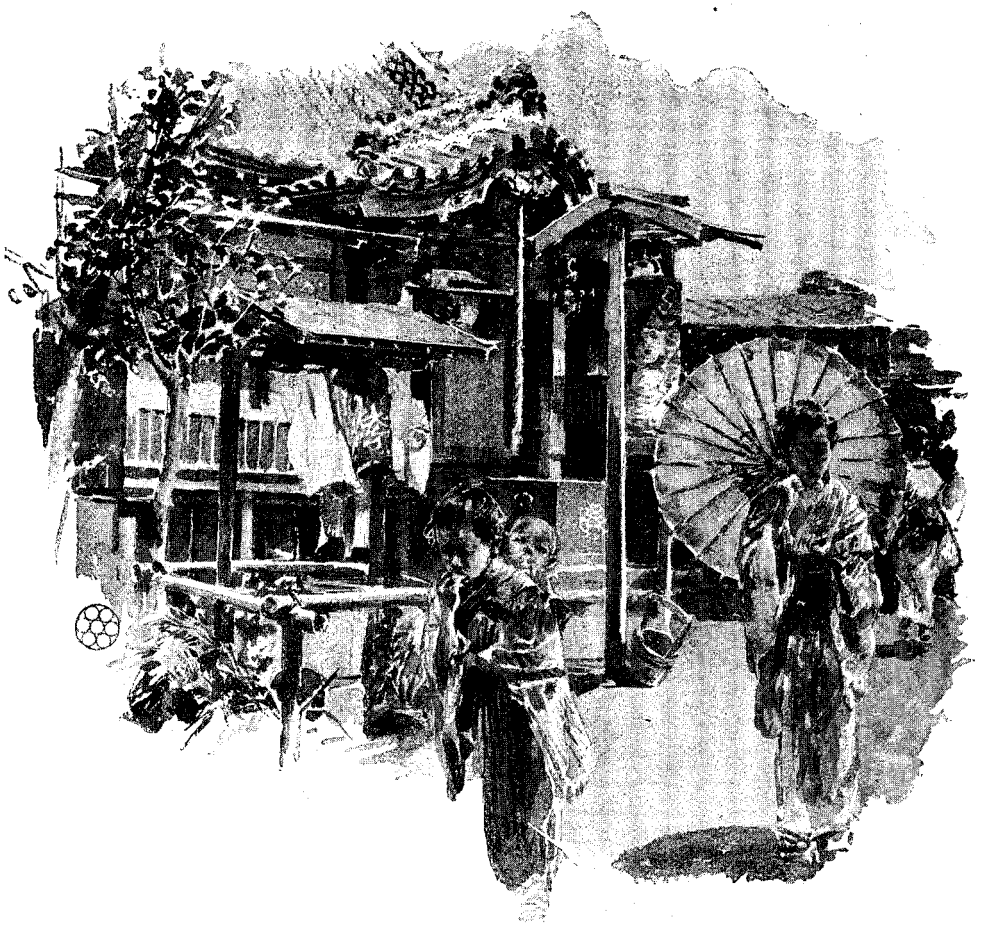

Temple Grounds with Buddhist Shrine, Uyeno Park, Tokio.

does the mere resident or the tourist. Really it rains far too frequently in this otherwise charming Japan, and one can indeed scarcely expect any permanent dry weather except in autumn. Every wind seems to bring rain-clouds up from the encircling Pacific to break upon the evergreen peaks of Nippon; while in winter, so great is the influence of the neighboring Arctic circle, with its cold currents of air and water, that Christmas in Kiû-Shiû—which lies in the same latitude with the mouths of the Nile—sees the thermometer sometimes below zero. Except for certain delicious periods of the year, one cannot honestly praise the climate of Japan; but it has certainly divine caprices; and when the sunshine does unexpectedly come, during the chilly and moist months, the light is very splendid, and of a peculiar silvery tone, and the summer days are golden. For this the tea-plant, the young bamboo-shoots, and the other subtropical vegetation, wait patiently underneath the snows; indeed, all the sun-loving plants of the land have lurked, like the inhabitants, to "wait till the clouds roll by." Some of the most beautiful know how to defy the worst weather with a curious hardihood. You will see the camelias blossoming with the ice thick about their roots, and the early plum-blooms covered with a fall of snow which is not more white and delicate than the petals with which it thus mingles.

The landscape in Japan takes a double character, from her subtropical latitude,

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and her Siberian vicinity. The zones and kingdoms of the North and South meet as on a border region, in the beautiful islands. You might think yourself in Mexico or India on many a July or August day, for the strong sun and the palms and bamboos. April and October, with peach, azalea, and cherry flower at one time, and peonies and chrysanthemums at the others, make one recall Italy and southern England; and then again at December, the bare deciduous trees, with dark patches of pine and laurel, bring to thought Kamchatka or Scandinavia. On the whole, though a fairly healthy climate, and excellent, apparently, for children, it must not be greatly praised. Autumn and spring are the best seasons. The June rains are followed by six sultry weeks called *dô-yô*, which prove very "muggy" and trying, and from November to March the cold is extremely bitter, and the winds ofttimes savagely bleak. Tokio has 58.33 inches of yearly rainfall, as against 24.76 at Greenwich. Grass lawns, for all that, do not turn green until May. By an unhappy arrangement of nature, north winds blow steadily in the winter, and the southerly winds pretty constantly all the summer; but one must remember, while thus generalizing, that Japan is a large and long country, touching the Arctic circle at the Kuriles, and the Tropic of Cancer at the Loo-Choo group, and exhibits, accordingly, many climates.

Countries always seem to me to possess, as much as individuals, a countenance, features, lineaments, composed in some manner, more easily felt than defined, of geological, floral, botanical, zoölogical, and other local characteristics in looks and colors, so that I think I should know India, Egypt, Norway, Palestine, Italy, Greece, and America, in fact, whatever regions I may have visited, in whatever nook or corner of them I chanced to be dropped. So, after a while, one forms an ideal of the "face of Japan" — and fair and noble, and very fitted to awaken patriotic attachment is that face. The normal landscape in Japan is not grotesque, nor in the least unnatural, as some have perhaps imagined who judge it by the screens, the fans, and the lacquered boxes of its artists. This people loves to play with Nature, dwarfing her trees, twisting them into fantastic forms, filling a little clay backyard with bowlders of granite or limestone; piling up miniature mountains in a bit of a garden, and creating upon them minute forests, tiny lakes, and bridges for fairies to cross. But Japan herself, and at large, is as sane and sweet of aspect as Scotland or New England; with a general *cachet* about her scenery, less of what is wild and grand than of what is reposeful, charming, and gracious. The typi-

In a Rice-field.

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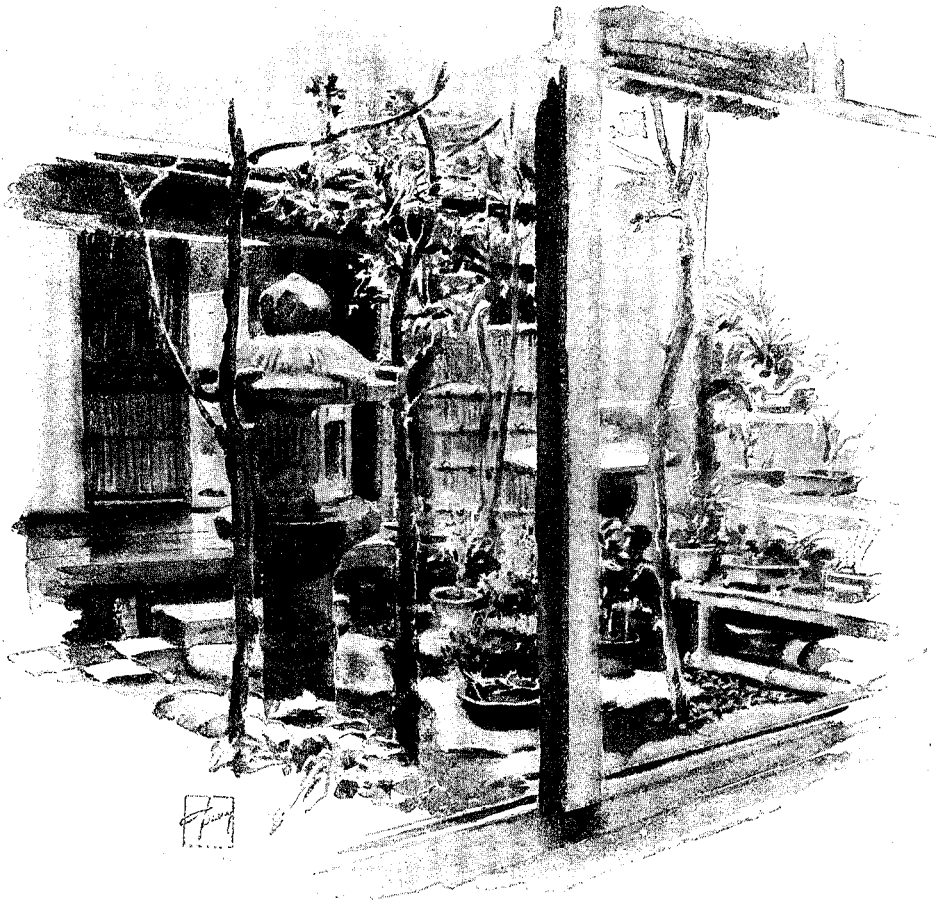

A Little Clay Backyard.

cal Japanese landscape along the southern shores between Kioto and Tokio is distinctly special to the country ; more so than the hill regions, which remind you of many other wooded and mountainous districts, until you note the vegetation closely. Wide flats of land, either levelled by alluvial action or carefully laid out in terrace along the whole course of a valley, are seen marked off in regular squares and oblongs for rice and other moisture-loving crops. These are kept almost perpetually under water, divided by narrow banks of earth, where the cultivators can just pass in single file, and in winter present a rather dreary vista of gleaming swamps and black rice-roots. At Nagoya, in the great military manœuvres, it was a curious spectacle to see a large body of infantry suddenly thrown into one of these rice-valleys, to cross to the opposite hills in order to deliver an attack upon the Emperor's central batteries. For soldiers, loaded with arms and ammunition, the rice-fields themselves were impassable, and the four or five thousand men engaged spread out in long strings upon every slender bank, like a swarm of ants defiling along the lines of a chess-board. Overhanging the rice-plots are generally hills covered with groves of bamboo, fir, paulonia, and beech, with long glens running into them, which are all terraced for rice and wet crops. At the foot of the hills, or in single long streets on either side of the main road, running beneath them, gather the villages, all on the same model, except that the ridge of the

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thatched roof, perhaps, will be differently fashioned in different localities. Some may be newer and cleaner than others, some large, and some very humble; but all contain the same kind of apartments, raised about two feet from the ground, with the clean mats which no boot or shoe ever profanes; the sliding-paper, *shoji*, and *amado*, or rain-shutters, the fire-box, the hanging picture on the wall, the pot of flowers or bunch of lilies in the bamboo stand, and a "Butsamono," a shrine of Buddha. Somewhere amid, or near, the houses rises the village temple, being in architecture merely a rather superior sort of hut, but dignified, if Shinto, by a torii, a "bird-perch" built across the paved way, or steps leading to it. This is a gateway of stone posts and a twofold lintel, the latter with up-curved ends, after the Chinese fashion. If it be a Shinto fane, white paper—cut in connected squares, and intended to signify and to replace offerings of cloth—will dangle and flutter from the curved stone beams. Round about the shrine—which will have no image if it be *Miya, i.e.*, Shinto, but will disclose a gilded Buddha or one of the Buddhisats if it be a *tera*, a Buddhist holy place—is usually seen a dense and shadowy grove of trees—bamboos, cryptomerias, black and red pines—*sawara*, *hi*, and *maki*—with the *awogiri*, from which are manufactured the wooden patterns of the Japanese. The old idea was thereby to supply timber to repair or rebuild the temples; but as the trees grow older they become sacred and are girdled with a band of straw rope to denote this. Shinto, which is not Confucianism, can hardly be called a religion, since it has no doctrines, no scriptures, no moral code; originally it was a worship of the Powers of Nature, and of ancestors as gods. Ama-Terasu, Goddess of the Sun, bequeathed to the first and to all succeeding Mikados a mirror, a sword, and a jewel, which used to be guarded by a virgin daughter of the ruling emperor in the great shrine at Ise. Buddhism, entering Japan six centuries after Christ, put Shinto aside, or greatly modified it, down to A.D. 1700. The Buddhist priests assimilated the Shinto gods, and their religion became, as it is, indeed, now, that of the people at large during all this long period. Then Iyeyasu, the great Shogun, first printed the Confucian classics, and the principles of the arch Opportunist of China then mingled with the already much mixed Ryōbu-Shinto to contribute the state of things, social and civil, which was subverted, at least politically, in 1868. Then everything was commanded to go back to "pure Shinto," and to the ancient system of the Sun Goddess, but only the civil side of this revolution has ever really triumphed. Buddhism, in a diluted degree, is more than ever the religion of the nation; but it is difficult to describe how lightly the Japanese take the spiritual side of life. They are an extremely undevotional people, without being on that account irreligious. They blend every *Ennichi* or *Matsuri*, that is to say, their "Saints' days," with a fair or festival; and "divine service" consists with them of very little more than pulling the rope of the gong at the temple entrance, clapping the palms, repeating a whispered prayer with bowed head, and then throwing a copper coin on the matted floor or into the offering-box. It is, however, very proper to wash the hands before doing all this in a stone cistern near the gate, and serious people often purchase from the priests slips of paper inscribed with the name of a god, or with the formula *Nama Amida Butsu*, and hang these sacred treasures up at the doors of their houses to keep away robbers and fire; or else put them before the family shrine along with the little brass lamp and the stick of Senko.

The typical Shinto temple, with its emblems, is well described by Mr. Satow. All that is visible to the eye of the worshipper is a bundle of paper cuttings attached to an upright wand, or a mirror in the centre or back of an open chamber. But behind the grating in the rear is a sanctum, within which not even the chief priest may intrude, except on rare occasions, where the emblem of the god is kept enshrined, box within box, and enveloped in innumerable wrappings of silk and brocade. Tradition alone informs people in each case what this emblem, or *mi-tama-shiro* (representation of the august spirit) is. Sometimes

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A Japanese Girl.

The little girlish steps of a musumë tripping down the street on her wooden clogs.—Page 664.

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it will be a mirror, or a sword, a curious stone, or even a shoe, the mirror being characteristic of the female, the sword of male deities.

Along the southern shores orange and lemon trees will be seen upon the sunny uplands, and everywhere, indeed, this blending of subtropical with temperate and frigid vegetation characterizes the changeful and charmful face of Japan. Barley and rice, bamboo and pines, wild weeds of England with thickets of Corsica or California are found growing side by side. Dr. Rein has specially named this Japanese region "the kingdom of magnolias, camellias, and arabias," but it is a real paradise of botanists for variety. Japan counts, in forest trees alone, 165 species and 66 genera, against 85 species and 33 genera of the continent of Europe; and it is a curious fact that eastern America and Japan possess no less than 65 genera in common.

Well does Japan deserve these forest riches. She knows how to value the beautiful variety in the grain of her timbers, and to produce with them, in house-building, cabinet work and joinery, all manner of delightful effects. Nowhere will you see in this country the abomination of wood grained by the painter in imitation of something which it is not. It is rare even to observe paint anywhere placed upon wood at all; even the junks and sampans are unpainted and unpitched. A Japanese carpenter and shipwright takes care to have his wood well seasoned, and then leaves it, naked and natural, to last as long as it may in its own fashion. The bright and glossy pine-planks, of which the houses in every town and village are constructed, soon change color, of course, under the sun and rain, into the subdued gray of weather-worn fir stuff; but the general hue is still sober and pleasing with the contrast of the black and white tiles, the white *shoji*, the dark polished platforms, and spotless mats. In the interior of the house the Japanese citizen revels in the variety and tints of the timbers furnished by his forests. He will have a natural cherry-tree trunk in the middle of his principal apartment, and pine-stems, merely stripped of their bark, at the corners of each room; while the ceiling will perhaps be composed of broad planks, selected for their beauty, of cryptomeria. A curious taste, however, prevails for beams and boards of worm-eaten wood. Your Japanese builder or householder loves the strange pattern into which the *Teredo Navalis* or the Dakboring insect will drill a pile or a trunk. He saws and planes these just enough to show the fantastic filigree of those strange creatures, and then proudly puts them up as gate-posts or bressumers. He will cut a partly hollow tree into many planks, and glory in the quaint patterns which he obtains by laying these side by side together along the front of his abode. He knows how to get from cross-sections and slices of bark and root all kinds of new lines and colors; and there are towns and villages in and about the hills, like Yumoto and Miyanoshita, where scores of shops sell nothing but slabs of carefully sawn timber, and where hundreds of ingenious articles are turned or fashioned from every tree and root and bark that can be found in the forest.

Another View of Sir Edwin Arnold's House.

Special in their love and use of wood the Japanese are also as peculiar and as much apart from the West in their regard for, and their dealings with, flowers.

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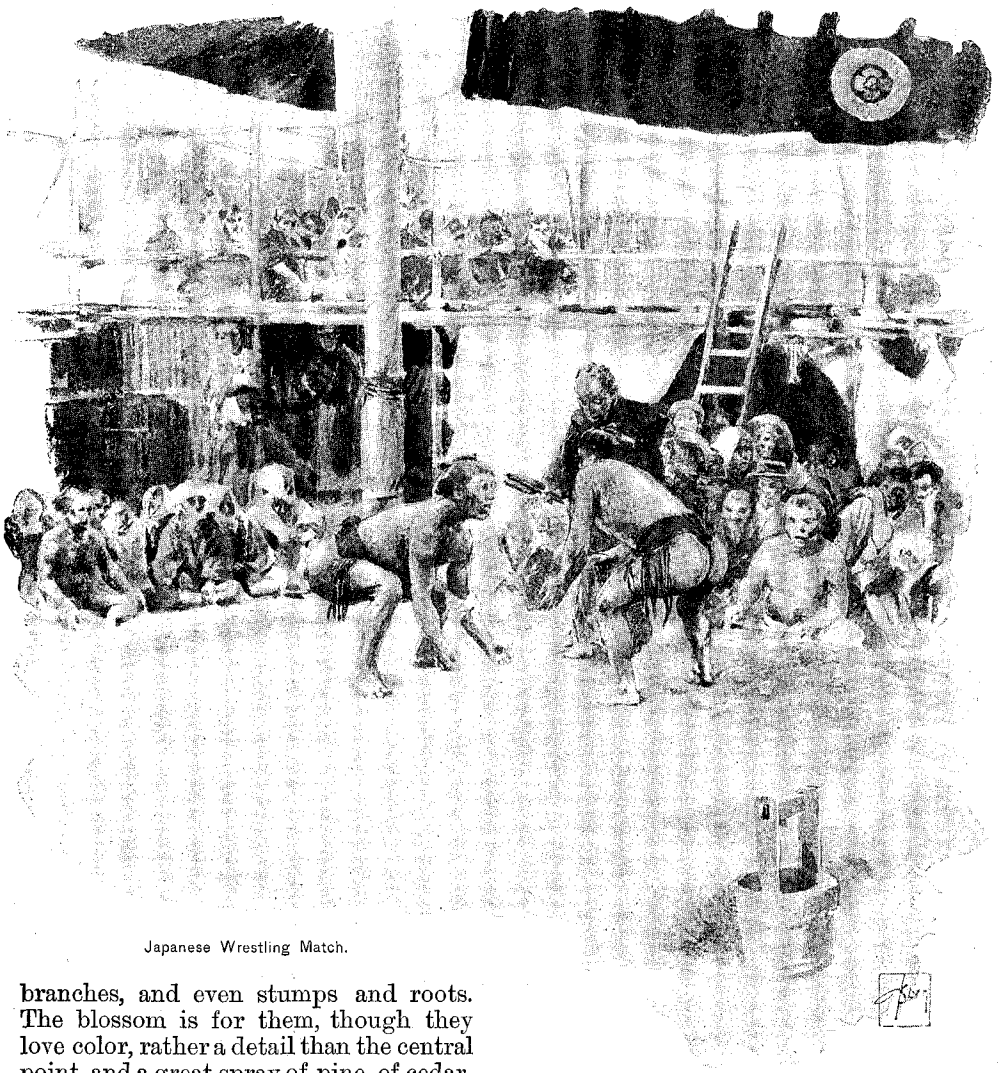
But by "flowers" they mean less and more than we. They include all handsome and ornamental leaves, stems, branches, and even stumps and roots. The blossom is for them, though they love color, rather a detail than the central point, and a great spray of pine, of cedar, or of maple ranks above most of mere blooms. There is an aristocracy of flowers with them very severely defined. The seven princely or primary flowers are the *Kiku*, or chrysanthemum; the narcissus, or *Suisen;* the maple, or *Momiji;* the cherry, or *Sakura;* the peony, or *Botan;* the wisteria, or *Fuji*, and the evergreen rhodea, or *Omoto*. The iris is also of princely dignity, but must not be employed at weddings because of its purple color.



Japanese Wrestling Match.

Those who would understand to what a pitch Japanese fancy has raised this art of flower arrangement should study a most erudite article published in the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan" upon this fascinating subject. Without the aid of this, your Japanese gardener would, indeed, make you understand in a very little time, by the daily floral adornments which he constructs, how little you, as an European or American, know upon the topic, and what scientific ideas ought to govern it. But we must go to Mr. Conder to get a

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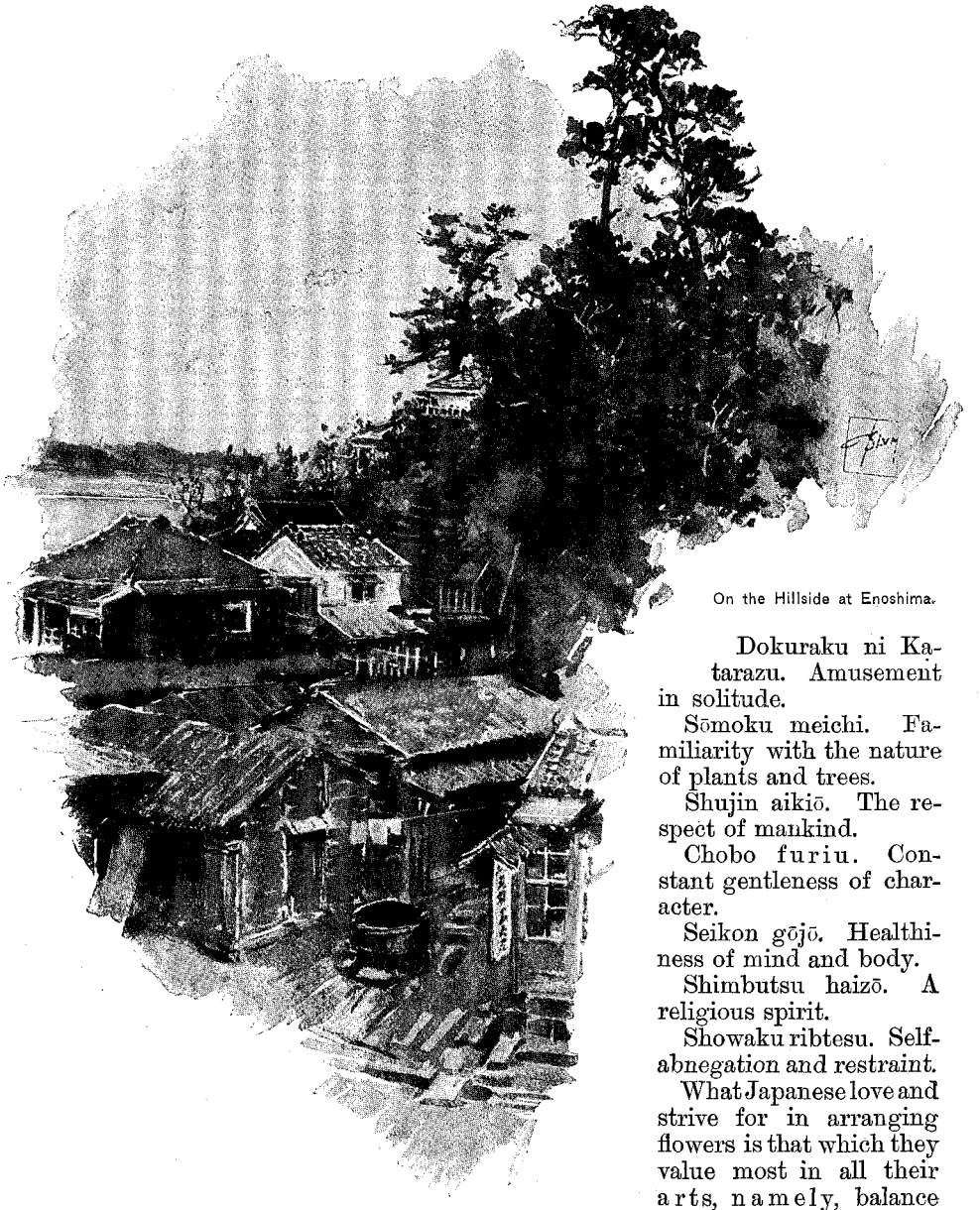
just notion of true principles in floral decoration. Those who well understand them are declared to possess, by simple force of such superior knowledge, the subjoined ten virtues:

Koishikko. The privilege of associating with superiors.

Sējijō jōkō. Ease and dignity before men of rank.

Muitannen. A serene disposition and forgetfulness of care.



On the Hillside at Enoshima.

Dokuraku ni Katarazu. Amusement in solitude.

Sōmoku meichi. Familiarity with the nature of plants and trees.

Shujin aikiō. The respect of mankind.

Chobo furiu. Constant gentleness of character.

Seikon gōjō. Healthiness of mind and body.

Shimbutsu haizō. A religious spirit.

Showaku ribtesu. Self-abnegation and restraint.

What Japanese love and strive for in arranging flowers is that which they value most in all their arts, namely, balance and beauty of line. The charm of their dancing—of which I shall hope to speak more at length later on—springs from the same "language of line," and he who does not know and feel the subtle secrets of this will vainly seek to derive from Japanese art of any kind the exquisite pleasure it can impart to the

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eye. Your European florist—who masses together his roses, and gardenias, his maiden-hair ferns and calla-lilies, surrounding them with a dish of green, and an outer overcoat of lace paper—appears to the Japanese lover of flowers lower than a barbarian. He has lost—to the Japanese mind—the chief charms of flowers and leaves, which consist in their form of growth, their harmonious asymmetry, and their natural relations. Every school of flower arrangement in Japan would scorn his rural bow-pot or guinea bouquet, and teach him far nobler thoughts. Each school possesses its own secret traditions, called *Hiden*, only imparted to the very proficient. The most popular of modern floral schools keeping in mind the particular season, in the proper use of buds, open flowers, withered leaves, dew, etc.

What the floral artist in Japan most contemns and avoids is tame duplicated symmetry. Nature will have none of it, nor he, her scholar. If, as in her butterflies and double leaves, she must be equilibriated, she redeems it with gorgeous color or by a varied back or edge to the leaf. But you may balance asymmetry, which the Japanese flower-lover effects by a scientific disposition of his stems and leave-masses. It is not possible to give here the elaborate nomenclature of his *shins* and *sôs*. He has names for all important parts in the display of his flower-vase: For a triple

Benten Cave, Enoshima.

is the *Enshin*, founded by Kobori Totomi no Kami, a servant of the great Shogun Tyemasu. This school observes three chief rules: The first, called *Kioku*, is the art of giving feeling and expression to compositions; the second, called *Shitsu*, is the art of conveying the particular nature of the growth, and the third, called *Ji*, refers to the principle of arrangement the terms of *Chichi* (Father), *Haha* (Mother), *Ten* (Heaven) are used. For the quintuple form, *Chiuwō* (Centre), *Kita* (North), *Minami* (South), *Higashi* (East), *Nishi* (West), also *Tsuchi* (Earth), *Hi* (Fire), *Mizu* (Water), *Kane* (Metal), *Ki* (Wood), also *Ki-iro* (Yellow), *Aka* (Red), *Kuro* (Black), *Shiro* (White), *Ao* (Blue), are all employed. There

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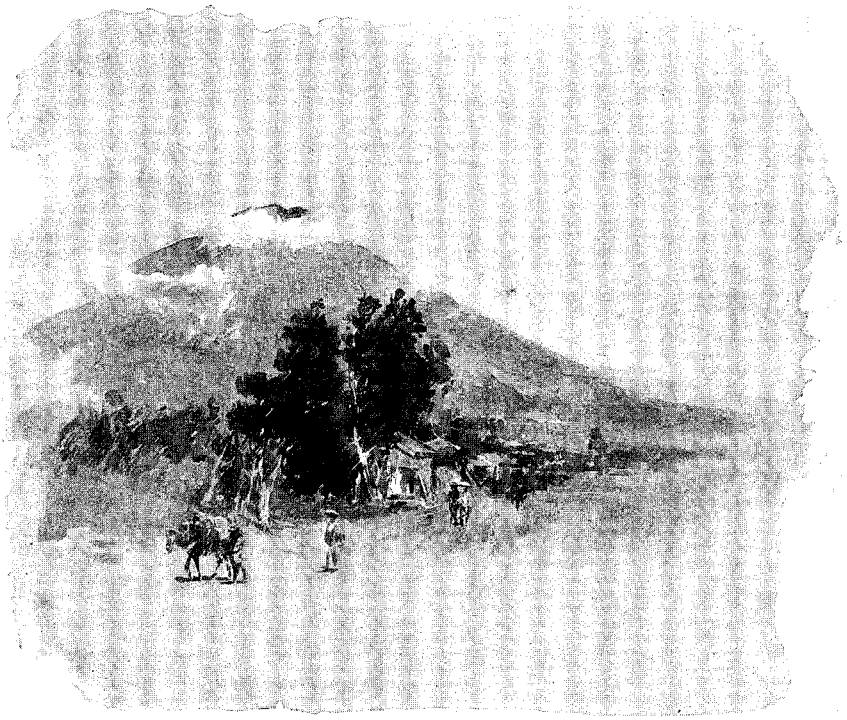
must by no means occur "nagashi," or long streaming sprays, on both sides of the grouping. Certain defects in the cross-cutting of branches or stalks must be heedfully guarded against; "window-making," when these intersect so as to suggest loop-holes; "lattice-making," when they cross to give the idea of trellis-work. Parallelism is held detestable; it must be presented from no point of sight; and albeit the flower-structure is intended to be studied and enjoyed where it stands upon the *toku-no-ma*, or "place of honor," from a front view, still the composition must endure to be regarded with artistic satisfaction from right or left. The vessels or stands to receive the flowers obey, in their shape and material, certain well-fixed rules. Many are very splendid pieces of bronze, carved wood, or porcelain, but this is not imperative. The illustrious Yoshimasa, an ancient and accomplished patron of this refined art, preferred wicker-baskets, after Hakoji, a Chinese weaver, had offered him one. The lowly craftsman in forwarding his tribute made the humble request that so unworthy an object should be embellished by an ornamental stand when placed before the Regent. Yoshimasa, it is said, was so pleased with its simple elegance that he ordered it to be placed immediately upon the polished dais without any stand or tray. Hence the custom of dispensing with the stand or tray used under similar flower vessels. Hakoji returned to his mountain cottage and continued his occupation of basket-making with the assistance of his daughter Reshojō, who herself originated a basket of somewhat different shape. Hence the two kinds of flower *Kago*, the one-called *Hakoji gata*, and the other *Reshojō gata*. Quite as popular-favored a receptacle as any is the simple bamboo stick, cut into flower-holders, and not less than forty-two methods are solemnly named for notching and shaping the cane. They begin with the *Shishi guchi gata*, or "Lion's-mouth shape," and there is the "travelling pillow," the



Fuji San. From Gotemba.

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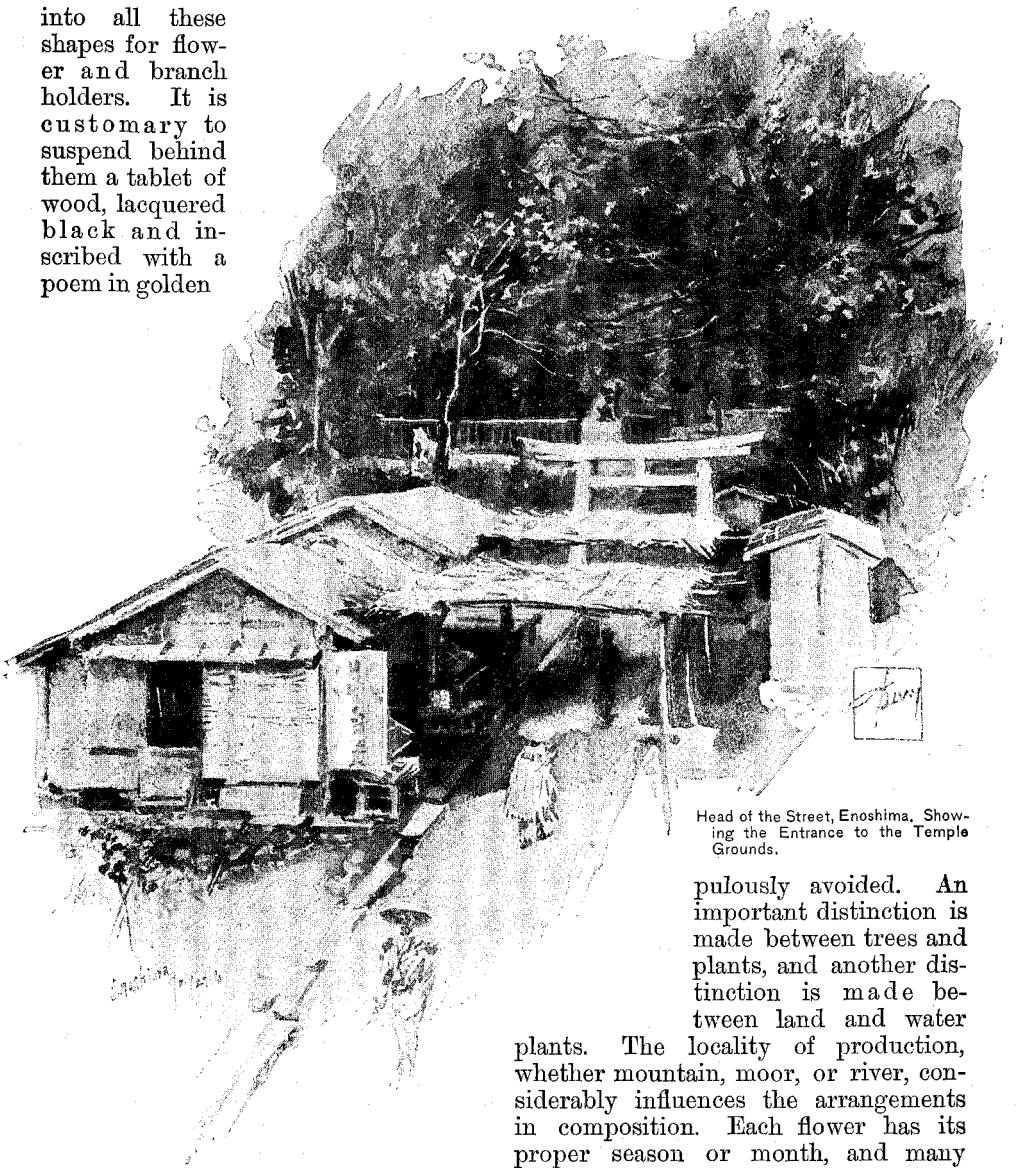
"singing mouth," the "shark's jaw," the "oar-blade," the "lantern," the "climbing monkey," the "five storeys," the "icicle," the "bird-cage," the "flute," the "bridge," the "stork's neck," the "bell," the "top," the "cap," the "conch shell," the *bento*, or "dinner box," and, lastly, the *taki-robori-ryo gata*, or "cascade-climbing-dragon's form." The astonishing fertility in invention of the Japanese carpenter moulds the natural bamboo-cane into all these shapes for flower and branch holders. It is customary to suspend behind them a tablet of wood, lacquered black and inscribed with a poem in golden letters. Sometimes the bamboo is cut into fantastic forms of boats and rafts and junks. Flowers and branchlets are disposed in these with symbolical meanings and in strict accordance with natural propriety. Mr. Conder says: "In all compositions, single or combined, the special nature and character of the different materials employed are carefully kept in mind, and anything at all suggestive of the inappropriate most scrupulously avoided. An important distinction is made between trees and plants, and another distinction is made between land and water plants. The locality of production, whether mountain, moor, or river, considerably influences the arrangements in composition. Each flower has its proper season or month, and many flowers, which continue throughout sev-



Head of the Street, Enoshima, Showing the Entrance to the Temple Grounds.

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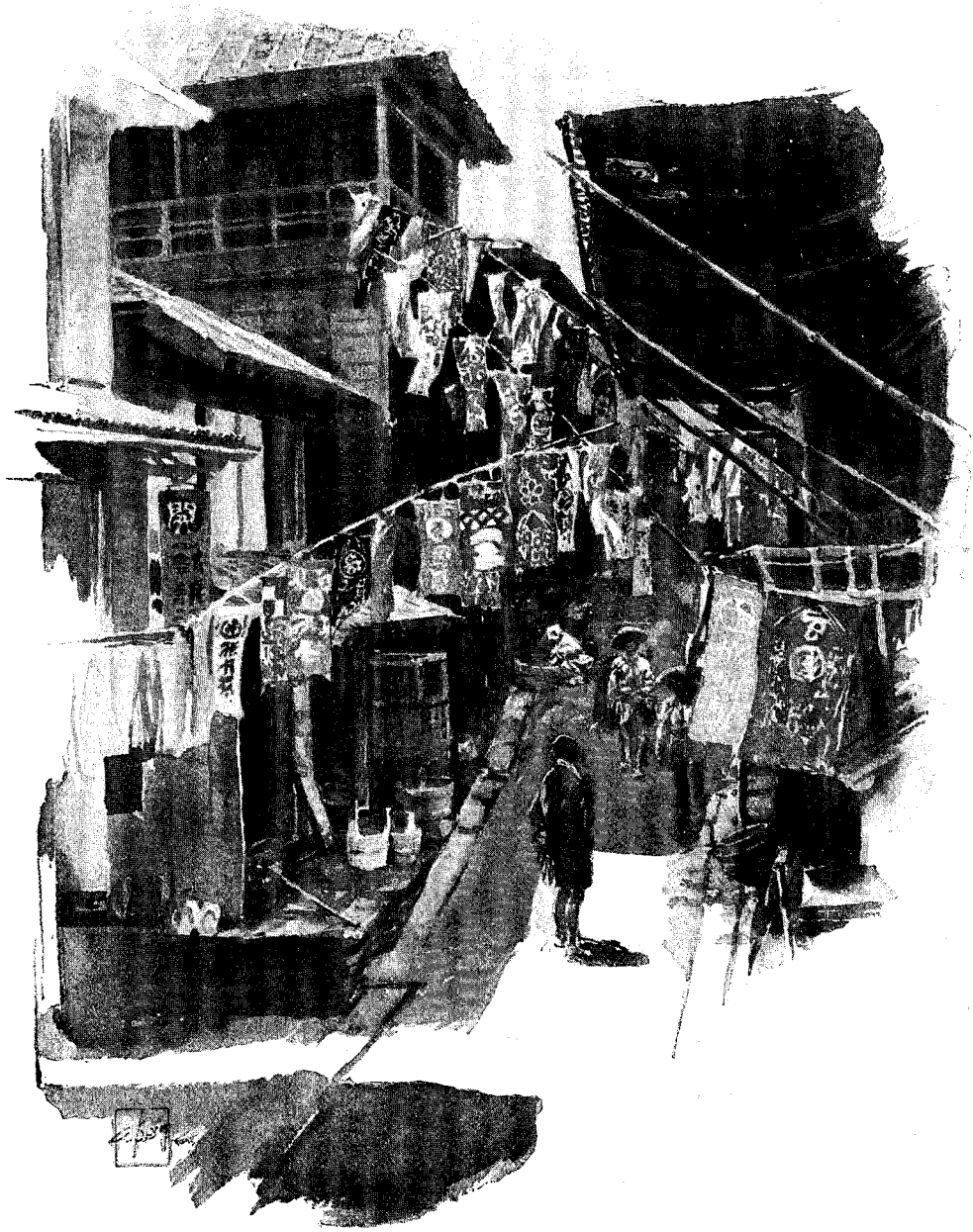

A Street Scene, Enoshima.

"Strung across the street are little banners that different societies and clubs give to the inn-keepers on passing through the town. Every *matsuri* brings them out by the hundreds. The two men coming down the street are pilgrims belonging to some such society or club, tramping to certain places, visiting the temples, etc., and carrying a square piece of matting slung loosely from their shoulders. They are dressed in rough white garments that sometimes are quite spotted with the red seal imprints from different temples."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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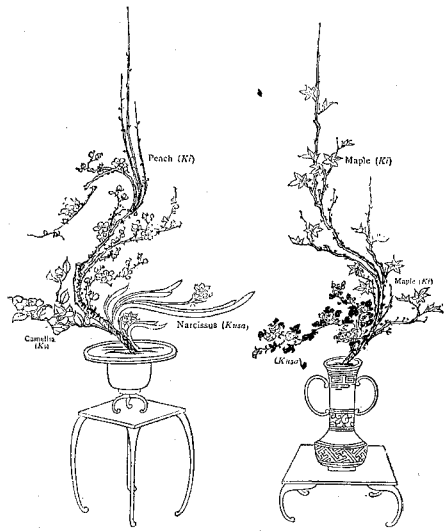
eral seasons, have special characteristics peculiar to the different seasons. Such different characteristics are carefully observed and followed in the artificial arrangements, subject, of course, to the general rules of art." And again : "In combining several species in one composition it is laid down as an important law that the branches of a tree, technically called *Ki*, should never be 'supported' on both sides by a plant, technically called *Kusa*, nor should kusa be 'supported' on both sides by *Ki*. In case of a treble arrangement two *Ki* may be combined with one *Kusa*, but the *Kusa* must not be in the centre of the composition. As an example of defective arrangement may be taken a composition with an iris (*Kusa*) in the centre and branches of azaleas and camellia (*Ki*), on either side. A correct composition would be that of the pine (*Ki*), plum (*Ki*) and bamboo (*Kusa*), with the pine in the centre and the plum and bamboo on either side. The plum might equally well be placed in the centre, and the pine and bamboo on either side." Thoroughly to comprehend this intricate and dainty art one must either observe the daily practice of the Japanese flower-composer, who is a veritable poet of the *parterre*, or study the plates which enrich Mr. Conder's most admirable article. Here is one illustrating the last-mentioned rule and giving an idea of the *Shin-Gio-So* style.

For these consummate flower-artists there are sexes, as has been said, in flowers and foliage, apart from botanical science. The front of leaves is male, the back female ; buds and over-blown blossoms are feminine, full blooms are masculine. These must be fitly wedded, having regard to the dignity of rank and color, for the colors have also respective rank and sex. The idea of respective rank is applied principally to colored flowers of the same species. In most cases the white flower of every species takes highest rank, but there are exceptions to this. Among chrysanthemums the yellow kind ranks first ; of peach blossoms, the pale pink ; of the *Yamabuki* (Kerria Japonica), yellow (although a white species exists) ; of the iris, purple ; of the camellia, red ; of the wisteria, pale purple in preference to white ; of the tree peony, red ; of the *Kikiyo* (Platycodon Grandiflora), light purple ; of the *Shakuyaku* (Peonia Albiflora), light red ; of the convolvulus, dark blue ; and of the cherry blossom, pale pink, take, respectively, first rank.

Among colors, red, purple, pink, and variegated colors are male ; and blue, yellow, and white are female. Colors which do not harmonize are separated by green leaves or white flowers. Among leaf colors a rich deep green ranks first. Common flowers, *Zokwa*, must not be employed ; nor cereals, *Gokoku ;* nor poisonous plants, nor those with a very strong odor, and there is a long list of blossoms utterly prohibited for felicitous occasions—a kind of gardener's "Index Expurgatorius"—upon which figure many a favorite flower of the West, such as aster, dianthus, azalea, daphne, poppy, magnolia, orchids, gentian, rhododendron, ipomœa, smilax, thyma, and hydrangea. Herein, it must be confessed, our Japanese masters seem rather arbitrary ; but they adduce grave reasons for the ostracism of these



Proper Combination of Species.

and forty or fifty other denizens of the garden. In the *Kourei-no-hana*, or wedding decorations, red is regarded as male, and white as female. Hence, in the case of a *Muko* (a son-in-law adopted by marriage into the family of the bride), the bridegroom is virtually regarded as

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the guest of the occasion, and therefore the *Shin* or central line of the floral design must be of the male color—red; while the *Soye*, or supporting line, is of the female color—white. On the other hand, when a *Yome*, or bride, is adopted into the family of her husband the female color—white, has the central position in the arrangement. In both cases the stems of the flowers used must be firmly connected at the base to signify union, and bound with colored ribbon, called *Mizuhiki*. Purple flowers are prohibited for weddings, as also willow branches and other drooping plants. Hanging vases (*Tsuru no mono*) are also to be avoided.

Each household in Japan has generally two shrines—one to the *Kami*, or household gods of the old Shinto cult, and the other to the *Hotoke*, or spirits of deceased relatives, which is Buddhist. For arrangements of flowers before the *Kami* a full and powerful composition is required. All ugly flowers, those of strong odor, or those having thorns, are prohibited. A special branch, called *Kao muke no eda*, or *facing* branch, must be used behind the *Shin* or central line; and before a Buddhist shrine a full and crowded composition must be employed and the *Tamuke no eda* introduced.

It is part of this delicate art to prescribe the way in which the lovely arrangements should be admired and praised. Seriously impolite would it be to look at the flowers with a fan in the hand, or to peer behind the branches of the composition; and you must express delight softly, as befits the gentle company of the blossoms, and with appropriate epithets. Be pleased to call white flowers, *Kiasha*, "elegant;" blue flowers, *migoto*, "fine;" red are *utsukushii;* yellow, *Kekko, i.e.*, "charming" and "splendid;" and purple blossoms may justly be styled *Kusumu*, "modest." It is a great compliment when a guest, who is known to be more or less an adept in the beautiful science, finds himself invited by the host to make an extemporary arrangement of flowers and sprays. The master of the house provides the vase, the water, the tray of cut blooms and branchlets, the scissors, knife, hempen cloth, and little saw; altogether called *Hana Kubari*. Should the host produce a very rare and valuable vessel for the flower arrangement, it is polite for the guest invited to make the floral arrangement to show diffidence, declining to use so precious an article on the plea of want of sufficient skill. If pressed, however, he must attempt a simple and unassuming composition. When the arrangement is completed the host and any other visitors present, who have meanwhile remained in the adjoining room, approach in turn the *Toko no ma*, salute and inspect in the manner previously described. The scissors are left near to the flower arrangement as a silent and modest request to correct faults. The designer turns to the host, apologizes for the imperfections, and begs that the whole may be removed; the host refuses, saying that the result is everything that could be desired. At such flower-gatherings it is particularly recommended that visitors should not attempt bold and ambitious designs. Below is a result such as a modest connoisseur on such an occasion would produce with pine, plum-sprays, and the bamboo-holder. Finally, I borrow from Mr. Conder's invaluable pages the simplest example he gives of the right and wrong way of arranging an iris-root [p. 679]. If I have allowed this fascinating topic to lead me into a long digression, it is that the Anglo-Saxon world may modestly learn its utter and hopeless ignorance of the proper use and disposition of flowers for festal and æsthetic occasions. We crowd our blooms and sprays together until they are like the faces of people in the pit of a theatre; each lost in the press; a mass, a medley, a tumultuary throng. The Japanese treats each gracious beauty or splendor of the garden or of the pool as an individual to be honored, studied, and separately enjoyed. Each suggests, and shall provide for his eyes a special luxury of line, suf-

Arrangement of Pine Branch (Matsu) and Plum Branch (Ume), in Vase of Natural Bamboo (Shō-chiku-bai).

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ficing even with one branch, one color, one species, to glorify his apartment and make the heart glad with the wisdom and the grace of nature. An arrangement with one leaf is attributed to the famous artist and philosopher, Rikiu, who on a certain occasion having observed a fence covered with convolvuli, gathered one flower and one leaf, honorably grouping them in a vase. On being asked why he adopted so humble a design, he replied that as it was impossible to rival nature in its magic of design, our artificial arrangements should be as simple and modest as possible; even one leaf and one flower were sufficient, he said, to call for admiration.

Defective Arrangement of Iris (Hana shōbu).

The forests and gardens of Japan have beguiled me into this *discursus* about her flowers. But besides her green mountains, her rice-flats, and her foothills, she displays every variety of landscapes, many of them of marvellous beauty and picturesqueness though not often grand and imposing. Among the scenes which will linger in the memory of every wanderer in southern Japan must first, I think, be mentioned Nikko, with the great "hills of the Sun" scattered round about in a country full of lovely water-falls, running streams, and bright Asiatic moorlands. The dark groves of ilex and pine, shutting in there the splendid temples, brilliant with scarlet and gold and black lacquer, and the proud tombs of ancient Shoguns, might furnish an artist with subjects for many a noble canvas. The road thither from Utsunemiya, which few will now traverse, because a railway has been completed thence, has the most majestic avenue of giant trees to be seen perhaps in all the world. They are cryptomerias, and rise to an average height of one hundred feet, with immense trunks, and dense, glossy foliage, furnishing for leagues and leagues along the narrow, shaded road a stately gallery of rugged stems and towering crests, along which the traveller proceeds in a dim green light, as delicious as it is solemn, reminding him of a vast cathedral lighted only by windows of one cool, quiet, sombre color. Then Kamakura, with the great bronze statue of the Buddha—Dai butsu—rising colossal ever the bamboos, oak-trees, and magnolia bushes of the sea-bay which rolls in by Misaki point. The verdant hills here, full of caves and cherry orchards and temples, and the fertile plains which were once covered with cities and castles, and are now back again in the charge of Nature, offer a lovely combination of Japanese wood and wold, animated by the placid, picturesque country life of the people. There are mountain-hollows and long hill-ranges near Nagoya, which, when I saw them, at the military manœuvres, covered with the lilac blossoms and wild azaleas, seemed as lovely as the world could show; and again between Kodzu and Gotemba, on the Kiyoto-Tokio line of railway, there lies a stretch of Tyrol-like highlands, with rushing streams and rocky precipices, the beauty of which must linger in the mind of the most travelled. Yet there are three scenes of all the many familiar in Japan which will always come first, I think, to my memory. One is Enoshima, the next my own delightful little garden at Azabu, in the heart of the green and busy capital of Tokio, and the third the peerless mountain Fuji San, with all that district from which rises her stately sacred peak.

Altered and Correct Arrangement of Iris (Hana shōbu).

The island, or rather the peninsula, of beautiful Enoshima somewhat resembles Mount St. Michael on the Cornish coast. It is the same abrupt and isolated crag, wooded and crowned with buildings, and separated from the mainland in the same manner by a causeway of sand, which is only at very high tides covered by the sea. But Enoshima, besides being intensely Japanese in

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character, vegetation, and surroundings, looks, on both sides, upon a lovely shore, a veritable *concha d' oro,* stretching eastward along the coast of Kamakura and Misaki, and westward round the splendid sweep of Tzu. There, from the Twamori tea-house is a charming though distant view of the Lady of Mountains—Fuji San—and many a delightful hour I have passed sitting on the mats of the "Inn of the Grove of the Rock"—learning to talk Japanese, and to admire, as they deserve, the great peak of Oyama and Fuji, the queen of all eminences. The sandy neck, by which you cross from the rice-fields to the island, is always lively with groups of fishermen and market-people, with boats coming and going, and seine nets being drawn, with merry choruses, to the flats. Entering the rocky islet under a stone torii, you walk up a steep, picturesque street—one of the oddest in the world—lined on each side with shops where fresh fish is cooked, and others where they sell all sorts of articles made of coral, sea-shells, and various products of the ocean. Here you may buy, very cheaply, the lovely and wonderful *hyalo-nema,* the rarest of sponges, with huge crabs, measuring twelve feet between the nippers; and you may dine, on the white mats, from such a collection of fish as would stock a museum. The *awabi* is specially taken here in great quantities, better known as the *haliotis,* or "Venus-Ear" shell. A strip of the membrane of this is put into the folded, colored paper—*noshi*—which accompanies all Japanese gifts, the mollusk in question being a symbol of long life and prosperity, and also representing the fish which used to accompany every formal present. When you have dined, you will wander by many slopes and steps, to the temple of the goddess Benten—for at the back of the island is a cave, formerly inhabited by dragons, who devoured the little children of the neighboring coast. But, if legends are true, there appeared in a storm one night, two thousand years ago, a beautiful lady of divine form, who brought the island along with her, and, setting it up in its place, drove away the dragons and established her own worship on the fair rock, as Goddess of Beauty and of Mercy. If you should hesitate to believe the tradition, close at hand, in the cemetery of Koshigoye village, stands the tomb of the rich man who lost all his sixteen children by the dragons. No less than three times Benten has been seen, riding on the dreadful creatures which she subdued for the sake of her Japanese people. On one occasion she was heard to say, "All the world is mine, and shall belong to beauty and love! All its beings are my offspring! Now it is an evil place, but I will make all dwell securely and happily in it." It is related that one of the ancestors of the Hōjō family, Tokimasa, came to Enoshima to pray for his posterity. After three weeks of prayer the goddess Benten appeared to him, and told him that his merits were remembered by her. Promising a blessing, she vanished into the sea, riding upon a dragon. Tokimasa found on the ground three scales of the dragon-goddess, and, picking them up, arranged them in the form of a crest, which trefoil of dragon-scales became the badge of the Hōjō family. Benten is usually pictured with a dragon near her. Her aspect is always mild and motherly. She wears a tiara containing a torii. The spot where the dragons dwelt is at the back of Enoshima. Descending steep steps you reach the lower shore, and walk forward and round to the left to a cave. In the cave, which may be entered without danger at low water, is a shrine with the usual images, lights, white paper, etc. The true and original shrine of Benten was formerly kept here, and on a certain day in the year priests and worshippers, in a great procession, resort to the cave to remove the deity, air it, and return it with ceremonies. The long passage in the rock is said to have been made in digging for gold. According to tradition the cave was anciently the dwelling-place of two white dragons. What were these fabled dragons? Not large snakes, for the land never produced them; nor sharks, for they do not haunt these waters. At any rate, well is the gracious and kindly Benten throned and adored on shining Enoshima. If you had seen no more of Japan and her gentle people than that

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one islet, you must like the land and think always of it with attachment and gratitude.

If I name my garden at Azabu among the scenes ever to be remembered in Japan, it is because it was typical of a city residence there, as well as being really a pretty spot, and full of "things Japanese." On pp. 663 and 670 are pictures of the native house which stood in the garden, and which we occupied for many happy months. Provided with an outer as well as an inner range of sliding *shoji*, we could make it warm in the winter as well as cool in the summer, although the outer plass (*amado*) would certainly rattle a great deal in a stormy wind or an earthquake, this latter phenomenon occurring pretty frequently. A Japanese house is really healthy as well as comfortable. Being built not in the soil, as with us, but above it, and freely ventilated by the airiness inseparable from its construction, and being entered only with bare or stockinged feet, it is always sweet and clean. The *tatami*, the mats, of such an abode remain so free from dust or dirt that the delicate silks or muslins of their kimonos are laid upon the floor by Japanese ladies without the least fear of soiling them. Cheap to build, beautiful in appearance, spotlessly pure, and, with proper arrangements, eminently salubrious, the Japanese domicile seems to me entirely admirable, and in almost all its good qualities rich and poor share alike. The palace of the emperor and the hut of the Kurumaman are practically on the same plan, and even in the smallest tenements I have seen apartments so clean, so neat, so bright, and so charming that they might have been boudoirs for the empress instead of the back-room of a matmaker's or a carpenter's abode.

Japanese servants are excellent, if you choose them with discretion, and treat them with the established consideration of the country. There is a universal social compact in Japan to make life pleasant by politeness. Everybody is more or less well-bred, and hates the man or woman who is *yakamashu*—noisy, uncivil, or exigent. People who lose their temper, are always in a hurry, bang doors, swear, and "swagger," find themselves out of place in a land where the lowest coolie learns and practises an ancient courtesy, from the time when he wobbles about as a baby upon his mother's back. Therefore, to be treated well in Japan, as perhaps indeed elsewhere, you must treat everybody, including your domestics, well; and then you will enjoy the most pleasant and willing service. Your cook will doubtless cheat you a little; your jinrickishaman will now and then take too much *sakë*, the musmu and the boy's wife will gossip all over the place about everything you do; and the gardener and the coachman will fight cocks in the yard when your back is turned; but if conscious of your own, you can forgive the little sins of others. You can hardly fail to become closely attached to the quiet, soft-voiced, pleasant people, who, as soon as they have learned your ways, will take real pleasure in making life agreeable to you. A present, now and then, of a kimono to the maids, of toys and sweetmeats to the children; a day's holiday now and then granted to the theatre or the wrestling match, are richly rewarded by such bright faces and unmistakable warmth of welcome on arriving, and of good speed on going, as repay you tenfold. Respectful as Japanese servants are—and they never speak except on their knees and faces—they like to be taken into the family conversation, and to sit sometimes in friendly abandon with the master and mistress, admiring dresses, pictures, or Western novelties, and listening sometimes to the samisen and koto, as children of the household.

Tokio is a vast city with a million and a quarter inhabitants, the greater part of it built on a plain, but full of hills and hollows covered with pine and bamboo. You may therefore live in the city and yet have green gardens and verdant scenery all around you, which was our happy case at Azabu. The house was planted upon a little hill, looking over crowded bazaars of wooden huts to many other like leafy hills; and in the absence of smoke, due to the cleanly charcoal *hibachi*, trees and flowers flourished, birds built their nests, and Nature might be studied almost as well there as in the woods and mountains. In the morning a colony of great black

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crows, and screaming kite woke us from our slumber. All day long the painted thrush, the starling, tits, chaffinches, and wagtails, the latter a most important bird in Japanese mythology, with the ubiquitous sparrows, played on the lawn or in the bamboos; at evening the storks and bitterns flew in long clamorous lines from the seashore to the hills. The art of the Japanese gardener had turned our little plot of a couple of acres into the appearance of a large and various pleasaunce, with miniature hills—from which you could see the towering snows of Fuji San—fish-ponds, rock-works, trellised arbors, and clumps of flowers and bushes, which gave us an unbroken succession of floral wealth. Scattered about the grounds were stone lamps called *Ishi dōrō*, and grotesque demons, and quaint water-cisterns in stone with Chinese inscriptions. Around these first came into bloom, defying snow and frost, the beautiful red and white and striped camellias. When these had fallen the white and pink and rose-red plum flowers filled the eye with beauty. Afterward the azaleas blazed, like burning bushes all round the lotus pond; and these were followed by a delicious outburst of pale, rose-tinted cherry-blossoms, making an avenue of beauty and glory all the way from the Shinto temple at our gate to the front door, where were suspended the little, indispensable, but useless fire-engine, and the bronze gong on which visitors beat with a little wooden hammer to announce their arrival. The wisteria and a second crop of camellias, and then some red and yellow roses took up the running, and the maple bushes came out resplendent with blood-red leaves; after which there were purple irises and callas flowering by the fish-pond, with orange and red lilies brighter than the gold-fish swimming in it, and the lawn became covered with a pretty little flower called the *Neji-bana*, the pink buds of which, growing diagonally and reaching round to get the sunlight, twisted the stem into the shape of a corkscrew. Thus along with the sprays of the firs and loquats and ornamental shrubs, our gardener—whom we christened the "Ace of Spades," out of "Alice through the Looking-glass," and who wore a blue coat with white dragons upon it—was never destitute of delightful material wherewith to exercise the high art, previously described, of decorating our rooms after the great æsthetic *Enshin* fashion.

A Japanese Gardener.

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HORACE, BOOK III., ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

The Translation by Helen Leah Reed.

1.

Mæcenas, scion of Tyrrhenian rulers,
A jar, as yet unpierced, of mellow wine
Long waits thee here, with balm for thee made ready
And blooming roses in thy locks to twine.

2.

No more delay, nor always look with favor
The sloping fields of Æsula upon;
Why gaze so long on ever marshy Tiber
Near by the mount of murderer Telegon?

3.

Give up thy luxury—it palls upon thee—
Thy tower that reaches yonder lofty cloud;
Cease to admire the smoke, the wealth, the uproar,
And all that well hath made our Rome so proud.

4.

Sometimes a change is grateful to the rich man,
A simple meal beneath a humble roof
Has often smoothed from care the furrowed forehead,
Though unadorned that home with purple woof.

5.

Bright Cepheus now his long hid fire is showing,
Now flames on high the angry lion-star,
Now Procyon rages, and the sun revolving
Brings back the thirsty season from afar.

6.

Seeking a cooling stream, the weary shepherd
His languid flock leads to the shady wood
Where rough Sylvanus reigns, yet by the brookside
No truant breeze disturbs the solitude.

7.

Ah, who but thee is busy now with state-craft?
Thou plannest for Rome's weal, disquieted,
Lest warring Scythian, Bactrian, or Persian
Should'st plunge the city into awful dread.

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8.

A prudent deity in pitchy darkness
The issue of futurity conceals,
And smiles when man beyond the right of mortals
His fear about the time to come reveals.

9.

Thou should'st concern thee only with the present,
All else progresses as the river flows,
Which gliding at one time in middle channel
Toward the Tuscan Sea unruffled goes;

10.

Or at another time, herds, trees, and houses,
And broken rocks to one destruction drags,
When wild the flood provokes the quiet current
With noise from neighboring woods and distant crags.

11.

Happy he lives, and of himself is master,
That man who can at night with truth declare,
"I have lived to-day, to-morrow let the Father
Make as he will my sky or dark or fair,

12.

"It is not his to render vain and worthless
My happy past—the bliss has dearer grown
That the fleet-footed hour carried with it;
The joys that once have been are still my own.

13.

"Now upon me, again on others smiling,
Fortune rejoices in her savage trade
Of shifting thus at will uncertain honors,
As stubbornly her mocking game is played.

14.

"I praise her when she stays, but if she leave me,
Fluttering her airy wings in hasty flight,
I yield her what she gave, and wrapped in virtue,
In dowerless Poverty find my delight.

15.

"Although the mast may crack beneath the South wind,
I will not rush with many a doleful prayer
To barter thus my vows, lest all my treasure
From Tyre and Cyprus should become a share

16.

"Of what the greedy sea has in possession;
Nay! then, protected in my two-oared boat,
With favoring winds, and with twin Pollux guiding
Safe through the Ægean tempests I will float."

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MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND, MR. RAEGEN.

By Richard Harding Davis.

RAGS RAEGEN was out of his element. The water was his proper element—the water of the East River by preference. And when it came to "running the roofs," as he would have himself expressed it, he was "not in it."

On those other occasions when he had been followed by the police, he had raced them toward the river front and had dived boldly in from the wharf, leaving them staring blankly and in some alarm as to his safety. Indeed, three different men in the precinct, who did not know of young Raegan's aquatic prowess, had returned to the station-house and seriously reported him to the sergeant as lost, and regretted having driven a citizen into the river, where he had been unfortunately drowned. It was even told how, on one occasion, when hotly followed, young Raegen had dived off Wakeman's Slip, at East Thirty-third Street, and had then swum back under water to the landing-steps, while the policemen and a crowd of stevedores stood watching for him to reappear where he had sunk. It is further related that he had then, in a spirit of recklessness, and in the possibility of the policeman's failing to recognize him, pushed his way through the crowd from the rear and plunged in to rescue the supposedly drowned man. And that after two or three futile attempts to find his own corpse, he had climbed up on the dock and told the officer that he had touched the body sticking in the mud. And, as a result of this fiction, the river police dragged the river-bed around Wakeman's Slip with grappling-irons for four hours, while Rags sat on the wharf and directed their movements.

But on this present occasion the police were standing between him and the river, and so cut off his escape in that direction, and as they had seen him strike McGonegal and had seen McGonegal fall he had to run for it and seek refuge on the roofs. What made it worse was that he was not in his own hunting grounds, but in McGonegal's, and while any tenement on Cherry Street would have given him shelter, either for love of him or fear of him, these of Thirty-third Street were against him and "all that Cherry Street gang," while "Pike" McGonegal was their darling and their hero. And, if Rags had known it, any tenement on the block was better than Case's, into which he first turned, for Case's was empty and untenanted, save in one or two rooms, and the opportunities for dodging from one to another were in consequence very few. But he could not know this, and so he plunged in the dark hall-way and sprang up the first four flights of stairs, three steps at a jump, with one arm stretched out in front of him, for it was very dark and the turns were short. On the fourth floor he fell headlong over a bucket with a broom sticking in it, and cursed whoever left it there. There was a ladder leading from the roof to the sixth floor, and he ran up this and drew it after him as he fell forward out of the wooden trap that opened on the flat tin roof like a companion-way of a ship. The chimneys would have hidden him, but there was a policeman's helmet coming up from another companion-way, and he saw that the Italians hanging out of the windows of the other tenements were pointing at him and showing him to the officer. So he hung by his hands and dropped back again. It was not much of a fall, but it jarred him, and the race he had already run had nearly taken his breath from him. Rags did not live a life calculated to fit young men for sudden trials of speed.

He stumbled back down the narrow stairs, and, with a vivid recollection of the bucket he had already fallen upon, felt his way cautiously with his hands and with one foot stuck out in front of him. If he had been in his own bailiwick, he would have rather enjoyed the tense excitement of the chase than otherwise, for there he was at home and knew all the cross-cuts and where to find each broken paling in the roof-fences, and all the traps in the roofs. But here he was running in a maze, and what looked like a safe passageway might throw him head on into the outstretched arms of the officers.

And while he felt his way his mind

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was terribly acute to the fact that as yet no door on any of the landings had been thrown open to him, either curiously or hospitably as offering a place of refuge. He did not want to be taken, but in spite of this he was quite cool, and so, when he heard quick, heavy footsteps beating up the stairs, he stopped himself suddenly by placing one hand on the side of the wall and the other on the banister and halted, panting. He could distinguish from below the high voices of women and children and excited men in the street, and as the steps came nearer he heard someone lowering the ladder he had thrown upon the roof to the sixth floor and preparing to descend. "Ah!" snarled Raegen, panting and desperate, "you'se think you have me now, sure, don't you?" It rather frightened him to find the house so silent, for, save the footsteps of the officers, descending and ascending upon him, he seemed to be the only living person in all the dark, silent building.

He did not want to fight.

He was under heavy bonds already to keep the peace, and this last had surely been in self-defense, and he felt he could prove it. What he wanted now was to get away, to get back to his own people and to lie hidden in his own cellar or garret, where they would feed and guard him until the trouble was over. And still, like the two ends of a vise, the representatives of the law were closing in upon him. He turned the knob of the door opening to the landing on which he stood, and tried to push it in, but it was locked. Then he stepped quickly to the door on the opposite side and threw his shoulder against it. The door opened, and he stumbled forward sprawling. The room in which he had taken refuge was almost bare, and very dark; but in a little room leading from it he saw a pile of tossed up bedding on the floor, and he dived at this as though it was water, and crawled far under it until he reached the wall beyond, squirming on his face and stomach, and flattening out his arms and legs. Then he lay motionless, holding back his breath, and listening to the beating of his heart and to the footsteps on the stairs. The footsteps stopped on the landing leading to the outer room, and he could hear the murmur of voices as the two men questioned one another. Then the door was kicked open, and there was a long silence, broken sharply by the click of a revolver.

"Maybe he's in there," said a bass voice. The men stamped across the floor leading into the dark room, in which he lay, and halted at the entrance. They did not stand there over a moment before they turned and moved away again; but to Raegen, lying with blood-vessels choked, and with his hand pressed across his mouth, it seemed as if they had been contemplating and enjoying his agony for over an hour. "I was in this place not more than twelve hours ago," said one of them, easily. "I come in to take a couple out for fighting. They were yelling 'murder' and 'police,' and breaking things; but they went quiet enough. The man is a stevedore, I think, and him and his wife used to get drunk regular and carry on up here every night or so. They got thirty days on the Island."

"Who's taking care of the rooms?" asked the bass voice. The first voice said he guessed "no one was," and added: "There ain't much to take care of, that I can see." "That's so," assented the bass voice. "Well," he went on briskly, "he's not here; but he's in the building, sure, for he put back when he seen me coming over the roof; and he didn't pass me, neither, I know that, anyway," protested the bass voice. Then the bass voice said that he must have slipped into the flat below, and added something that Raegen could not hear distinctly, about Schaffer on the roof, and their having him safe enough, as that red-headed cop from the Eighteenth Precinct was watching on the street. They closed the door behind them, and their footsteps clattered down the stairs, leaving the big house silent and apparently deserted. Young Raegen raised his head, and let his breath escape with a great gasp of relief, as when he had been a long time under water, and cautiously rubbed the perspiration out of his eyes and from his forehead. It had been a cruelly hot, close afternoon, and the stifling burial under the heavy bedding, and the excitement, had left him feverishly hot and trembling. It was already

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growing dark outside, although he could not know that until he lifted the quilts an inch or two and peered up at the dirty window-panes. He was afraid to rise, as yet, and flattened himself out with an impatient sigh, as he gathered the bedding over his head again and held back his breath to listen. There may have been a minute or more of absolute silence in which he lay there, and then his blood froze to ice in his veins, his breath stopped, and he heard, with a quick gasp of terror, the sound of something crawling toward him across the floor of the outer-room. The instinct of self-defence moved him first to leap to his feet, and to face and fight it, and then followed as quickly a foolish sense of safety in his hiding-place; and he called upon his greatest strength, and, by his mere brute will alone, forced his forehead down to the bare floor

"He sprang up trembling to his feet."

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and lay rigid, though his nerves jerked with unknown, unreasoning fear. And still he heard the sound of this living thing coming creeping toward him until the instinctive terror that shook him overcame his will, and he threw the bed-clothes from him with a hoarse cry, and sprang up trembling to his feet, with his back against the wall, and with his arms thrown out in front of him wildly, and with the willingness in them and the power in them to do murder.

The room was very dark but the windows of the one beyond let in a little stream of light across the floor, and in this light he saw moving toward him on its hands and knees a little baby who smiled and nodded at him with a pleased look of recognition and kindly welcome.

The fear upon Raegen had been so strong and the reaction was so great that he dropped to a sitting posture on the heap of bedding and laughed long and weakly, and still with a feeling in his heart that this apparition was something strangely unreal and menacing.

But the baby seemed well pleased with his laughter, and stopped to throw back its head and smile and coo and laugh gently with him as though the joke was a very good one which they shared in common. Then it struggled solemnly to its feet and came pattering toward him on a run, with both bare arms held out, and with a look of such confidence in him, and welcome in its face, that Raegan stretched out his arms and closed the baby's fingers fearfully and gently in his own.

He had never seen so beautiful a child. There was dirt enough on its hands and face, and its torn dress was soiled with streaks of coal and ashes. The dust of the floor had rubbed into its bare knees, but the face was like no other face that Rags had ever seen. And then it looked at him as though it trusted him and just as though they had known each other at some time long before, but the eyes of the baby somehow seemed to hurt him so that he had to turn his face away, and when he looked again it was with a strangely new feeling of dissatisfaction with himself and of wishing to ask pardon. They were wonderful eyes, black and rich, and with a deep superiority of knowledge in them, a knowledge that seemed to be above the knowledge of evil, and when the baby smiled at him the eyes smiled too with confidence and tenderness in them that in some way frightened Rags and made him move uncomfortably. "Did you know that you's scared me so that I was going to kill you," whispered Rags apologetically as he carefully held the baby from him at arm's length. "Did you?" But the baby only smiled at this and reached out its hand and stroked Rag's cheek with its fingers. There was something so wonderfully soft and sweet in this that Rags drew the baby nearer and gave a quick, strange gasp of pleasure as it threw its arms around his neck and brought the face up close to his chin and hugged him tightly. The baby's arms were very soft and plump, and its cheek and tangled hair were warm and moist with perspiration and the breath that fell on Raegen's face was sweeter than anything he had ever known. He felt wonderfully and for some reason uncomfortably happy, but the silence was oppressive.

"What's your name, little 'un?" said Rags.

The baby ran its arms more closely around Raegan's neck and did not speak unless its cooing in Raegen's ear was an answer. "What did you say your name was?" persisted Raegen, in a whisper. The baby frowned at this and stopped cooing long enough to say: "Mar'gret," mechanically and without apparently associating the name with herself or anything else. "Margaret, eh!" said Raegen, with grave consideration. "It's a very pretty name," he added, politely, for he could not shake off the feeling that he was in the presence of a superior being. "An' what did you say your dad's name was," asked Raegen, awkwardly. But this was beyond the baby's patience or knowledge, and she waived the question aside with both arms and began to beat a tattoo gently with her two closed fists on Raegen's chin and throat. "You're mighty strong now, ain't you?" mocked the young giant, laughing. "Perhaps you don't know, Missie," he added, gravely, "that your dad and mar are doing time on the Island and

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you won't see 'em again for a month." No, the baby did not know this nor care apparently; she seemed content with Rags and with his company. Sometimes she drew away and looked at him long and dubiously, and this cut Rags to the heart, and he felt guilty, and unreasonably anxious until she smiled reassuringly again and ran back into his arms nestling her face against his and stroking his rough chin wonderingly with her little fingers.

Rags forgot the lateness of the night and the darkness that fell upon the room in the interest of this strange entertainment, which was so much more absorbing, and so much more innocent than any other he had ever known. He almost forgot the fact that he lay in hiding, that he was surrounded by unfriendly neighbors, and that at any moment the instruments of local justice might come in and rudely lead him away. For this reason he dared not make a light, but he moved his position so that the glare from an electric lamp on the street outside might fall across the baby's face, as it lay alternately dozing and awakening, to smile up at him in the bend of his arm. Once it reached inside the collar of his shirt and pulled out the scapular that hung around his neck, and looked at it so long, and with such apparent seriousness, that Rags was confirmed in his fear that this kindly visitor was something more or less of a superhuman agent, and his efforts to make this supposition coincide with the fact that the angel's parents were on Blackwell's Island, proved one of the severest struggles his mind had ever experienced. He had forgotten to feel hungry, and the knowledge that he was acutely so, first came to him with the thought that the baby must obviously be in greatest need of food herself. This pained him greatly, and he laid his burden down upon the bedding, and after slipping off his shoes, tiptoed his way across the room on a foraging expedition after something she could eat. There was a half of a ham-bone, and a half loaf of hard bread in a cupboard, and on the table he found a bottle quite filled with wretched whiskey. That the police had failed to see the baby had not appealed to him in any way, but that they should have allowed this last find to remain unnoticed pleased him intensely, not because it now fell to him, but because they had been cheated of it. It really struck him as so humorous that he stood laughing silently for several minutes, slapping his thigh with every outward exhibition of the keenest mirth. But when he found that the room and cupboard were bare of anything else that might be eaten he sobered suddenly. It was very hot, and though the windows were open, the perspiration stood upon his face, and the foul close air that rose from the court and street below made him gasp and pant for breath. He dipped a wash rag in the water from the spigot in the hall, and filled a cup with it and bathed the baby's face and wrists. She woke and sipped up the water from the cup eagerly, and then looked up at him, as if to ask for something more. Rags soaked the crusty bread in the water, and put it to the baby's lips, but after nibbling at it eagerly she shook her head and looked up at him again with such reproachful pleading in her eyes, that Rags felt her silence more keenly than the worst abuse he had ever received.

It hurt him so, that the pain brought tears to his eyes.

"Deary girl," he cried, "I'd give you anything you could think of if I had it. But I can't get it, see? It ain't that I don't want to, good Lord, little 'un, you don't think that, do you?"

The baby smiled at this, just as though she understood him, and touched his face as if to comfort him, so that Rags felt that same exquisite content again, which moved him so strangely whenever the child caressed him, and which left him soberly wondering, Then the baby crawled up on to his lap and dropped asleep, while Rags sat motionless and fanned her with a folded newspaper, stopping every now and then to pass the damp cloth over her warm face and arms. It was quite late now. Outside he could hear the neighbors laughing and talking on the roofs, and when one group sang hilariously to an accordion, he cursed them under his breath for noisy, drunken fools, and in his anger lest they should disturb the

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child in his arms, expressed an anxious hope that they would fall off and break their useless necks. It grew silent and much cooler as the night ran out, but Rags still sat immovable, shivering slightly every now and then and cautiously stretching his stiff legs and body. The arm that held the child grew stiff and numb with the light burden, but he took a fierce pleasure in the pain, and became hardened to it, and at last fell into an uneasy slumber from which he awoke to pass his hands gently over the soft yielding body, and to draw it slowly and closer to him. And then, from very weariness, his eyes closed and his head fell back heavily against the wall, and the man and the child in his arms slept peacefully in the dark corner of the deserted tenement.

The sun rose hissing out of the East River, a broad, red disc of heat. It swept the cross-streets of the city as pitilessly as the search-light of a man-of-war sweeps the ocean. It blazed brazenly into open windows, and changed beds into gridirons on which the sleepers tossed and turned and woke unrefreshed and with throats dry and parched. Its glare awakened Rags into a startled belief that the place about him was on fire, and he stared wildly until the child in his arms brought him back to the knowledge of where he was. He ached in every joint and limb, and his eyes smarted with the dry heat, but the baby concerned him most, for she was breathing with hard, long, irregular gasps, her mouth was open and her absurdly small fists were clenched, and around her closed eyes were deep-blue rings. Rags felt a cold rush of fear and uncertainty come over him as he stared about him helplessly for aid. He had seen babies look like this before, in the tenements, they were like this when the young doctors of the Health Board climbed to the roofs to see them, and they were like this, only quiet and still, when the ambulance came clattering up the narrow streets, and bore them away. Rags carried the baby into the outer room, where the sun had not yet penetrated, and laid her down gently on the coverlets; then he let the water in the sink run until it was fairly cool, and with this bathed the baby's face and hands and feet, and lifted a cup of the water to her open lips. She woke at this and smiled again, but very faintly, and when she looked at him he felt fearfully sure that she did not know him, and that she was looking through and past him at something he could not see.

He did not know what to do, and he wanted to do so much. Milk was the only thing he was quite sure babies cared for, but in want of this he made a mess of bits of the dry ham and crumbs of bread, moistened with the raw whiskey, and put it to her lips on the end of a spoon. The baby tasted this, and pushed his hand away, and then looked up and gave a feeble cry, and seemed to say, as plainly as a grown woman could have said or written, "It isn't any use, Rags. You are very good to me, but, indeed, I cannot do it. Don't worry, please, I don't blame you."

"Great Lord," gasped Rags, with a queer choking in his throat, "But ain't she got grit." Then he bethought him of the people who he still believed inhabited the rest of the tenement, and he concluded that as the day was yet so early they might still be asleep, and that while they slept, he could "lift"—as he mentally described the act—whatever they might have laid away for breakfast. Excited with this hope, he ran noiselessly down the stairs in his bare feet, and tried the doors of the different landings. But each he found open and each room bare and deserted. Then it occurred to him that at this hour he might even risk a sally into the street. He had money with him, and the milk-carts and bakers' wagons must be passing every minute. He ran back to get the money out of his coat, delighted with the chance and chiding himself for not having dared to do it sooner. He stood over the baby a moment before he left the room, and flushed like a girl as he stooped and kissed one of the bare arms. "I'm going out to get you some breakfast," he said. "I won't be gone long, but if I should," he added, as he paused and shrugged his shoulders, "I'll send the matron after you from the station-house. If I only wasn't under bonds," he muttered, as he slipped down the stairs. "If it wasn't for that they couldn't give me more'n a month at the

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most, even knowing all they do of me. It was only a street fight, anyway, and there was some there that must have seen him pull his pistol." He stopped at the top of the first flight of stairs and sat down to wait. He could see below the top of the open front door, the pavement and a part of the street beyond, and when he heard the rattle of an approaching cart he ran on down and then, with an oath, turned and broke up stairs again. He had seen the ward detectives standing together on the opposite side of the street.

"Wot are they doing out a bed at this hour?" he demanded angrily. "Don't they make trouble enough through the day, without prowling around before decent people are up? I wonder, now, if they're after me." He dropped on his knees when he reached the room where the baby lay, and peered cautiously out of the window at the detectives, who had been joined by two other men, with whom they were talking earnestly. Raegen knew the new-comers for two of McGonegal's friends and concluded, with a momentary flush of pride and self-importance, that the detectives were forced to be up at this early hour solely on his account. But this was followed by the afterthought that he must have hurt McGonegal seriously, and that he was wanted in consequence very much. This disturbed him most, he was surprised to find, because it precluded his going forth in search of food. "I guess I can't get you that milk I was looking for," he said, jocularly, to the baby, for the excitement elated him. "The sun outside isn't good for me health." The baby settled herself in his arms and slept again, which sobered Rags, for he argued it was a bad sign, and his own ravenous appetite warned him how the child suffered. When he again offered her the mixture he had prepared for her, she took it eagerly, and Rags breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Then he ate some of the bread and ham himself and swallowed half the whiskey, and stretched out beside the child and fanned her while she slept. It was something strangely incomprehensible to Rags that he should feel so keen a satisfaction in doing even this little for her, but he gave up wondering, and forgot everything else in watching the strange beauty of the sleeping baby and in the odd feeling of responsibility and self-respect she had brought to him.

He did not feel it coming on, or he would have fought against it, but the heat of the day and the sleeplessness of the night before, and the fumes of the whiskey on his empty stomach, drew him unconsciously into a dull stupor, so that the paper fan slipped from his hand, and he sank back on the bedding into a heavy sleep. When he awoke it was nearly dusk and past six o'clock, as he knew by the newsboys calling the sporting extras on the street below. He sprang up, cursing himself, and filled with bitter remorse.

"I'm a drunken fool, that's what I am," said Rags, savagely, "I've let her lie here all day in the heat with no one to watch her." Margaret was breathing so softly that he could hardly discern any life at all, and his heart almost stopped with fear. He picked her up and fanned and patted her into wakefulness again and then turned desperately to the window and looked down. There was no one he knew or who knew him as far as he could tell on the street, and he determined recklessly to risk another sortie for food.

"Why, it's been near two days that child's gone without eating," he said with keen self-reproach, "and here you've let her suffer to save yourself a trip to the Island. You're a hulking big loafer, you are," he ran on, muttering, "and after her coming to you and taking notice of you and putting her face to yours like an angel." He slipped off his shoes and picked his way cautiously down the stairs.

As he reached the top of the first flight a newsboy passed calling the evening papers, and shouted something which Rags could not distinguish. He wished he could get a copy of the paper. It might tell him, he thought, something about himself. The boy was coming nearer, and Rags stopped and leaned forward to listen.

"Extry! Extry?" shouted the newsboy, running. "Sun, World, and Mail. Full account of the murder of Pike McGonegal by Ragsey Raegen."

The lights in the street seemed to

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flash up suddenly and grow dim again, leaving Rags blind and dizzy.

"Stop," he yelled, "stop." "Murdered, no, by God, no," he cried staggering half-way down the stairs; "stop," "stop." But no one heard Rags, and the sound of his own voice stopped him. He sank back weak and sick upon the top step of the stairs and beat his hands together upon his head.

"It's a lie, it's a lie," he whispered, thickly. "I struck him in self-defence, s'help me. I struck him in self-defence. He drove me to it. He pulled his gun on me. I done it in self-defence."

And then the whole appearance of the young tough changed, and the terror and horror that had showed on his face turned to one of low sharpness and evil cunning. His lips drew together tightly and he breathed quickly through his nostrils, while his fingers locked and unlocked around his knees. All that he had learned on the streets and wharves and roof-tops, all that pitiable experience and dangerous knowledge that had made him a leader and a hero among the thieves and bullies of the river-front he called to his assistance now. He faced the fact flatly and with the cool consideration of an uninterested counsellor. He knew that the history of his life was written on Police Court blotters from the day that he was ten years old, and with pitiless detail; that what friends he had he held more by fear than by affection, and that his enemies, who were many, only wanted just such a chance as this to revenge injuries long suffered and bitterly cherished, and that his only safety lay in secret and instant flight. The ferries were watched, of course; he knew that the depots, too, were covered by the men whose only duty was to watch the coming and to halt the departing criminal. But he knew of one old man who was too wise to ask questions and who would row him over the East River to Astoria, and of another on the west side whose boat was always at the disposal of silent, white-faced young men who might come at any hour of the night or morning, and whom he would pilot across to the Jersey shore and keep well away from the lights of the passing ferries and the green lamp of the police boat. And once across he had only to change his name and write for money to be forwarded to that name, and turn to work until the thing was covered up and forgotten. He rose to his feet in his full strength again, and intensely and agreeably excited with the danger and possibly fatal termination of his adventure, and then there fell upon him, with the suddenness of a blow, the remembrance of the little child lying on the dirty bedding in the room above.

"I can't do it" he muttered fiercely; "I can't do it," he cried as if he argued with some other presence. "There's a rope around me neck, and the chances are all against me; it's every man for himself now and no favor." He threw his arms out before him as if to push the thought away from him and ran his fingers through his hair and over his face. All of his old self rose in him and mocked him for a weak fool, and showed him just how great his personal danger was, and so he turned and dashed forward on a run, not only to the street, but as if to escape from the other self that held him back. He was still without his shoes, and in his bare feet, and he stopped as he noticed this and turned to go up-stairs for them, and then he pictured to himself the baby lying as he had left her, weakly unconscious and with dark rims around her eyes, and he asked himself excitedly what he would do, if, on his return she should wake and smile and reach out her hands to him.

"I don't dare go back," he said breathlessly. "I don't dare do it; killing's too good for the likes of Pike McGonegal, but I'm not fighting babies. An' maybe, if I went back, maybe I wouldn't have the nerve to leave her; I can't do it," he muttered, "I don't dare go back." But still he did not stir, but stood motionless with one hand trembling on the stair-rail and the other clenched beside him, and so fought it on alone in the silence of the empty building.

The lights in the stores below came out one by one, and the minutes passed into half hours, and still he stood there with the noise of the streets coming up to him below speaking of escape and of a long life of ill-regulated pleasures, and

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"He cursed them under his breath for noisy, drunken fools."—Page 689.

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up above him the baby lay in the darkness and reached out her hands to him in her sleep.

The surly old Sergeant of the Twenty-first Precinct station-house had read the evening papers through for the third time and was dozing in the fierce lights of the gas-jet over the high desk when a young man with a white haggard face came in from the street with a baby in his arms.

"I want to see the matron—quick," he said.

The surly old sergeant did not like the peremptory tone of the young man nor his general appearance, for he had no hat, nor coat, and his feet were bare, so he said, with deliberate dignity, that the matron was up-stairs lying down, and what did the young man want with her? "This child," said the visitor in a queer thick voice, "she's sick. The heat's come over her and she ain't had anything to eat for two days, an' she's starving. Ring the bell for the matron, will yer, and send one of your men around for the house surgeon." The sergeant leaned forward comfortably on his elbows, with his hands under his chin so that the gold lace on his cuffs shone effectively in the gas-light. He believed he had a sense of humor and he chose this unfortunate moment to exhibit it.

"Did you take this for a dispensary, young man?" he asked; "or," he continued, with added facetiousness, "a fondling hospital?"

The young man made one savage spring at the barrier in front of the high desk. "Damn you," he panted, "ring that bell, do you hear me, or I'll pull you off that seat and twist your heart out."

The baby cried at this sudden outburst, and Rags fell back, patting it with his hand and muttering between his closed teeth. The sergeant called to the men of the reserve squad in the reading-room beyond, and to humor this desperate visitor, sounded the matron's gong. The reserve squad trooped in leisurely with the playing cards in their hands and with their pipes in their mouths.

"This man," growled the sergeant, pointing with the end of his cigar to Rags, "is either drunk, or crazy, or a bit of both."

The matron came down-stairs majestically, in a long loose wrapper, fanning herself with a palm-leaf fan, but when she saw the child, her majesty dropped from her like a cloak, and she ran toward her and caught the baby up in her arms. "You poor little thing," she murmured, "and, oh, how beautiful!" Then she whirled about on the men of the reserve squad, "You, Connors," she said, "run up to my room and get the milk out of my ice-chest, and Moore, put on your coat and go around and tell the surgeon I want to see him. And one of you crack some ice up fine in a towel. Take it out of the cooler. Quick, now."

Raegan came up to her fearfully. "Is she very sick?" he begged, "she ain't going to die, is she?"

"Of course not," said the big matron, promptly, "but she's down with the heat, and she hasn't been properly cared for; the child looks half-starved. Are you her father?" she asked, sharply. But Rags did not speak, for at the moment she had answered his question and had said the baby would not die, he had reached out swiftly, and taken the child out of her arms and held it hard against his breast, as though he had lost her and some one had been just giving her back to him.

His head was bending over her's, and so he did not see Wade and Heffner, the two ward detectives, as they came in from the street, looking hot, and tired, and anxious. They gave a careless glance at the group, and then stopped with a start, and one of them gave a long, low whistle.

"Well," exclaimed Wade, with a gasp of surprise and relief. "So, Raegen, you're here, after all, are you? Well, you did give us a chase, you did. Who took you?"

The men of the reserve squad, when they heard the name of the man for whom the whole force had been looking for the past two days, shifted their positions slightly, and looked curiously at Rags, and the matron stopped pouring out the milk from the bottle in her hand and stared at him in frank astonishment. Raegen threw back his head and shoulders, and ran his eyes coldly over the

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faces of the semicircle of men around him.

"Who took me?" he began, defiantly, with a swagger of braggadocio, and then, as though it were hardly worth while, and as though the presence of the baby lifted him above everything else, he stopped, and raised her until her cheek touched his own. It rested there a moment, while Rags stood silent.

"Who took me?" he repeated, quietly, and without lifting his eyes from the baby's face. "Nobody took me," he said. "I gave myself up."

One morning, three months later, when Raegen had stopped his ice cart in front of my door I asked him whether at any time he had ever regretted what he had done.

"Well, sir," he said with easy superiority, "seeing that I've shook the gang, and that the Society's decided her folks ain't fit to take care of her, we can't help thinking we are better off, see?

"But, as for my ever regretting it, why, even when things was at the worst, when the case was going dead against me, and before that cop, you remember, swore to McGonegal's drawing the pistol, and when I used to sit in the Tombs expecting I'd have to hang for it. Well, even then, they used to bring her to see me every day, and when they'd lift her up, and she'd reach out her hands and kiss me through the bars, why—they could have took me out and hung me, and been damned to 'em, for all I'd have cared."

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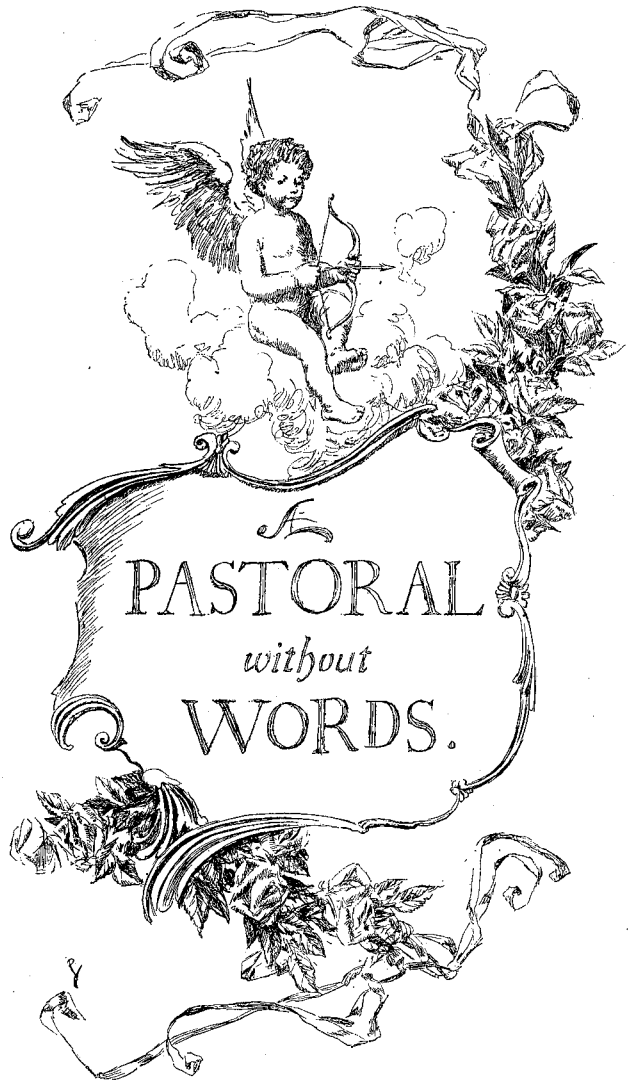

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A Pastoral Without Words.

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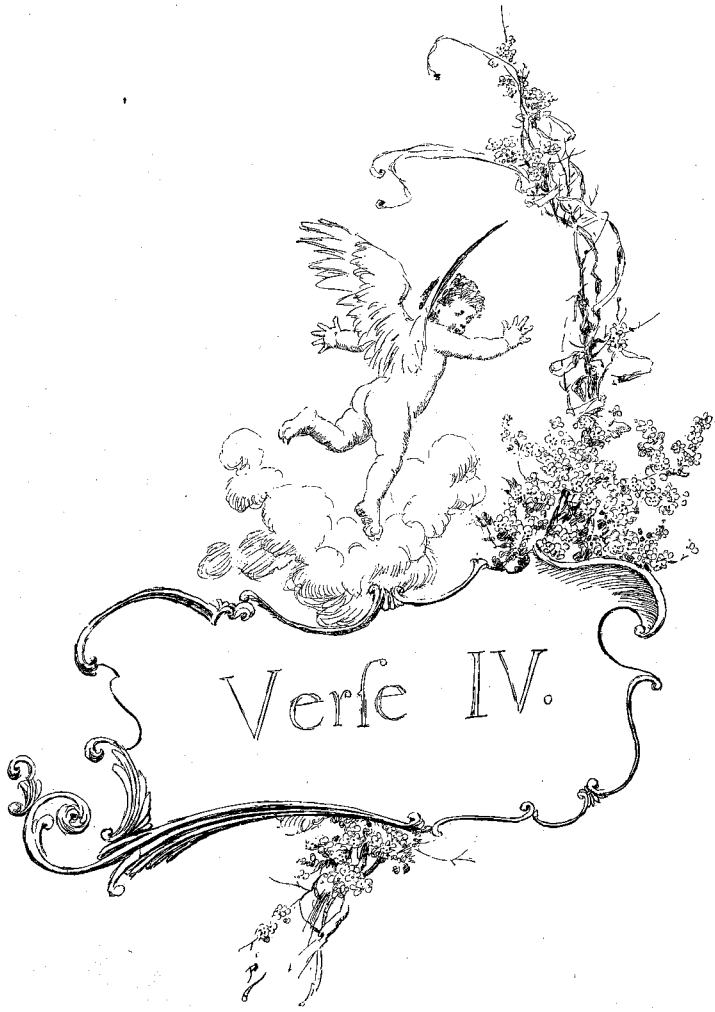

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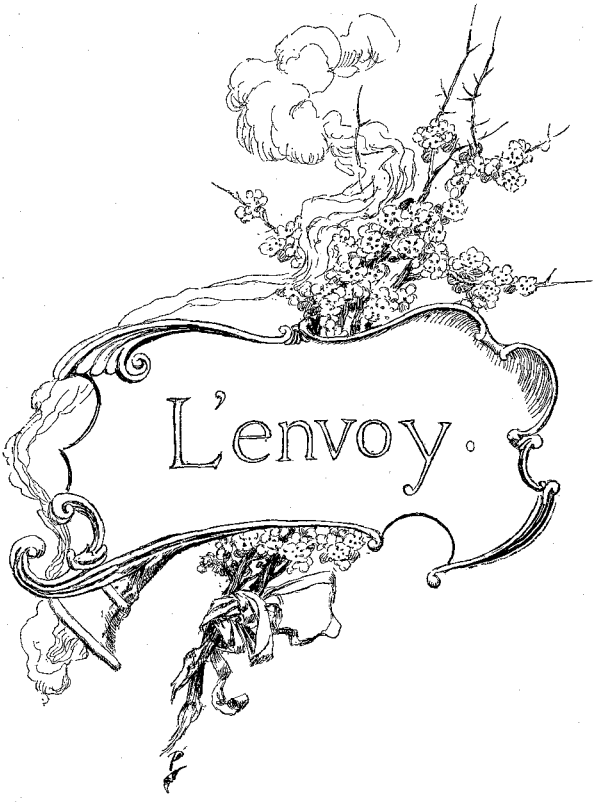

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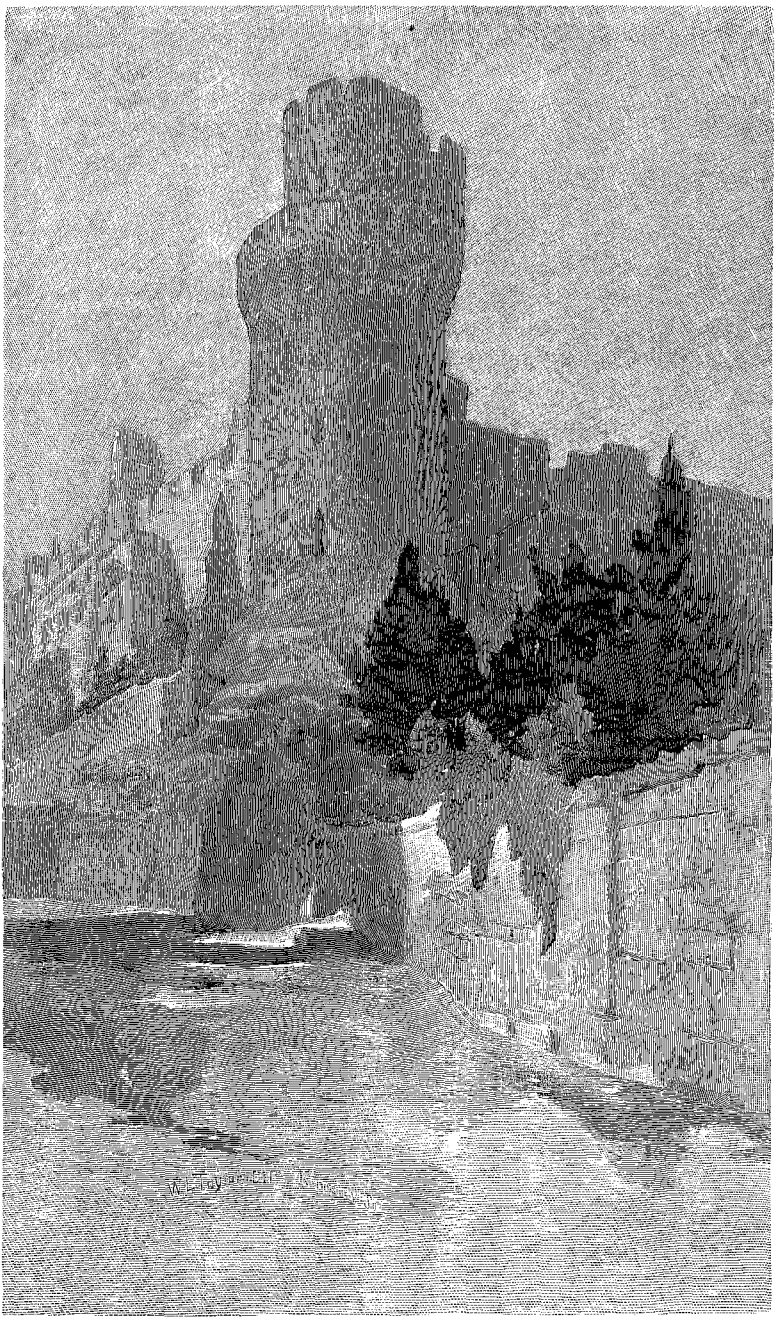

The Old Tower, Warwick Castle.

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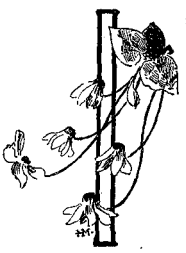
AMY ROBSART, KENILWORTH, AND WARWICK.

By William H. Rideing.



IT must be with an unavoidable pang of disappointment that the sentimental traveller alights at Warwick and finds engrafted on the old town so much that is new and prosaic. The pictures of it that he has seen have never confessed to the modernization; they have shown him only the open-framed, red-tiled, or thatched Elizabethan houses, with latticed windows and projecting gables; the bastions, escarpments, and skyward towers of the castle; the ruined bridge across the Avon, with the disabling lapses in its span; the well-preserved antiquity of Lord Leicester's Hospital. He has forgotten how artists separate what they desire from any commonplace environment, and he has thought of Warwick, and seen it through the eye of anticipation, as a place made up of ancient buildings and ancient streets, a sleepy town, stealing down through time with an unchanged front and owing nothing to later days and later fashions.

Alas! though these historical monuments are still there, many of their surroundings are not in keeping with them, but have the freshness, the unromantic and unmellowed properties of our own times. To what is new they seem to bear much the same proportion as the ancestral brooch and other trinkets which a woman attaches to a costume that in its other features is exclusively modern—though this is only so long as our initiatory disappointment is allowed to prejudice our observation. It requires a spirited imagination to restore to those streets the Elizabethan procession which throngs out of the pages of "Kenilworth"—the courtiers and swashbucklers, Dick Hostler and Jack Pudding, Wayland Smith and Flibbertigibbet, the gay-hearted Raleigh and the dark-browed Varney. The pressure of innovation comes to oppose their return, not only in the modernization of the streets, but in the intrusion at every point of assiduous, trifle-hunting tourists.

Of these tourists there are probably two Americans to one Englishman. "Bless you, sir! I don't know 'ow we could get hon without them," the waiter at the "Warwick Arms" will tell you, after wofully recounting the various causes of the decline in the town's prosperity.

All summer long you hear them scurrying through the streets toward the Castle, or the Hospital, or St. Mary's Church, with guide-books tucked under their arms and their satchels swelled by new souvenirs of travel in the shape of photographs, or paper-weights and ink-pots cast in the image of Leicester's famous cognizance of the Bear and Ragged Staff. Their pursuit leaves no moment unmarked by achievement. Yesterday morning it was the Custom-house and the landing stage at Liverpool, and since then they have been to Chester and Shrewsbury. To-day they

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are debating how they shall apportion their time so that they may be in London to-morrow. Shall it be Shottery and Stratford, or Warwick and Kenilworth? Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway, or Leicester and Amy Robsart? They glance at Vandyke's equestrian portrait of Charles the First, so full of life that rider and horse seem to be advancing down the corridor of the Castle; smile at the huge caldron known as Guy's porridge-pot; listen to the legends of the pensioners at the Hospital; hover about the tombs in the Beauchamp Chapel, and read with questioning eyes the epitaph which describes Leicester as the best and dearest of husbands. Then we see them flying off to the station, or disappearing, with their trunks vividly labelled "Wanted," or "Not Wanted on the Voyage," down the broad highway which leads through the matchless verdure of England to Kenilworth and Coventry. Those who do not touch at Warwick on their way from Liverpool to the Continent compass it on their return flight across the Atlantic. The bustle continues until summer ends, and we cannot wonder that the spectres of the past shun it, even though conjured and implored by an imagination fully prepared to rehabilitate them.

But after September the visitors become infrequent, and the old town sinks into a torpor in which, as in the human countenance after a relapse from temporary stimulation, we can see and feel its real age. The furrows are deeper than we thought they were at first sight, and the survival of antiquity is more complete. One speculates as to how the place exists, unless it is on the harvest of the summer. High Street, up and down, between the two old gates, is empty, and a footfall reverberates in the disoccupation through long distances. The signs of the prosperous country town are not visible, though Warwick is the capital of the county and a parliamentary and municipal borough. There are no smart traps from neighboring manors with apple-faced English girls on the high box-seats and sleek grooms in attendance; no farmers or yokels—seldom does one see a market wagon loaded up with fresh green stuff, or a fragrant hay-cart. Since, however, one cannot make such a statement as this without incurring local displeasure and the peril of being confronted with figures which, in the mind of the disputant, are sufficient of an answer to cover one with confusion, let us qualify it so far as to admit that we are merely recording an impression, and that the impression does not retain images of these things as it does of the vacancy and drowsiness which follow the departure of the tourists. There is nothing unfriendly in our intention, and it yet remains for us to say how charming and pervasive the inactivity and somnolency are, and how, when we yield to the effect of them, the harsher and more prosaic features of the town recede as in a mist, leaving what is old and mellowed all the more prominent, and making Warwick a very habitable place for kindred spirits, ghosts, and sentimentalists.

At the very entrance of the town stands a house which, by the dignity of its proportions and the style of its architecture, arrests attention. It is sadly out of repair, but it has a semi-baronial, semi-monastic grandeur in its decay. The grayness of its stone and the sagging tiled roof tell that it is at least twice a centenarian, and ivy and moss spread themselves over the wide-arched porch and over the windows, of which there are no less than nine, of enormous size, partitioned by stone mullions, and filled with small, greenish, leaded glass. The end windows swell out on both stories, and at the level of the five gables which spring along the roof they form balconies with carved stone parapets. An unobtrusive sign in the weedy, tangled garden, which is separated from the street by iron railings, announces that a tapestried room may be seen between certain hours, and with a thrill of satisfaction the visitor who cares for the picturesque perceives, by another small sign, that there are "Apartments to Let." Originally the old house is said to have been a hospital of the Knights of St. John; then it was a school, and now so much of it as is habitable is rented by two pensioners of the Earl of Warwick to such as are willing to put up with the inconveniences inseparable from its dilapidation for the sake of living under so venerable a roof. For a

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very small sum per week you may have a sitting-room and bed-room. Imagine the sitting-room: about sixty feet long and twenty feet wide, with wainscoting of black oak, panelled and moulded from the floor to the groined stone ceiling, one end being formed by the mullioned leaded bay windows aforesaid, with tendrils of ivy creeping across the small panes of greenish glass. The light is never more than twilight, even at mid-day, and when you sit down to your chop in the evening, with one candle burning on the little table, you are girt by a shadowy and cavernous darkness. The bed-room is inferior only to the sitting-room in proportions, and for a couch you have a four-post bed. There are drawbacks to all this picturesqueness, as we have already intimated: there is no running water, except when it leaks in with the rain; the leaded windows shake fearfully and are no match against the boisterous winds which slip in and strike the tenant in the back; the only illumination is by lamp and candle, and in "the dead vast and middle of the night" there are inexplicable rattlings as though the old knights, arisen from their tombs, were buckling on their armor for a new crusade. Living in these old-fashioned quarters we feel that the gulf between Queen Elizabeth's age and our own times is not so very wide, and from them it is not difficult to enter into the past.

What Shakespeare is to Stratford, Leicester and Amy Robsart are to Warwick. They are the leading personages in the only drama the little town knows—the "stars" in a performance which is repeated so often that by comparison a Chinese play is a mere interlude. We refresh our memories of them by reading "Kenilworth" again, and perhaps, it must be confessed, do not find it as absorbing as it was when we read it under an apple-tree, though our heresy may not be as flagrant as that of Mr. Howells. Where now is the soldier of fortune who can discourse as Mike Lambourne did, with all that facility of metaphor and expletive, so apt and so varied that they put us into good humor with the unconscionable villain? All the characters in those days spoke in epigrams, even down to the hostler at the "Bonny Black Bear," who, when Lambourne is in his cups, describes him as speaking "Spanish as one who has been in the Canaries." What innuendo or quip finds Giles Gosling without a repartee—he who poetizes his own sack so beautifully? "If you find better sack than that in the Shires or in the Canaries either, I would I may never touch either pot or penny more. Why, hold it up betwixt you and the light and you shall see the little motes dance in the golden liquor like dust in the sunbeam." Knave and knight, the rustic boor and the gartered courtier have the same knack of saying what they have to say with Macaulay-like precision and with a like appreciation of antithesis and alliteration. There is some contemporary evidence that the subjects of the fiery Elizabeth garnished their speech no more nor set it in finer phrase than the subjects of Victoria; no false modesty led them to mince matters and call a spade a silver spoon. But Scott's characters have set speeches which they deliver *ore rotundo*, spiced with color-giving adjectives and neat turns of wit: there is not a flash in the pan among them all. Is it life? Was it ever life? Did people three hundred years ago speak in this stilted, theatrical manner? "There, caitiff, is thy morning wage." "Draw, dog, and defend thyself!" "Off, abject! Darest thou come betwixt me and mine enemy!" Perhaps there may be justification for the assault Mr. Howells recently made on Scott, and at all events we advise those who have anathematized the courageous American critic to read their "Kenilworth" again, and not to hurl their stones until they have done so.

But criticism is not part of our intention, and we had better come back to our tourists, many of whom—we may say nearly all—have copies of "Kenilworth" under their arms and do not question or dispute the historical foothold which Scott claims for his characters. We find even so brilliant a critic as Mr. William Winter espousing the legend with implicit faith, and confessing that as he presses to his lips a red rose, plucked in the garden of Kenilworth, he has the enviable sensation of touching the lips of the lovely Amy, who "out-

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weighed England's crown, and whose sad spirit is the everlasting genius of the place."

The three great sights of Warwick are the Castle, the Hospital, and the Beauchamp Chapel, in each of which we are reminded of the reality of Leicester, though there is but one trifling relic of Amy. The town itself is said to have been founded by Cymbeline, and it is mentioned in the Domesday-book as a borough containing no less than two hundred and sixteen houses. One of the first Earls was the famous Guy, who exceeded nine feet in height, and who slew a green dragon and a Saracen giant in single combat. The title has had many wearers—the Beauchamps; Richard Neville, "the king-maker;" George Plantagenet and Edward Plantagenet. For forty-eight years it was dormant, and then it was conferred on that overreaching John Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland, who lost his head finally, having done the same thing, metaphorically, several times before, on Tower Hill. He was the father of Leicester, whose brother, Ambrose, then held the earldom.

Out of the diamond panes of the chamber in our picturesque lodgings we look on the smooth grassy court of "New Bowling Green," as the dwarfish little tavern calls itself, with a preposterous pretence to a youth which must have ended at least a century ago, and in the long, melodious English twilight we can hear the voices of the players softened to an Æolian pitch in the mild summer air. The inn is on a curving street which leads down to the Avon, and which has scarcely been touched by the tide of change that has been so busy with alterations elsewhere. Nearly all the houses are ancient, so old, so sunken, and so bent that one wonders why they do not collapse. The roofs sag, the fronts bulge, but age seems to have given them a malleable quality like whale-bone. The highest is not more than two very modest stories, the upper projecting over the lower, and resting on oaken brackets. They are all of the half-timbered variety, the huge beams being visible in front and freshly painted in broad black lines, while the material between them shows white or gray. So small are the lattice windows, so low and narrow are the doors, that the people for whom they were built must have been inferior in stature to the Britons of to-day, and Earl Guy must indeed have been a phenomenon among them. Marked with age as they are, the cottages are very habitable however, and where an open door allows us to peep in, the interior shows us much comfort within a space inconceivable as to cubic feet. The stone floor is pipe-clayed; a kettle simmers on the "hob;" the crockery glistens on a sideboard, and there is evidence of a sociability which we should not be unwilling to share in the high-backed settle drawn up at right angles with the hearth. A thriving box of fuchsias and geraniums decorates the window, and at the threshold, in a wicker cage, there is sure to be a bird—a starling, a lark, or a fat, confiding bullfinch.

Such is the approach to the river by the way of Mill Street, and it was between these very rows of cottages, as like as not, that Queen Bess passed on her journey from London to the revels at Kenilworth, with Leicester, Sussex, Raleigh, and Blount in her train. When we reach the brink of the river the scene is one such as England alone can show. Here there is another group of cottages, probably of later date, with long, narrow gardens, out of which breathes the scent of gillyflowers, mignonette, sweet-brier, and moss-rose, a tangle of bloom woven as close as a fabric. The Avon comes down without a murmur or visible motion, between banks grassy and solid to the edge, without ooze or underbrush, carrying on its surface pictures of the sky, the fleecy clouds, and the willows which bend over and dip their slender branches into it. Then it is ruffled by a weir for a moment, as an uneasy dream might agitate it, before it falls into a sounder sleep, and glides as peaceful as ever on its course to Stratford. After the weir a new vision appears on the placid surface—a vision of a great mediæval stronghold, towered and battlemented, which springs like a precipice out of the foliage along the margin. It has an aërial, phantasmal, insubstantial air as it floats on the stream, but as we look up

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from the foot of Mill Street it is verified, battlement by battlement, tower by tower, in the walls of Warwick Castle. Higher up the river is a handsome bridge with carvings and stone balusters, a bridge of respectable age; but the bridge by which Elizabeth came here on that memorable occasion, when she was as much bent on twisting the secret of Amy Robsart out of Leicester's heart as on pleasure, is in ruins before us. The arches are gone and the piers alone stand out of the stream, their stones quite concealed by moss and ivy.

The Street—Warwick.

According to the novel, while the Queen was making her way to Kenilworth in state, poor Amy, alarmed by the conduct of Varney and Foster, was flying from Cumnor Hall in the same direction, resolved to throw herself upon the mercy and affection of Leicester. Surely lady never was in sorrier plight than she in that company of mountebanks, with only Wayland Smith to protect her and provide for her, though Wayland, it should be said, deserves to rank as high on the roll of "gentlemen in fiction," when Mr. Stevenson comes to revise it, as any of the more beruffled and bejewelled personages of "Kenilworth."

What their route from Cumnor was is a matter of some mystery, for in one place Scott tells us that Amy and her escort avoided Warwick, and then that they travelled to Kenilworth by the way of Warwick and Coventry, the latter a rather inexplicable proceeding, for Kenilworth is between the two. Perhaps they struck off from the main road, before reaching Warwick, and in that case we can imagine them trudging wearily through the quaint villages of Bishop's Tachbrook, Offchurch, and Cubbington. These places looked much the same then as they do now, and if we should see an Elizabethan figure at the door of one of the thatched cottages we should hardly suspect it to be a masquerade. Changes are infrequent and slow in their operation in nooks of this sort, and a new window here, or a chimney there, is the only alteration a revisiting spirit could discover after an absence of a duration compared with which its mortal life would seem less than infancy. The crouching little church at the bend of the road, with its square Norman tower, was old and gray in Elizabeth's time, and the wind and rain have done little more in the interval than bevel the edges of the stones in the wall and flatten the jaws of the hideous gargoyles. No doubt the peasants we see are lineal descend-

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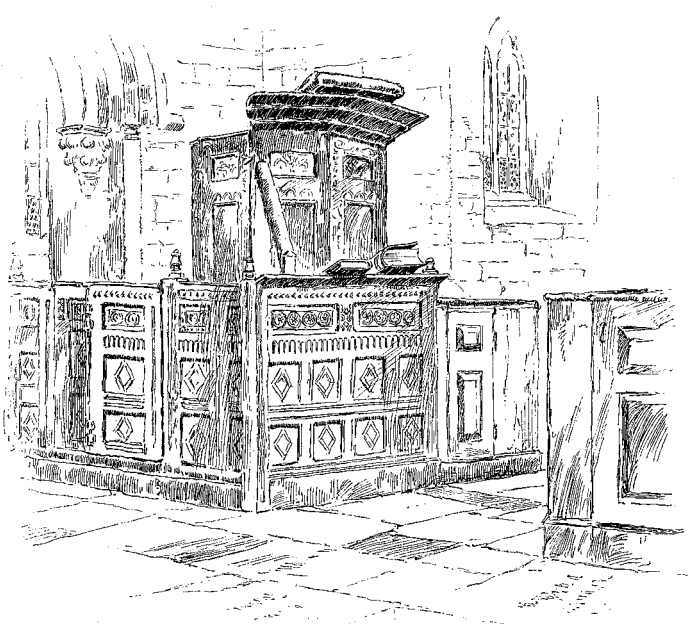
ants of those who joined in the throng which filled every approach to Kenilworth on the occasion of the fête. "Forefathers and foremothers," as Hawthorne says, writing of this neighborhood in "Our Old Home," "have grown up together, intermarried and died, through a long succession of lives, without any intermixture of new elements, till family features and character are all run in the same inevitable mould. Life is there fossilized in its greenest leaf. The man who died yesterday, or ever so long ago, walks the village street to-day, and chooses the same wife that he married a hundred years since, and must be buried again to-morrow under the same kindred dust that has already covered him half a score of times. The stone threshold of his cottage is worn away with his hobnailed footsteps shuffling over it from the reign of the first Plantagenet to that of Victoria."

The wear of season and age, which have not impaired the habitableness of these humble dwellings, become eloquent, however, in the castle at Kenilworth, which might have been expected to outlast them for many a year. Leicester's palace, that noble structure which, dating from the time of Henry I., often sheltered kings, is now but a ruin, with stairways leading only halfway from floor to floor, and no other roof than the sky in any of its chambers. Still, enough of it remains to enable us to trace nearly all the incidents of the story as Scott describes them in the romance; and stimulated by the rhythmic cumulative splendor of those portions of the narrative which bear all readers along with impetuous fascination, the visitors witness, when they are sufficiently imaginative, the re-enactment of Amy's adventures. Here is the point at which the giant warder was posted, past whom she stole with Wayland, while Flibbertigibbet restored to the memory of the huge creature his part in the coming masque; here was Mervyn's Tower, where she sought shelter in the hope of being able to communicate with the Earl, and where she was discovered by Lambourne and Tressilian; here may yet be seen the great hall in which the throne was placed, and here, in the Pleasaunce, was the grotto in whose cool recess Amy concealed herself and was discovered by the Queen. The tourists are strong in faith, and do not attempt to separate the component admixture of truth and fiction; the novel is a guide-book to them, and Wayland, Flibbertigibbet, Tressilian, and Lambourne are all accepted as historical personages. Not in all the chronicles of England is there a chapter equal in magnetism to the story set forth by Scott of the love of this unhappy country girl.



The Pulpit in Cumnor Church.

At Cumnor there is much less to substantiate the romance than here. Not a stone remains of the Hall, and even its site is obliterated. The inn is called the "Black Bear," but it is not the prosperous, comfortable hostel-

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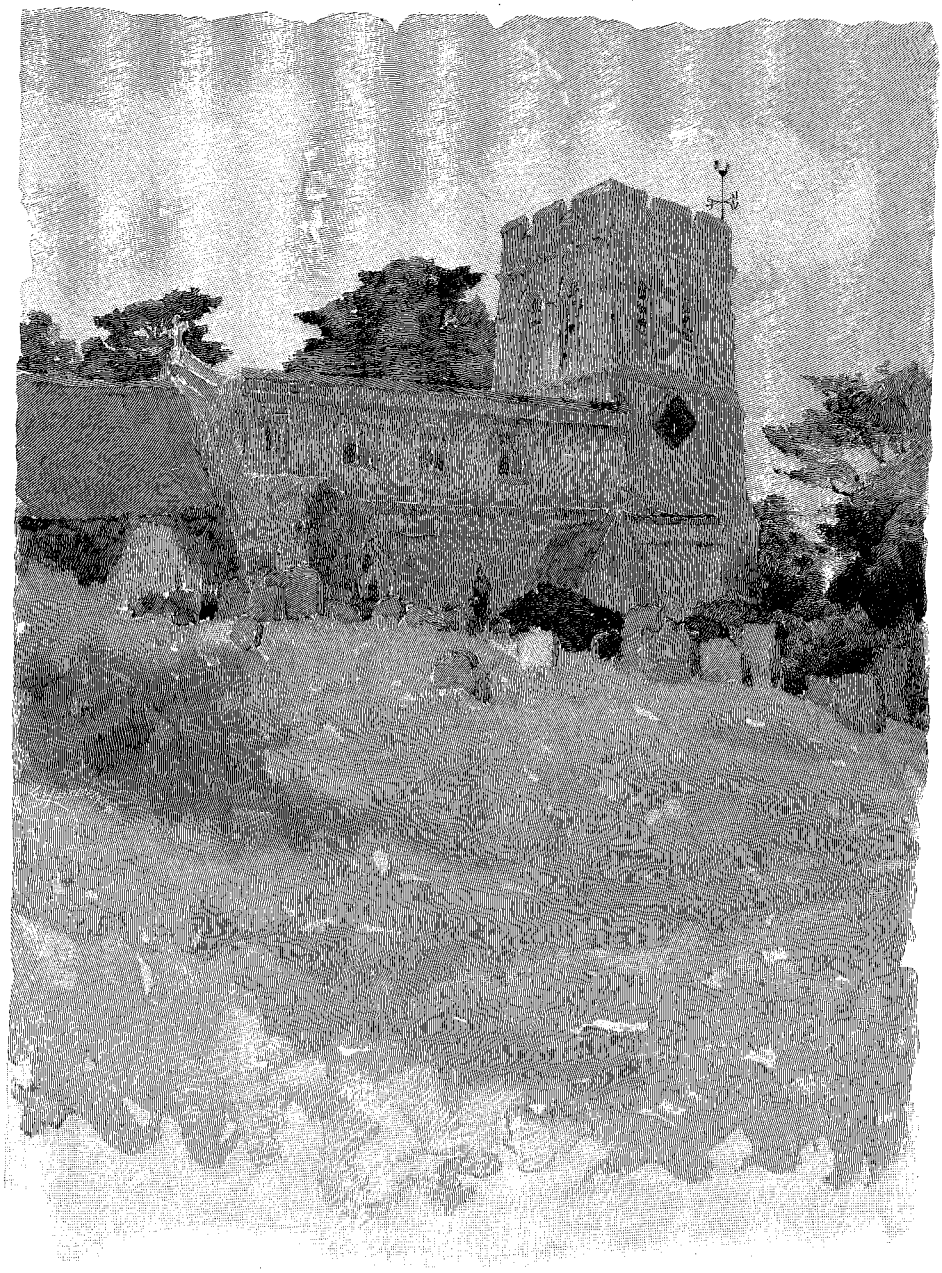

Cumnor Church.

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ry over which Giles Gosling presided with such good humor and tact—"moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his payments, having a cellar of sound liquor, a ready wit, and a pretty daughter." Such inn-keepers have gone out of fashion with such shop-keepers as Master Goldthread, the mercer. The old church, in which Papist and Puritan have preached and prayed, has not disappeared, but the testimony it bears throws doubt on the authenticity of the story that Anthony Foster is buried in the chancel—"he they called Tony Fire-the-Fagot, because he brought a light to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley when the wind blew out Jack Thong's torch, and no man there would give him light for love or money." He lies side by side, in effigy, with his wife, and is extolled in good Latin as a man of many virtues.

The Bowling Green, Warwick.

Coming back to Warwick, we find a few more threads to pick up, especially in the Hospital, which is Leicester's most effective monument. Before the Reformation it was the home of a monastic order, but was bestowed on him by the Queen, and by him endowed for the shelter and maintenance of a master and twelve poor brethren, tenants and retainers of his or of his heirs. Each pensioner receives eighty pounds a year and has private lodgings within the Hospital, in addition to common privileges in kitchen, kitchen-garden, and chapel. So liberal is the management, so ample the provision, so free the benevolence from the stigma and parade of charity, that the inmates may well be envied; but, with the perversity of human nature, they sometimes mutter against their lot, instead of constantly blessing the memory of their patron. The bear and ragged staff, the motto and initials of Dudley, are visible at every point in the quaint buildings, and in the kitchen we are shown a faded bit of embroidery, glazed in an oaken frame, which is said to be the needlework of Amy Robsart—a tradition so insecure at the roots that it puts us in mind of that epigram of Mr. Henry James concerning the method of Taine: "A thin soil of historical evidence is made to produce luxuriant flowers of deduction." But centuries shrink into neighborly and speakable distance here, and allow us to fancy that the verification by living witness of the tradi-

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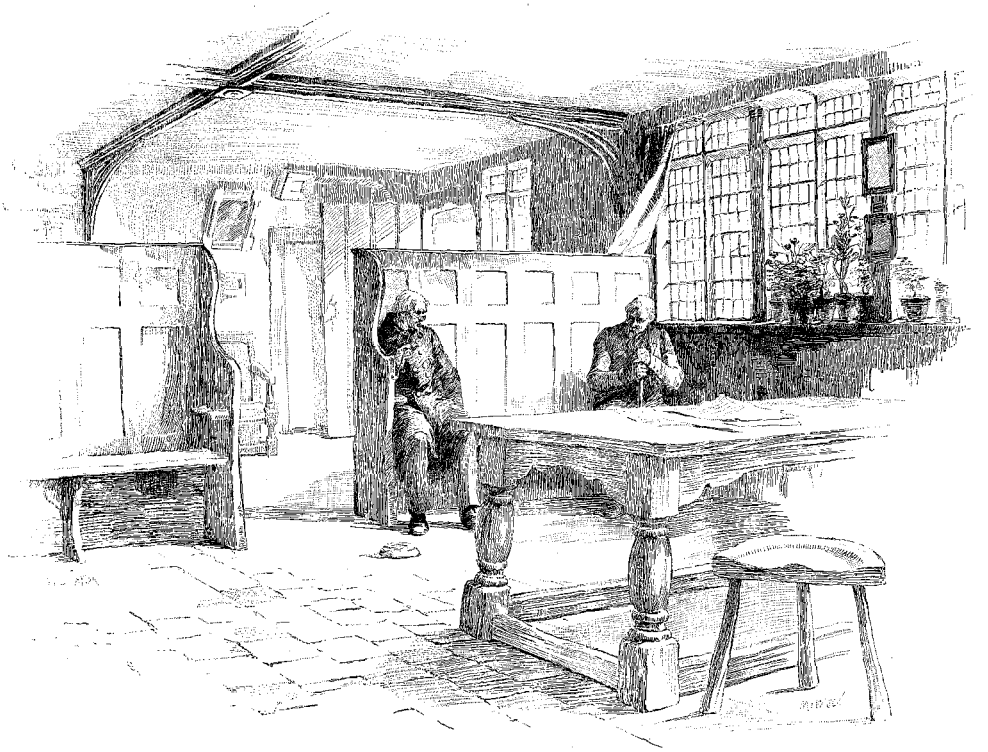
tion is almost possible. The past is completely ours in that snug kitchen. All the oak of rafter, casing, and wainscot is darkened to ebony with age, but in a perfect state of preservation. The floor is of red tiles, and the low white ceiling is held up by blackened beams. There is a fireplace so capacious that all the pensioners might cook their dinners at once, and a settle, adorned with the omnipresent bear, on which all of them, sitting together, might afterward smoke their pipes, as, indeed, they frequently do. The light, sifting through the hinged, leaded windows, set in stone mullions, burnishes antiquated arms and armor hung upon the walls, and brings out the sheen on the fragment of Amy Robsart's embroidery. Even after nightfall there is enough light from the fire that is always kept burning to show the motto across the hearth, "Droit et loyal," the initials R. L., and the date, 1571.

Presenting to the street a many-gabled front, with peaked windows, open timbers, hinged lattices, and carved brackets, the buildings form within a quadrangle, and here the brick-work is picked out with the sixteen quarterings of Leicester's arms, richly emblazoned, and along the mouldings of the galleries, in old English text, illuminated and sunken in the oak run various rules for the government of the inmates—"Honor all Men"—"Fear God"—"Honor the King"—"Love the Brotherhood"—"Be kindly affectioned one to Another" "He that ruleth over Men must be Just."

On the highest spot in the town stands St. Mary's Church, its lofty tower visible for miles around, across field and hedge-row, and its chimes pealing like music from heaven over the fair English landscape. Here, in the Beauchamp chapel, under canopies of lace-like stone and screens of artistically wrought metal, lies Leicester, surrounded by his coroneted kinsmen and former Earls of Warwick. There is no allusion to Amy, no memento of her. Another wife reposes with him, her



In the Kitchen, Leicester Hospital, built 1571.

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hands piously clasped in prayer as his are. The effigy shows him as a solemn-faced, bearded man, the picture of conjugal propriety, and, if epitaphs are to be believed, no man was ever more maligned than this gallant and ambitious courtier of Queen Elizabeth's.

The researches of George Adlard * and others have completely undermined the foundations of Scott's romance. Amy Robsart never was Countess of Leicester. How could she have been when her husband was not created an Earl till three years after her death? She did not appear at the Kenilworth revels, for the castle only came to Leicester with the earldom. Her marriage was not secret, but was solemnized in the presence of Edward VI., who records the fact in his diary and expresses his appreciation of the amusement afterward afforded him by "certain gentlemen that did strive who should first take away a goose's head which was hanged alive on two crossposts." Leicester was married secretly, though not to her. It was to Lady Sheffield, thirteen years after Amy's death and two years previous to the revels. Amy's father was not Sir Hugh, but Sir John Robsart, not a Knight of Devon, but a Knight of Norfolk. Scott, indeed, has not allowed himself to be hampered by any rigid adherence to historic truth, though it is true that Amy died mysteriously at

The Gate, Leicester Hospital.

* Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester: A Critical Inquiry. By George Adlard. London, 1870.

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Cumnor Hall, and that Leicester felt himself called upon to disprove the suspicion which prevailed that he had connived at her taking off. That he was indifferent to her is shown by his actions and by his correspondence. Beyond this Scott's authority seems to have been a mysterious and melodramatic Jesuit named Parsons, whose charges against Leicester were repeated at a later period by that garrulous old chronicler, Ashmole. Let us not be too exacting, however. Truth even wavers on the lips of History herself when she discards the masquerade of the historical novel and puts on the academic silk. And it is to be noted that the fable of Amy Robsart convinces the mind of the rustic when fact goes, unheeded, in at one ear and out at the other. Listen to the sounds from the canvas theatre in the field on the Coventry road. They are playing a dramatization of "Kenilworth," and, familiar as the story is, the audience listen to it again with undiminished interest, and audibly sob as the corpulent Tressilian pumps up his reproaches against the wayward heroine.

The Door of Leicester's Hospital.

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THE REED PLAYER.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

By a dim shore where water darkening
  Took the last light of spring,
I went beyond the tumult, harkening
  For some diviner thing.

Where the bats flew from the black elms like leaves,
  Over the ebon pool
Brooded the bittern's cry, as one that grieves
  Lands ancient, bountiful.

I saw the fire-flies shine below the wood
  Above the shallows dank,
As Uriel from some great altitude,
  The planets rank on rank.

And now unseen along the shrouded mead
  One went under the hill;
He blew a cadence on his mellow reed,
  That trembled and was still.

It seemed as if a line of amber fire
  Had shot the gathered dusk,
As if had blown a wind from ancient Tyre
  Laden with myrrh and musk.

He gave his luring note amid the fern
  Its enigmatic fall,
Haunted the hollow dusk with golden turn
  And argent interval.

I could not know the message that he bore,
  The springs of life from me
Hidden; his incommunicable lore
  As much a mystery.

And as I followed far the magic player
  He passed the maple wood,
And when I passed the stars had risen there,
  And there was solitude.

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"AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD."

By George A. Hibbard.

IT was a minute past the time when the "through" night express should start, but still the ponderous engine stood motionless, the steam escaping with a terrific roar, and mounting high in the air, first in a vigorous jet, and then spreading in dull, whitened clouds that soon mingled with and were lost in the denser mass and greater volume of the rolling smoke. The hands of the illuminated clock, placed on the depot wall, had passed the points on the dial that indicated the hour of departure, and now stood at not more than a minute after; but even so small a particle of time was of importance, for this, the night express, was the particular feature of this particular road, and to get it to its destination at the advertised instant was the duty and pride of every employé; for this, every resource of the great corporation was employed, every sacrifice of other considerations made. Over those miles and miles of shining rails, on which the train must run all night, lay the road from West to East and from East to West, and upon the speed and certainty with which they were covered depended many an important affair—the success or failure of a venture, sometimes the life or death of a Cause.

The station-master hurried up to the engine and looked in the window.

"What's the matter, Irby?" he said to the engineer.

"Spurlock's not here," answered the man, who sat on the narrow, transverse seat in the cab, with his hand on the heavy, shining, round-tipped handle of the reverse-lever.

"Where is he?"

"Don't know," replied Irby. "He stepped off five minutes ago, saying he'd be back directly."

"If he isn't here in thirty seconds I'll have to give you another fireman."

Everything indicated readiness for departure. The loungers along the broad, cemented walk of the station—those who had sought a little exercise before the long, cramped ride—had mounted to the cars; and the porters, after picking up the little stools placed before the steps of the "sleepers," stood ready all along the line to swing themselves on to the platforms as soon as the series of jarring jerks with which a train straightens itself out for work, indicated that the "7.30" was off.

The scene as it now presented itself—a minute and more after the time when "No. 47" should have been under way—was characteristically American, for nowhere else in the world is quite its like to be found. The huge arched station (so large that, numerous as were the hard, clear, powerful electric lights, there still were left many areas of gloom) echoed and re-echoed with multitudinous sounds, and, closing your eyes, you might almost have imagined yourself in an asylum for demented noises, the air was so burdened with the sustained uproar, distressed by such brazen clangor, torn by so many a wild shriek. The gleaming steel rails banded the broad,

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boarded space, stretching in innumerable lines far across to the opposite wall; now running with the parallel exactness of a copy-book; now crossing and recrossing each other in what seemed inextricable confusion. Long strings of cars, their windows all aglow, stood here or there—just arrived, or just on the point of leaving—this train "in," after having run all day along the shores of the great lakes; that ready to plunge into the dark Pennsylvania forests, and hurry away, perhaps, past some flaming oil-well into the more distant coal-fields. People swarmed everywhere — passengers and employés, baggage-men, brakemen, and express-men. Heavy trucks, overloaded with luggage, were wildly trundled through the place; small iron carriages, piled high with mail-bags, were recklessly rolled past; and in and out darted the bearers of flaming torches that cast a wild glare about them as they moved, who, with long-handled hammers tested the car-wheels with ringing blows. And away in the distance, where the immense, arched opening of the station permitted a glimpse of the darkness beyond, gleamed innumerable lights—green, red and orange—some stationary and arranged in complex designs, others swinging in eccentric circles, or flitting like the *ignes fatui* of swamp-lands, along the ground, now appearing and now disappearing.

"Here he comes!" shouted a voice somewhere in remote darkness.

"Hurry up," commanded the station-master; and, with a running accompaniment of questions, exhortations, and admonitions, lit up by some scattered execrations, a slight man, dressed in the blackened and greasy overalls and "jumper" of a laborer, ran along the walk and mounted the engine.

"Let her go, Dan," he said.

The engineer glanced at the conductor leaning against the wall; saw him quickly shut his watch and wave his hand. One pull on a lever, already under his hand, and the piston-rods began to glide out and in, the huge driving-wheels to revolve, and the train, with almost a dislocating shock, so hurried had been the start, was finally off.

"What was it, Jeff?" said Irby.

"Why," answered Spurlock, with a hardly perceptible hesitation, "a little celebration of my own. Do you forget what night it is?"

"No," answered the other and older man, a trifle sharply. "But what did you promise me?"

"It's only once a year," responded Spurlock, sullenly, "and I haven't touched a thing for ten weeks."

Irby did not answer, but peered out into the darkness through the narrow cab window.

The depot had been left behind, and the engine was now passing through the outer business belt of the great city. Huge, silent warehouses, with their shutters closed, quite as if they had gone to sleep with iron lids shut over their innumerable eyes, were to be seen along the deserted streets; high chimneys here and there rose above the roofs—they might have been columns supporting the leaden sky—the dull clouds of smoke that lazily seemed to overflow them only distinguishable from the dark heavens by their greater density. It had been snowing during the early evening, but the flakes had melted as they fell, and the ill-paved roads were full of spreading pools that caught the rays cast by the glowing embers in the engine's fire-box, and, seeming to hold them for an instant in dull reflection, threw them weakly back. And now the pavements cease altogether; no longer are there any gas-lamps or electric lights to reveal the dripping squalor, but as one looks ahead there are to be seen by the spreading illumination of the headlight only the shining, converging rails, and between them, and on either side, the sodden, half-frozen earth. Now only infrequent buildings start into view; but there appear instead long, shadowy lines of freight-cars, apparently innumerable, drawn up on either side of the track, by which the engine thunders with reverberating clatter — the strange but still familiar characters, letters, and names on their many-colored sides—the stars, the diamonds, the crosses, the often-repeated initials, the numbers, reaching sometimes into the tens of thousands—only showing for an instant in the dim rays cast by the single light in the engine, and then quickly blotted out by the broad hand of dark-

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ness. At length those, too, are gone, and now there is nothing to be seen but the occasional hut of some switch-tender, and the constantly recurring telegraph poles that so rapidly flash in and out of sight. Far behind appears in the sky a dull, orange glow that marks the position of the town that has been left behind, but all before is unbroken blackness. Now, at last, the train has reached the open country, Irby pushes the throttle-valve still further open, and the engine, with a quiver, almost such as a spirited horse will give at the touch of the spur, plunges more swiftly forward, and finally tears along at almost full running speed, over fifty miles an hour through the night.

The narrow place in which the men are seated, face to face, is but dimly illuminated. They are neither of them particularly exceptional-looking persons; you might see their like almost any day through an engine's window and not turn to look again, and still their faces are not without a certain stern significance—the significance to be found in the countenances of most men who have for any length of time held what might be called "non-commissioned" office in the army of labor, where, though opportunity of honor is rare, responsibility is great and incessant.

Irby, ten years the older of the two, heavy, but with a muscular strength that enables him to move with perfect ease in spite of his stoutness, has in his countenance that indescribable something that indicates firmness, even obstinacy; while in the mobile features, more shifting glance, and more changeful expression of his companion you could as readily detect the equally evident, but more subtle evidences of weakness and irresolution. And yet he was a pretty fellow enough with his thick, lustrous, black hair, and his small, pointed mustache, his highly colored cheeks and his dull, dark eyes. Of graceful build too—his belt was drawn about a waist as small almost as a woman's—slight but lithesome, a man to surprise you with unsuspected strength.

"Don't it make you feel, Dan, as if we were regularly out in the cold," he said, "to be on this job to-night?"

"Well, you see," answered Irby, argumentatively, "all the other boys have got sweethearts or wives, and it's only natural they should want the evening to themselves. Now what's Christmas Eve to us—you, who haven't got a belonging in the world, as you say, and I——"

Irby paused, whether or not he saw something worthy of attention in what seemed the impenetrable night, Spurlock could not determine, but the engineer looked through the window with what appeared increased attention.

"'Tain't much like one's general notion of a Christmas," he added at length.

"No," answered Spurlock.

Neither spoke again for some time, and Spurlock busied himself with the flapping canvas curtain that gave doubtful shelter to the occupants of the cab, for the icy wind blew briskly as the scudding clouds attested.

"Let me see," said Irby at length. "This time of the year rather lends itself to reckoning—how long is it now that we've travelled along together?"

"Going on eight months," answered Spurlock, "from the time when you first set me straight."

Irby glanced across at the man before him. "Set him straight." Yes, he had "set him straight," and the memory came to him of what Spurlock had been, a picture rose before him of how Spurlock looked when he first saw him. A thin, bent form, with pallid face, and trembling, it would almost seem palsied, hands, dressed in a mysterious garment that was only a remote suggestion of a coat, and with all his other clothes correspondingly frayed and tattered. A being, coming from no one knew where, and going no one cared whither—slinking out to bask in the sunshine, as if doubtful if the world, which afforded him so little, might not grudge and deny him even this; leading one of those mysterious, almost reptilian existences in the dark holes and corners of the earth, which, were they not so common, would seem more awful and more significant, but which, seen every day, we scarcely notice and easily allow to pass from memory.

Irby had first seen the ill-looking creature loitering about the confines of the station, sometimes penetrating even to the engine-yard and standing at gaze

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before the big, resplendent, perfectly "groomed" locomotive—looking at it revengefully, as if resentful of the fact that this thing of iron and steel should receive such care, when he, a creature of flesh and blood, was so destitute. Such as he was, he had been the jest, the jeer of the whole place. There was no one so insignificant that he did not dare to scoff at him, and it seemed that there was no indignity that the poor creature would not endure. But one day from his lofty post Irby had noticed that a row was going on. In that neighborhood—in the circles in which his locomotive moved, that was a thing of no uncommon occurrence, but this particular difficulty seemed more serious than was commonly the case.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Joe Bannager's been givin' the tramp mor'n he can stand an' he's showed fight," was the answer.

Irby let himself down from the engine and joined the crowd just in time to see the burly Bannager very neatly knocked out of time by the now animated vagabond, to the admiration of the on-lookers.

"If you've got spirit enough for that," said Irby, looking curiously at the now erect figure of the stranger, "you've got spirit enough to be a man. Come with me."

He had taken Spurlock over to the engine, and in its torrid shade had inspected him more thoroughly.

"If I gave you money, would you drink it up?" he asked.

"Try me and see," said the man.

Irby handed him a bill, and the next day there had appeared before him a person whom he did not at first recognize. It was Spurlock, decked in a suit of the poorest clothing, but clean and decent looking.

"Give me something to do," he had said.

Irby had again looked at him scrutinizingly. It had always been his—Irby's—boast, that he knew a man, when he saw one, who had anything in him, and after a moment's contemplation, which the other had borne unflinchingly, he spoke doubtfully.

"My fireman's laid up, perhaps I might get you taken on."

"All right," answered Spurlock. "You've picked me out of the gutter, now set me on the walk."

And this, Irby, thought, was the same man who now sat opposite to him. Indeed, Spurlock had changed. As he quickly emerged from his state of degradation, he displayed unexpected intelligence, exhibiting a surprising knowledge about all sorts of unlikely things. Irby, who had started in life with only a limited knowledge of reading and writing, but who had graduated long ago with "honors" from the great University of the Newspapers, was thoroughly able to appreciate higher acquirements than his own, and both marvelled and admired. Spurlock never spoke of his past, and Irby had never asked him a question. That it was not the usual past of a man in his position Irby felt sure; but they were both of that world that should in truth be called the "great world," instead of the insignificant portion that now bears that name, where few questions are asked, for the reason that a close knowledge of the strange haps and mishaps of life has dulled curiosity. Day and night they had travelled together in the little cab, over thousands of miles, through heat and cold, through storm and sunshine, and gradually there had grown up in Irby a real friendship for this being whom he had, as it were, created. He looked at Spurlock, and reflecting that had it not been for him, the alert, self-respecting man, who was now his companion would have been in a pauper's grave or leading a life than which any death would be better, he took credit to himself for what he could almost regard as his handiwork, and beamed upon him with something like affection.

"Seeing the time it is," said Spurlock, at length, "I've got a Christmas present for you, Dan, and I don't know but I might as well give it to you now as another time."

He reached up and took down his coat from the place where it hung, then drawing out a tobacco-pouch, cheaply embroidered, handed it across to the engineer. Irby took it, opened it, and found instead of tobacco, a carefully folded bill.

"The money you lent me that time, you know," explained Spurlock.

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Irby stretched out his hand, with the powerful, blunted fingers, to the younger, man who took it and shook it roughly with an awkward consciousness. Neither spoke.

The wide plains that lay around the city—mere bare, uncultivable barrens,—had been swiftly traversed, and now the track ran over land partly uncleared. In and out it darted through the thick woods, plunging into the narrow openings among the dark, serried trunks and spreading branches, as if into some tunnelled mountain.

"You've been the making of me, Dan," Spurlock went on, "and if I come to anything now it'll be your doing."

"The engine's seemed a different place since you've been on it, Jeff," he said, quietly, "an' so I guess we're square."

Another of those long silences followed, which will occur between people who are constantly together—one of those pauses that indicate intimacy more fully than any speech.

"I wasn't always what you found me, Dan," said Spurlock, finally.

Irby glanced at his companion.

"But I began bad," the other went on, "and I kept on growing worse. I was the black sheep of a particularly white flock, and, by contrast, my color only showed up the more. Where I was born, or what or when, don't matter. I wouldn't like to show disrespect for any of my highly respectable relations by bringing them into any such unfortunate society as mine."

He paused, and the expression of recklessness that had lain on his countenance, almost like a mask—so evidently unnatural was it—seemed suddenly to be snatched away.

"The fiend take it, Dan," said he, "there's something in this cursed time that sets you remembering."

Irby's face darkened; it appeared as if the past had also come up before him with unusual vividness, and that the vision was disquieting and painful.

"I don't think I ever came near being respectable in my life but once," continued Spurlock, dully, almost as if some strange power were forcing him to speak—as if volition had nothing to do with it.

"But," he went on, "we're generally standing on the ground even when we're looking at the clouds. Oh, of course it was a woman that did it. You, Dan, you can't understand that; you—you've the face of a true misogynist. You see," he broke out, "I haven't forgot all that my little 'fresh-water' college taught me. You're the kind that are superior to that inferior influence." "I really believe that I could have reformed then," murmured Spurlock after another pause, "for I loved her. Strange how you feel when you really love a woman. There seems to come out of the very holes and corners of your being, feelings and sentiments and aspirations that you never knew you had before. Mind I don't say that the same cause doesn't sometimes work a very different way on your nature—doesn't stir up and set moving a number of dark, hideous things also—passions, jealousies, hatreds—that you never suspected were in you. Oh, it's a queer thing this love—it's like a streak of varnish across the natural wood that brings out the beauty of the grain and the ugliness of the knots as well. I loved her from the first time I set my eyes on her pretty, pale face. Oh, don't be frightened. I'm not going to tell you a yarn, for there's none to tell. But Agnes Holcombe was the only one who could ever have made anything out of me."

"Women," said Irby, slowly, "do a deal of good when they don't—do a deal of harm."

"She could have been the making of me. But circumstances——"

"How long ago was it?" interrupted Irby.

"About eighteen months."

"Eighteen months." With the instinct that leads every one to measure the nearness or remoteness of an event by its relation in time to their own lives, Irby thought of himself as he had been a year and a half before. That, he remembered, was before his quarrel with Mabel — before the final separation. He ground his teeth in sudden rage. Could he not get the miserable affair out of his mind; must everything he heard or saw always serve to remind him of it?

The train had now for some time been

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on its way, dashing by isolated farm-houses, usually, at this hour, merely black shapes in the dim landscape, but to-night with windows all alight; past scattered groups of cottages where the smoke, rolling comfortably from the chimneys suggested glowing and generous hearths; in and out of villages; where a quickly opened, quickly closed door would often suddenly disclose some bright interior. And now the spreading glow in the sky before them proved that they were again approaching a city. Stronger, brighter, more diffused it grew as the train spun swiftly on; and finally the many detached points of light showed that they were quite near. Again the engine plunged among long lines of coal-trucks and freight-cars—again clattered by the echoing walls of great factories, and finally, at decreased speed, puffed into the city. As it chanced in this particular place the tracks lay along streets that crossed some of the great thoroughfares, and sometimes for a short distance even ran in them. It was hardly more than nine o'clock, and the sidewalks were thronged. It seemed as if the whole town had turned out, and yet there must have been many who were at home. Every shop was open—was brilliant with the best display it was possible for it to make. Here, as at the place they had left, it had evidently been snowing during the day, but here the wind had blown boisterously and long enough to dry the walks and bring a crackling sheet of ice on the surface of the street puddles. There was a briskness in the air well accordant with the time, and there was an animation in the crowd that clearly indicated that it was no concourse such as might ordinarily be found in and before the stores. It was much larger, it was much more alert, and it was much more self-satisfied and self-important; certainly it was much jollier. You might have jostled it as much as you pleased without exciting anything but good-natured remonstrance, you could tread on its toes with nearly perfect impunity. It was a true Christmas crowd in every aspect and every attribute—baskets, bundles, and all—and as the great engine slowly ground its way along, the bell sounding with regular brazen clang, the two men in the cab gazed upon the animated spectacle with greedy eyes. They looked upon it all as aliens in a double sense—separated from it in situation and in mood—and the knowledge of their twofold remoteness filled each with a rebellious bitterness that strengthened as they went on. It all seemed like some mocking show prepared for their special torment—some deluding mirage as tantalizing as the semblance of water is to the thirsty traveller of the desert.

The stop in the dark, nearly deserted depot, was not long, and soon they were out again in the populous quarters of the town. It was Christmas time at its brightest and best—cheerful *Noël* in its most comfortable mood. It was Christmas Eve—more mirthful, better perhaps than Christmas itself—as a promise is often better than a fulfilment. That feeling of the time that calls upon all to "eat, drink, and be merry," found most ample manifestation—the sense of human fellowship that, let what may be said, is just a little stronger on and about the wonderful December day than at any other time of the year, was evident everywhere. Gazing like prisoners through prison bars, the two men avidly drank in the scene, its very geniality making them the more morose.

And as the engine passed on again into the desolate country—between the brown banks and broken fences—the men were almost tempted to rub their eyes and ask themselves if really what they had seen had not been a dream, so sudden had been its appearance, so apparently doubtful its reality, even while it was before them, and so absolute its eclipse.

"Agnes Holcombe," said Irby, half to drive from his mind the memories that tormented him; half to lead Spurlock to talk further of himself.

"Agnes Holcombe," repeated Spurlock. "That of course wasn't her real name, as I soon found out."

"Not her real name?" Irby half asked.

"No," said Spurlock. "Though there's but little to tell I might as well tell you that little. It all happened out at Arapago."

"Arapago?" repeated Irby, glancing sharply around.

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"Yes, Arapago," continued Spurlock. "It was one of my respectable times—when I was still struggling. I was clerk in one of the big freight depots. One night I was sitting in that park that looks out over the lake when I saw a woman on the next bench to mine. I saw that she was pretty and that she was crying. The two things were too much for me—they ought to be for any man. I made an excuse to speak to her, she answered me and we had a long talk. I asked her where she lived, but although she would not tell me, she promised to meet me on the night after the next, at the same place. She kept her word, and it was the first of many meetings. Dan, I loved that woman, and, what is the strangest thing, I loved her as I never loved another. It almost seemed as if I didn't want her to love me; why, man, the ground she walked on, it seemed to me, was the only thing that I was fit to touch. There are some women who can make you feel like that, though, like as not, they're laughing at you all the time. One night I followed her, to find out if I could know something about her.

"Well," said Irby, impatiently, and yet hesitatingly."

"I followed her to a pretty little house just where the city begins to break up and you get a little air and space."

"Yes," said Irby, looking at his fireman with a curious glitter in his eyes.

"It was in Canestoga Street, number one hundred and seventeen—queer how you'll remember those little things—and there she went in, with that air you know that one has when going into a familiar place."

"Yes," said Irby, as he leaned forward to look at one of the gauges, and then again fixed his eyes on Spurlock with the same intensity of gaze.

"She was mad enough when she found out what I'd done, but she soon forgave me. And it was there we met when her husband was away." He paused, then added quickly, "What's the matter, Dan?"

"Nothing," answered Irby; "go on."

"Yes, and when he was there she'd come to the park sometimes; but I generally saw her in the garden. I learned all about her from the people in the neighborhood, but I never let her know that I knew the truth, though she must have suspected that I did. I've seen enough not to appear to know any more than a woman wants that you should. She was married, so they told me, to a man a good deal older than herself, who, though he was generally well considered, was thought by the neighbors a little too strict and glum for her. I imagined I saw how it was. He was an engineer on one of the Western roads, away half the time, and the poor young thing was left all alone. I think he made her pretty unhappy, and so the inevitable happened, and I happened to be the inevitable, though in this case the inevitable wasn't so very much after all."

"Go on," said Irby.

"Though neither of us ever spoke about it, I gathered from what I picked up that it was only when her husband—Shaw, that was the engineer's name—was away that I could appear. Then, when it was dark enough, I'd slip over the white picket-fence and sit with her in the arbor under the grape-vines. I never kissed her but—once——"

Before Spurlock had time to do more than instinctively raise his arm in defence, Irby was upon him, and with an iron wrench that he had snatched from its place had felled him with one blow to the floor, where he lay, an almost shapeless heap, on the hot, riveted, iron plates.

What Irby consciously noticed next was that the train was swiftly running over the causeway built across the wide-spreading marshes that lay an hour and more beyond the last stopping-place. It was not that the sky was clearer and therefore gave more light, but there was more of it, stretching as it did to the horizon, and Irby could distinctly see the dull, sullen waters above which, on the embankment, the locomotive so swiftly moved along; could mark the acres and acres of low-lying land partially covered with rank grass and partially with tall, tangled, aquatic plants. It was a sad, desolate place at any time, but now, seen only by the uncertain light of the stars—the wind had torn the clouds from the sky—it was indeed forbidding and awful.

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In Irby's mind was an uneasy consciousness that something unusual had happened, what, he half knew, yet hardly could have told. With the instinct of his calling, he glanced first at all the cocks and levers about him, then looked cautiously around. Yes, there it was, more like some bundle of old clothes than the form of a man, for Spurlock had fallen face down, with his arms doubled up under him, and there was no pallid countenance, no worn, blackened hand to show what was really there. Irby did not start, he had half-prepared himself for what he was to see, but only gazed intently, almost apathetically, at the object at his feet. Then his eye caught something that needed attention in the machinery, and he, with action almost as automatic as that of any one of the engine's appliances, set it right. The fires must have burnt low, he thought; but how could he replenish them? Dulled as his mind was, it seemed an insurmountable difficulty that Spurlock's body lay on the floor—how would it be possible to open the furnace door? how shovel in the coal? But gradually perception became clearer—that the engine should be run all right seemed to him more important than anything else—and he left the shelf-like seat on which he had been sitting, and picking up the body carefully, placed it in a corner, with the back against the wall of the cab and the side of the opposite bench. Then he threw open the furnace-door. With the glare of what seemed to him the nether pit, the tongues of flame, writhing and twisting in the strong draft, leaped up, licking around the iron edges of their prison-house. The whole place was illuminated with the fierce, ruddy light, and even the face of the man whom he had struck down seemed to gain even something more than its natural color. Drawing back the canvas screen he grasped Spurlock's shovel and cast the coals into the furnace's mouth; then he carefully drew together the curtain, shut the opened door, mounted to his seat, and glanced down the straight road that seemed almost to slip under the engine and glide away. Fancies, rather than such positive thoughts as it would seem should be the natural and unavoidable outcome of the situation, filled his brain. First, there started into quick vision the astonishment, the horror of the officials, when he should ride into the next station with a murdered man on the engine with him. There seemed something so grotesquely ludicrous in the idea, that he almost laughed aloud. Then he listlessly thought of what the newspapers would say — of the heavy headlines and sensational sentences. People would talk about it the next day—Christmas Day—Christmas of all days. The sense of the awful inharmony between what he had done and what the feeling of the time enjoined, brought him the first thrill of horror that he had felt. His regular respiration was broken by a quick, raucous gasp, and on his brow he felt the chilly dew of terror.

Christmas Eve! It seemed to Irby that everything of any consequence to him had happened on Christmas Eve. It was on a Christmas Eve that he had been married; it was on the next Christmas Eve that the baby was born; it was only just before Christmas Eve, a year past, that they—Mabel and he—had their final misunderstanding and had parted; he swearing that though she might wish to seek his forgiveness she should not have the chance. So he had gone to a distant place, where, under a new name—perhaps even then apprehensive that he might not be able to withstand her pleading should she attempt to soften his heart—he had sought new employment, while she had fled he knew not whither.

He had often wondered, sometimes doubted, whether he had not been unjust to her. There were even times when he had accused himself of blind cruelty to her, and had felt impelled, then and there, to seek her out wherever she might be, and ask her forgiveness. But he had been too deeply hurt; the wound, to one of his nature, was too grievous to permit any such action, and he had quickly fallen back into his old state of obduracy and inert despair. For days before he had finally spoken to her, he had watched and waited, had reasoned and argued, until it almost seemed that he had lost all power of continuous thought, so distracted had

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he become; and now, since they had been separated, he had weighed the evidence again and again; had never ceased laboriously to revolve the matter in his mind; to seek to comprehend her motives and to test his own. He could not have made a mistake. It was true that she had never confessed anything, but again she had never denied anything, merely contenting herself with an indignant silence, or with impetuous assertion that she disdained to defend herself against suspicion, adding that if he did not trust her he did not love her, and that they had best part.

And so he, unable to control the fierce jealousy, the rugged wrong-side of his strong love, and she feigning or feeling the deep indignation of affronted womanhood, had given to the wind the vows they had both made, that they would thereafter cling to one another, even until the last great parting. No, he must have been right—there was so much to justify him. Though he had imagined her so different from other women, was there really any reason why she should be so? There was her own sister — beautiful, headstrong, erring Ethel—and might not Mabel really have been—was it not indeed reasonable to believe, that she was as vain, as frivolous, as light as the other? Was it not highly probable that as one sister had been, so the other would be? And yet at first he had felt that she was of another nature than this wilful being who had fled from the tedium of a life in which there was only peace and sufficiency, to seek the excitement and lavishness that she seemed to crave—had fled from the small but pretty house, on the city's outskirts, where Mabel had seemed so contented, and where during the long, lustrous summer evenings he had timidly courted her; where, on the brisk, brilliant December night, three years ago, he had finally married her.

It was about her sister, Ethel, that they had had their first quarrel—he peremptorily refusing ever to let his wife see or communicate with one whom he had thought so unworthy of her love and countenance, and she, only after argument and contention, finally yielding. It had always been disagreeable to him to think of Ethel as his wife's sister. It was with real relief that, in the first year of their marriage, he had listened to Mabel as she told him that she had received news of Ethel's death in one of the hospitals of an Eastern city, and reflected that this being, whose life was so worthless to herself and others, could no longer come between them.

Yes, Mabel had always been light-hearted and pleasure-loving. But granting only this, was not that enough to cause difficulty in time? Was he the man—middle-aged, serious, and a trifle taciturn—to satisfy such a woman; pretty, with the desire, and even the right to have her beauty recognized; naturally longing for the enjoyment that youth demands as its peculiar prerogative? Was it not only natural that she should fancy some one nearer her own age, some one with a readier wit, and more adaptable manner? He was as conscious of his own shortcomings as he was of his inability to overcome them; but he nevertheless suffered grievously, and had been continually on the lookout for some sign of disapproval, of dislike, on her part. It is true it never came, but he was always apprehensive; it was the seed-time for suspicion, and the soil in which the grain might come to deadly fruit was morbidly rich. It was only to be expected that he should hearken to what people said. When he had received the first anonymous letter he had sworn that he would not read the thing; but when, with trembling hand and quick-beating heart, he had first glanced along the cowardly, feigned writing—as he deliberately read it again, as he had read all that succeeded it, he had in his heart believed what was said. Had she not acted strangely for a long time, as if she were keeping something from him. All seemed calculated to strengthen him in his apprehensions, all to bear witness against her. And when he had shown her the letters, with their blackening tale, though she had appeared indignant, outraged, even then she had denied nothing, and had refused to defend, to exculpate herself. It had been a brief but violent scene, and then they—she proudly, and he besottedly jealous, and passionately inflexible—had separated.

It was a common enough story, as he knew, but in spite of this knowledge it

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seemed strangely pathetic to him. And that had been the end of the life that had begun so happily, but it had not been the end of torturing thought, of eternal questionings, of occasional self-crimination. Now, with a sense almost of relief, he reflected that the time of doubt was past for him. Since he had heard Spurlock's confession he need torment himself no more. He had been right. Her fancy had been taken by the good looks and careless grace of the stranger, and she had forgotten his love, lost her love—if there had really ever been any—for him.

It did not require any great time for these thoughts to arise, to eddy giddily about, to crowd one another in Irby's mind. And yet—he was thinking more calmly and collectedly now—it was strange that he should have felt so deeply about it all, at this late day, as to have been moved to kill this man. And then he reflected how wonderful it was that the poor creature whom in pity he had befriended and rescued, should have been the man who had robbed him of his happiness. The injustice—what seemed to him almost the ingratitude of it—struck him with sudden force, and he glanced with quick-kindling hatred at the motionless something in the corner.

And all the while the engine sped on, thundering over bridges, and roaring through "cuttings," a terrible, it might almost seem in its awful momentum, an unmanageable force—sped on, pouring a dense cloud of smoke from its swaying stack, and flinging into the air myriads of glowing dancing sparks that streamed behind in a cometic trail!

Now another city lies not far ahead, as Irby well knows. Shall he tell what has happened and give himself up? Uncertain what to do he determines to do nothing. The stop he knows will be but short. At so late an hour there will be but few about; none at all who will think of mounting on the engine. The cab is so high from the ground that no one passing on the platform of the station can see into it. Why not go as he had come, without allowing a person to know what had occurred; then, in the long unbroken run to the next stopping place, he would have time to reflect—decide upon his ultimate course.

Crouching over the lever he brought the engine up to the building that gave shelter to the travellers, and stopped it, trembling before the lighted windows. The sudden illumination disconcerted him somewhat and he turned to adjust the tattered, greasy curtain more carefully. His change of position had brought the body within his gaze, and he looked at it now for the first time coolly and curiously. Blood stood in almost inky black spots on the white face—the distended arms lay along the floor in flaccid, impotent immobility. Had it not been cowardly to take the man unawares; should he not have given Spurlock a chance to defend himself? He thought vaguely that if the deed were to be done over again he would prefer not to do it in that way.

"Merry Christmas!"

The voice seemed almost at his elbow, and he gave a great start. But it was only one of the station people, whom he knew, hurrying by on the platform below him.

"Merry Christmas!"

He was afraid that if he did not answer the man might return, and so he shouted the cheery, conventional greeting after him in a voice that he did not seem to recognize as his own.

The time the train could remain at this place was nearly up, and he glanced at his clock to see if even then he might not set the engine in motion. The hands stood exactly at twelve, folded together in a manner that suggested palms closely pressed in prayer; and now, as he sat waiting for the moment when he might be off, the chimes rang out from a church near at hand. In the clear night air they sounded merrily, and it seemed to him that he had never heard sounds so sweet, so holy. He knew what it meant, they were ringing for the midnight service of Christmas. Had he not gone once, with her, and as the memory came back to him—it seemed almost brought to him by the wind-borne cadences of the bells—he bowed his head on his hand that rested on the cold, hard handle of the steel beam, and a sob broke from him and left him trembling and afraid. He thought of the momentous event in remembrance of which the bells were ringing—the birth

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of the Child that was born into the world to bring the message of hope and of salvation; to teach that lesson of gentleness and peace that the world had never known before—that it has only so imperfectly learned. "Peace on earth and good-will toward men." He turned again and glanced at the upward staring face in the corner. The contrast between word and fact was so terrible, so complete, that its realization overcame him, and in his sudden agony he again sobbed aloud.

On flew the train. The flat, open country was crossed, and its way now lay among high hills that soon would become mountains. Irby felt that there was something threatening in their ragged outline and wished himself back again in the level land. Then he tried to dismiss such senseless, such insane ideas, from his mind and sought to reason, and to resolve, but found he could do neither. Was he becoming mad, or had he been mad all the time? It was a new thought, and he pondered over it diligently.

He seemed to hear a noise as if some one were moving, and glanced around. Spurlock stirred uneasily, raised himself slowly on his elbow, then, in an instant, was on his feet. It was evident that complete intelligence had returned with renewed physical strength, his still vigorous youth making sudden recovery possible. He threw himself instantly into a position of defence, as if his last conscious thought was still in his mind, or was the first to return to it.

"Dan," he cried, "what's the matter? Have you gone mad?"

But Irby did not answer. The knowledge that, after all, he had not killed his companion filled him for an instant with strange relief; then the old fierce hate returned, and he looked at the other threateningly.

"What is it, Dan?" said Spurlock, entreatingly; "can't you tell me?"

Still Irby did not speak.

"Can't you say something?" continued Spurlock.

"No," answered Irby. "I'm not crazy, whatever you may think—although perhaps I ought to be."

"Then what is it?"

"You were telling me a story."

"Yes."

"Do you remember there was—a—woman in it?"

"Yes."

"She," said Irby, calmly enough, "was my wife."

"It isn't true, Dan, it can't be true," almost shrieked Spurlock, raising his voice high above the roar of the train.

"It was true," answered Irby.

"But, Dan," implored Spurlock, "I never knew, I never could have suspected. She had another name."

"Shaw was my name then, is my real name now."

"But I swear to you, swear to you as I hope for salvation on the day of judgment, that there was nothing."

"I know," said Irby, slowly, "and I believe you. But you said that she told you that she loved you. You confessed that yourself, and isn't that enough?"

"And what are you going to do?"

"What I started to do," answered Irby.

"No, Dan," cried Spurlock, "don't say that, don't do that. If I've done you a wrong, I didn't mean it, and——"

"I don't pretend," answered Irby, sullenly, "that I can see the thing clear. I only know what I have felt, and what I feel. There may not be any justice in it, but justice is for them who can think, and I can't. I only know that you're the man that came between us; that I tried to find then, and that I've found at last."

"And you're going to kill me?" asked Spurlock, now, with entire calmness, "is that what you mean?"

"Yes," said Irby.

"Then I tell you what it is," continued Spurlock, with perfect coolness, though with a certain quickness of utterance, "I haven't done anything to you, knowingly, and if you try that again I'm going to defend myself. You know I'm not afraid, and that I'll make a good fight."

"All the better," said Irby, grimly; "I'll feel it the less after it's over."

"But look here," Spurlock went on, "do you propose that we settle this here, and now?"

"Yes," answered Irby.

"Then I'd like to say something," said Spurlock, seating himself, but watching his companion carefully. "We're

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both strong men. I'm as likely to do you an injury as you me. We might both meet with an accident, and then what would become of the train?"

Irby did not answer. After what had passed, this calm parleying with life and death did not strike him as in the least unnatural. Whether or not he should kill Spurlock then and there, or wait until later, seemed to him a matter that might be talked over quite calmly and collectedly.

"It's our duty," said Spurlock, "to look out for the train, whatever we may feel ourselves."

Irby thought of the scores of sleeping passengers, and hesitated. What Spurlock said was true. A struggle between them in such confined quarters would indeed be something determined and dangerous; and though he had no doubt as to its outcome, still Spurlock could very easily do him an injury that would incapacitate him.

"I think you're right," he answered, briefly, and then he again sat down, for he had risen when he had first spoken; "there's more coal needed, put it on."

Spurlock threw open the furnace-door, again allowing the ruddy glow to play over the place, cast half-a-dozen shovelfuls of coal on the embers fanned by the draft to almost a white heat, then closed the heavy iron shutter, and took his place opposite Irby.

Mile on mile they rode in silence, hardly looking at each other. The lights were all out now in the houses along the road, the landscape unbroken by a gleam anywhere. It was like travelling through some lately deserted land.

"Dan," said Spurlock at length, "I don't speak because I want you to let up on me, but you know you're the last man in the world I'd harm."

"I know it," answered Irby, shortly.

Then again there was silence, lasting for minutes and miles.

"If there's no way out of this," said Spurlock, once more speaking, "I'd like, Dan, to understand it a little better. I want to know what I've done to you."

Should he answer him, Irby thought. He knew that he could not give expression to the least part of what he had known and suffered, but the instinct that makes even the bravest sometimes cry out when they are hurt, forbade silence.

"It was you that spoiled the only happiness that I ever had," he said, relentlessly; "it was you that destroyed my confidence in her."

It appeared incomprehensible that he could sit there so calmly discussing his own misery with the man who had been the cause of it, tossing reasons back and across, as if it were the most ordinary subject. But so much had happened to him that he had not thought possible that the position only caused him momentary surprise.

"Yes," said Spurlock. "But I didn't know—I couldn't look ahead."

"But you must have understood that harm was bound to come somewhere—to someone."

"A man doesn't stop to think," answered Spurlock, "at such a time."

"Someone was bound to suffer," said Irby.

"Well," exclaimed Spurlock, bitterly, "I think we've all done that—all."

"I thought it was bad enough when I lost the child," continued Irby, disregarding the other's speech, "but to lose her! A man don't marry a woman unless he has trust in her, and to such as I, who have never had a chance to believe much of anything, it's about the only faith that's given to them. When you take away such belief you're robbing him of everything in this world and the next, for some woman's all the religion many a man's got. She can make him believe that something's right, and that right's something, and when you find out that she has been deceiving you, there don't seem to be anything anywhere. She's not only been a worse woman, but, Spurlock, I've been a worse man since then."

His first hesitancy was past now, and he was talking unconstrainedly, almost argumentatively.

"I suppose, Dan," Spurlock hastened to speak, "it's only natural that you should feel the way you do; I suppose I'd do the same in your place; but let's try and be reasonable. I grant that you've got grounds of complaint against me, and I'm willing to give you the satisfaction you want. That's only square.

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But, Dan, we've been friends so long, mates on the engine for some considerable time now, and it isn't as if I'd been a stranger, and you'd learned this thing."

"No," assented Irby.

"If I should give you revenge, I owe you gratitude, and whatever comes I'm not going to forget that."

Another city was near, as they both well knew, a city where a longer stay would be made than at any place since they had started on the long ride.

"In ten minutes we'll be in the depot," said Spurlock, "what's to happen then?"

"Nothing," answered Irby, after a moment's consideration.

"We'll take the train through?"

"Yes, we'll take the train through," answered Irby.

The track, after passing the station, ran directly over a great bridge that spanned a broad river, and the train, with carefully diminished speed, almost crawled along, high over the rushing stream that beat with such strong current against the massive piers. It was still perfectly dark, and the two men felt rather than saw, the black waters rolling beneath them. Slowly, it would seem for the first time almost timidly, the engine rolled on, but soon the measured clang—the almost rhythmic reverberation of the iron girders, as the wheels ground over them—ceased suddenly; was succeeded by a more confused and unbroken din, and wheeling around a bend in the shore, the locomotive took up a swifter pace, and soon the lights glittering along the wharves, and the gas-lamps shining in rows up and down the steep streets, were lost from sight.

It was a straight "run in" now for the metropolis, unbroken by another halt.

For a time the landscape was obscured by the flying flakes, for the train had run into a snow-squall and the air was full of the whirling, downy particles. Finally the storm passed, or the train passed it, and as the engine tore on, the two men saw that the ground beside the track, lit by the dancing light of the cab windows, was unbrokenly white. The train frequently raced by small way stations, for the country along the river was more thickly settled than any through which it had passed; but they were all dark, or with only a signal-light at some switch, and so the time passed—the train grinding swiftly on. At length, at one place larger than the rest, there shot up into the darkness strange, lambent flames that caught and held, though it was no strange sight to them, the gaze of both the men. Nearer, it was easy to see that they rose from the great chimneys of an iron mill—that like huge stationary torches lit up all around. Of vivid green when they sprang from the chimney's mouths they twisted away in strange orange convolutions—fantastic and fascinating. Now the windows of the wide-spreading buildings, row after row, came into view; and now, through an opening, could be seen the glowing interior, with glimpses of dark, diabolic forms and of brilliant masses of heated metal that either flowed in slow, fiery stream, or cast off, beneath the blows of ponderous hammers, bewildering showers of sparks. But, like all else, this was speedily left behind.

"Dan," said Spurlock, finally, "there's one thing I wish you'd do."

"What?" asked Irby.

"Shake hands with me for the time that's past—when we didn't know."

Irby hesitated a moment, then held out his hand to his companion; Spurlock seized and shook it silently.

"We'll be in the city in a little more than an hour, now," continued Spurlock, "and I thought we'd better settle up everything and then start fresh."

Irby nodded.

"They gave me a letter for you just as we were leaving, that had been waiting for you at the office," Spurlock went on; "but the hurry of starting drove it out of my head, and," Spurlock smiled grimly, "you knocked it out."

He drew a letter from his coat and handed it to Irby.

The day had just broken and the first tinges of anything like color appeared in the sky. It was still dark, but the shape of the great, swelling headlands across the broad river that flowed along unfrozen, and with swollen flood, could now with difficulty be distinguished. It was light enough, however, for Irby to read the direction on the envelope,

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and as he did so his face, already so pale, became a duller white and he slightly trembled.

Then he hastily tore open the letter, and read in the dim but strengthening light:

DAN, DEAR: I do not know why I write to you at this time unless it is for the very reason that it is this time. The day that is so near, is so closely connected with so much that was most important to me, and must be so to you—that is if you ever think of me and the past at all—that I have ventured to do it. I know that you have done all in your power to make it impossible for me to reach you—all uselessly heretofore—for even if I had been able to approach you I would not have done so. I was very proud, and you hurt me very much. But I am changed now, suffering has made the girl, intolerant in her ignorance, a woman, who can understand and who can condone. I have changed, and the consciousness of that fact has made me think, that you may have changed too, and that perhaps all may be different. We have made a mistake, Dan, I as well as you, and now I know it. I should not have been so resentful of your suspicions; you should not have been so angered by my resentment. You were older than I, and you should have been more patient. But I am not writing these lines to show you wherein you have failed, but rather to acknowledge my own errors. For, Dan, I did you a wrong, though not, in the way you accused me of doing it. I did deceive you, but it was not in the way you thought. I deceived you once, but even then I did not tell you a lie. I only let you go on thinking something that was not true. Ethel died last night, here, with me by her bedside. It was not true the news that came to us from that Eastern hospital; she was very ill, but she recovered, and one day, more than a year and a half ago, she came to me, when we were living in Arapago, and begged me to be kind to her. I remembered what you had told me, and—recollect that you are a stern man—sometimes almost hard—that you have been hard even with me, though you never meant it—and I was afraid if I let you know that you would not allow me to see her. And poor Ethel, if anyone needed help in this world, such help as sympathy alone can give, it was she. She was never really bad, only weak—fearfully, fatally weak—and though God knows that I needed strength—that was one of the reasons I loved you, Dan, you made me feel so secure of myself—I could aid her. Under the name of Agnes Holcombe, the name she had taken when she left her home, she lived in the city, supporting herself with some little assistance from me. She could only come to the house—I could only see her, when you were away. Perhaps you will understand now what it was I was keeping from you. I felt that I must see her, if she was to be saved. I was the only influence for good that there was near her—I alone had power to control her, and I did see her and kept the knowledge of it from you. There was a young man who was in love with her—I did not know that for some time, she did not tell me, and though I did what I could, she insisted upon seeing him, slipping out to meet him, even in the garden beside the house. Poor girl, it seemed as if she craved love more than most of us, and that it was her very need for affection that always brought her trouble.

I did not think that I would ever seek to justify myself. At the time of our trouble I felt too deeply your unworthy doubts; the very fact that I loved you so much made the wound deeper, and I imagined then that I never would forget; but time does so much, and as the day has once more come around that has meant so much to us, is so nearly here, I have seen things differently—and I have wanted you to hear the truth. I do not know what effect it will have upon you, but at least there will no longer be any misunderstanding, and whatever the future may be for us, it will not be the result of a mistake.

I am—no I have some pride left and I will not tell you where I am—but if you really wish to see me you can find me. The postmark on the letter will give you a clue. But, Dan, if you are coming, do not wait long. I cannot bear suspense. If you are coming, come at once, and make this for me, what I could not expect, and perhaps do not deserve, indeed a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

MABEL.

As Irby finished reading the letter the sun started up from behind a not distant hill and flung its light full into the engine windows; then its brilliant rays spread across the small sparkling waves of the grandly rolling river, and fell on the opposite shore—turning the snow-covered hills a warm and delicate pink. The smoke, rising from the many chimneys of a village through which the train dashed, mounted slowly and almost in unswerving lines in the still air, while the unshuttered windows cast back the new radiance of the morning, flash on flash. It seemed a new world, and to Irby it was one. Silently he handed the paper, he had just read, to Spurlock, who took it wonderingly, and again his head sank upon his left hand, which hardly for more than an instant had left the bar that controlled the onrushing engine.

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NEAPOLITAN ART.—MORELLI.

By A. F. Jacassy.

OUR collections are rich in fine examples of modern European art, so rich, indeed, as to excite the jealousy of the great art centres of the Old World; however, *comme toute médaille a son revers*, that flattering picture has a side touch full of significance for the observer; it is that these *chefs-d'œuvre* were dearly paid for at a time when the names of the artists had reached the pinnacle of fame. It might be said that such is the rule everywhere, so it is—only with us the rule suffers scarcely any exceptions, while in certain other countries the exceptions are numerous. A logical inference to be deducted from that fact seems to be that our collectors, for one reason or another, perhaps because diffident of their own judgment and seeking security against humbug pictures and possible pecuniary losses, invariably accept the world's opinion as a criterion of choice, making good their lack of early appreciation by a willingness to pay generously for acknowledged masterpieces.

It is a very good fashion to aim at buying what is best, but its defect—a capital one—is, what is best is not always that which is so considered even in Paris or London. The art market is influenced by many causes having nothing to do with art, and the selling of pictures is a sharp business in which well concocted, ingeniously constructed advertisement plays as important a part as it does in making notorious patent medicines. The great public is easily led by noise and fireworks, but the *collectors* ought to make a class apart, above the mode of the day, judging pictures, public, and merchants from intimate and discriminating knowledge.

Certainly our understanding, as well as our love of art, has broadened and deepened since the days when William Morris Hunt, with a true artist's enthusiasm, was playing the prophet to Millet, and notwithstanding his personal influence, powerful in a large circle, he met with but meagre and disheartening results. We have progressed wonderfully since then, but much remains to be done. If we look at France, for example, from whence our best art notions come nowadays—and justly, for no school of this century has the thoroughness, the completeness, and the dignity of the French—we find many art collectors worthy of the name of *amateurs* and of all that implies in its best sense; a phalanx of far-sighted men whose pre-eminent characteristic is to be ahead of their time, to have the love, feeling, and knowledge that make them hunt out talent and genius wherever it is to be found, whether in or out of the beaten tracks heralded by the thousand trumpets of renown, or unknown but to a small circle. They play the forerunners to public opinion, which at first opposing and ridiculing them, as it does all apostles of new creeds, at length, with time and patience, follows their lead and applauds. That kind of man, the *amateur*, is unfortunately a *rara avis* in America, and while there is cause for just pride in our patronage of art, there is room for improvement—there are gaps in our galleries—there are worthy men we do not know.

I want to speak of one of those men, as unknown to us as he is to the French and English masses—Domenico Morelli—the patriarch and the head of the present Italian school—and, in a later paper, of two of his pupils, Michetti, Gemito, of whom we know something, but far from much; we have had glimpses of their earliest work, but not of their latest and worthiest.

The life of an artist, like that of any man, to be justly and fully appreciated, must be looked at in its relation to the times and the society in which it was spent; for sometimes circumstances help him to find the path best adapted to his genius, while at others they are obsta-

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cles that throw him out of the right way. Only to a few great men is it given to rid themselves of the despotic influence of surroundings to jump and stride ahead, opening by the sole force of unflinching will and superior genius a new path for the coming generations. Domenico Morelli is such a pioneer, he was the promoter and leader of the second Renaissance of true art in the *terra sacra* of the arts—Italy.

Strangely enough, this movement, which is intimately connected with the national struggle for independence, had its birth and attained its highest development in the capital of the last province wrested from the hands of the petty potentates who divided the ownership of Italy—in Naples, besotted under a corrupted régime, the home of the dirtiest, laziest, the most ignorant and superstitious population in the peninsula. It is as if each province of the United Kingdom had played its part in the national regeneration: the North with statesmen and men of action, Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi; the South with its artists, Morelli and Palizzi; for it was in the artistic field that were visible the first signs of an awakening of the free modern spirit, and the study of the present Neapolitan school is a social study intimately linked with the history of social progress.

After the great bewilderment of 1789, the autocratic power of kings seemed reinforced and strengthened by their victory over Napoleon, that formidable son of the Revolution—and the return to the old régime, in Naples especially, was marked by excesses of all sorts. The aristocracy, hand in hand with the religious authorities, as if bent on avenging past persecutions, curbed the people under a despotic rule which worked infinite damage to its character and prosperity. No more freedom of speech nor of thought, no more education, no books but those glorifying an old and rotten past, no more acknowledgement of individual worth and talent; all positions, honors, rewards went back to birth and caste, as if the tremendous influences of the eighteenth century and of the Revolution could be checked or blotted out forever. It was anew the reign of perruques and powder, a new budding of old time customs, of *sigisbés* and *cavalieri serventi*, of bad morals and fine manners. There were again two classes, not the eternal two, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, but on the one side the rulers and courtesans, on the other the vast majority of those whose lives did not count, who had human semblance but no souls, who were evidently intended for the benefit and amusement of the former. These times of reaction, permeated with a spirit of vengeance, would seem of mediæval date when evoked before the free Italy of the present, if living witnesses did not testify to their reality in the first half of this nineteenth century.

In those days the artists were a deplorable set, held in contempt, their profession the appanage of wholly inferior and extravagant people. No one thought of buying a work of art for its own sake, and only the noble families had pictures and statues, because such were indispensable to the conventional adornment of their palaces and gardens, and because the title of *Mecœnas*, though cheaply and falsely bought, had always been one becoming to great personages. King and clergy, from necessity imposed by a tradition of which they were the slaves, were obliged to assume the rôle of patrons of art, but as they cared nothing about it, they only demoralized and lowered it as they had done everything else, by following the dictates of those inane academies, which were nothing but sorts of lounging institutions for titled loafers, pretended savants, pedantic rhetoricians, *diseurs de beaux riens*. That academic taste was then a miserable mimicry, tainted with affectations and mannerisms of the classics, whose grandeur served only to throw into shameful relief the poverty and servility of their degenerate followers. The narrow path of imitation leads down always, up never, so the course of studies in the fine art schools was a sort of pharmaceutical routine. There were receipts for the color of the flesh and the arrangement of the hair, for the folds of drapery and the manipulation of light and shade, for the composition also; in such a way, for instance, that if the foot of a figure was thrust forward the corresponding arm had to be thrown back-

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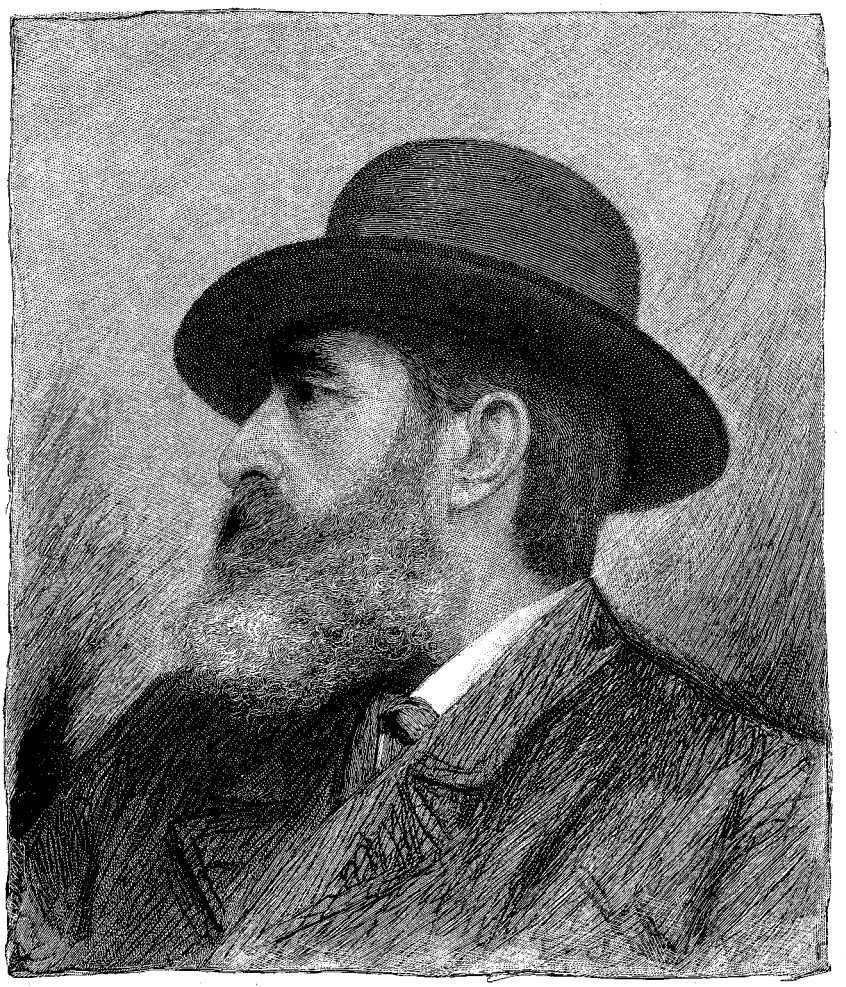

Domenico Morelli.
(Drawn and engraved by T. Johnson, after photograph.)

ward, and groups could only be balanced in symmetrical forms like pyramids, triangles, etc. An infraction of these rules, supposed to hold the secret of the ancient masters' style, was a crime. The choice of subjects even was carefully limited; there was not a sentiment, an affection that could be expressed by brush or chisel, if it had not been previously treated by the classics.

Nothing could be more delightfully orderly than the appreciation of past art, which placed in the first rank as the greatest masters the oldest—the Greeks, then followed them by the Romans, next by the artists of the Renaissance, David and Canova in their turn, and finally the professors of the schools, followed a long way behind by the pupils. This ludicrous catalogue is but a statement of fact, and such was the sort of education that Morelli found when he entered the academy, somewhere in 1838. His comrades looked up steadfastly, as generations of their predecessors had done, to the hierarchical degrees culminating in the Greeks; closed to outer influences, to the life of the people about them, to nature so rich and beautiful, to the noble aspirations of the élite of their contemporaries toward the redemption and grandeur of the mother-country; their souls and talents stifled in an artificial atmosphere.

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Domenico, gifted with an ardent, poetic temperament, was an ignorant boy, as became his humble parentage ; but as he had original ideas and a strong will, the professor, crusted in his routine, declared from the very first day that there was nothing to hope from him. Quite unmindful of that verdict, and upheld by faith, Morelli began to study hard, and from the beginning in his own way as far as the severe discipline of the school allowed. Soon his enthusiastic language made him a few warm friends among his comrades. He instinctively sought for the acquaintance of literary students—in these ways, as in others, the boy gave the measure of the man ; for Morelli is one of the few artists who fully recognize that art, in order to be truly great, ought to go hand in hand with literature, which supplies it with food for thought and fancy. Almost without means, he had to practise small sacrifices and use every ingenuity to obtain the necessary materials for study. Once in a while he could scrape together enough *soldi* to buy books, and in such haphazard and persevering fashions he managed to acquire a very thorough education. He is a scholar, and his range of knowledge, which would call for admiration were it that of a man who had every facility for acquiring it, is not less than surprising when one considers with what difficulty and how by piecemeal it was obtained.

Christ Mocked.
(Drawn from Morelli's painting by A. F. Jacassy.)

In those times of reaction the memories of great events, which were to leave an indelible imprint on the world's mind, were fresh in all thoughts. The turmoil of the great Revolution, appeased at the surface, was still agitating the masses ; our country, in throwing off an oppressor's yoke, offered a tempting example which the Greeks were following in fighting for liberty. All generous hearts of the young generation were irresistibly carried by the tide toward a better era. Then, in the midst of contradictions of present and past and the hopes for the future, a boy became quickly a man.

In Morelli's thoughtful mind new ideas found birth, and he began to revolt mentally against the schools, realizing that their meagre formulas had little to do with art, and paintings laboriously elaborated according to rigid rules, seemed to that lad representations of men, of facts he did not meet with in this world ; and solely on that account he could not acknowledge them admirable. What could he feel for the subjects given in the monthly competitive trials ? What could he put of himself in mythological and religious compositions except artificiality—which jarring on his life and ideals, was but the technical exposition of what he was so poorly learning ; the reluctant rendering of

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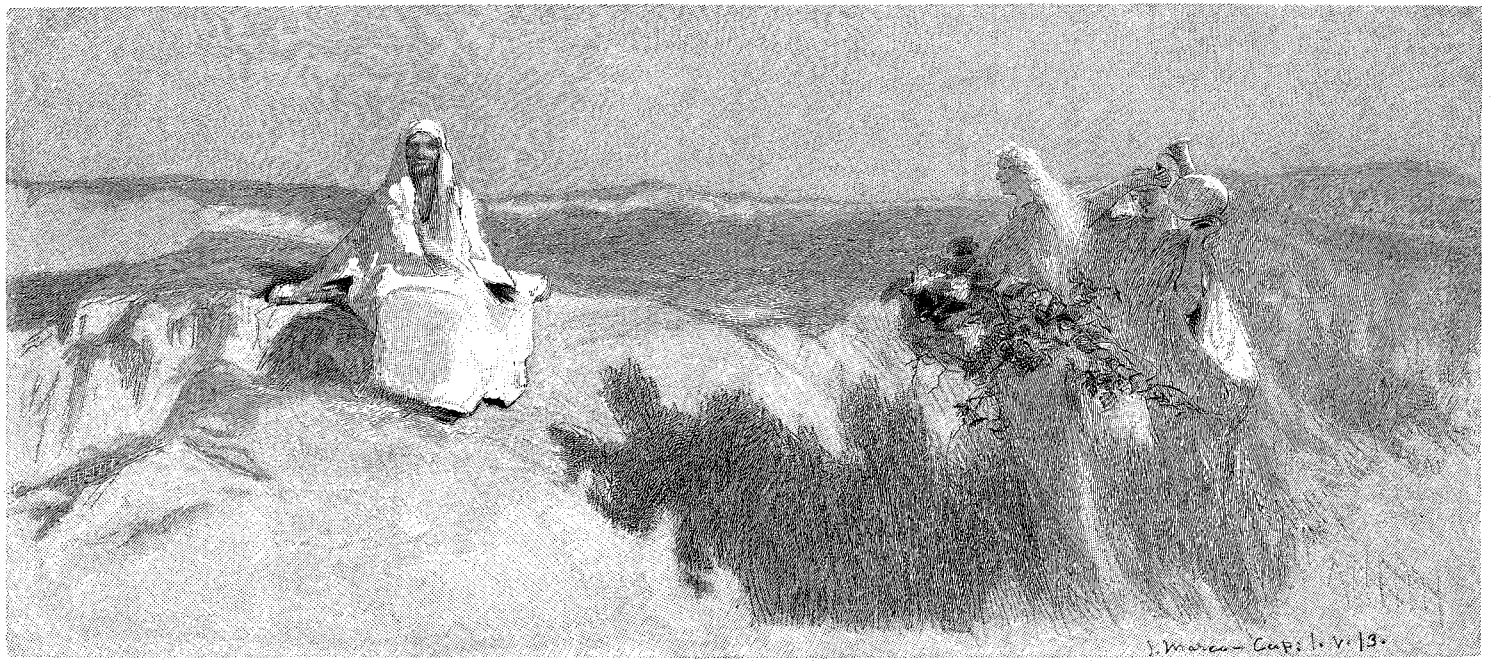

Christ Ministered Unto.

And He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto Him.
MARK i. 13.

(Drawn for this article by Domenico Morelli.)

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that which he had been told to imitate. He has said himself very justly, in a letter to a friend, that—"It is quite as impossible to make a good painting with mere mechanical rules as it is to write a book by learning solely the grammar. The books that will live eternally are really great because they were written by men who felt their subject, and exactly the same is it in painting as in all arts."

Morelli unconsciously felt that if in the world of ideas it is easy to destroy, leaving to others the care to build, in art it is not so. For a decadence that one inveighs against, it is necessary to substitute another style which, imposing itself, condemns the first—the altar of the god cannot remain empty. With renewed vigor, therefore, he went to work in his own way, openly seeking nature—which was such sacrilege in the eyes of the professors that they promptly became his open enemies, as did most of their pupils. All manner of difficulties lay in his path; more grievous than all to him, a dutiful son, was the finding himself unable to help his poor mother, and the crucial idea constantly possessed his mind, that she, his best friend, did not understand him, and that his independent, stubborn conduct toward those whom she considered his superiors was her Calvary. He had to earn his miserable subsistence painting the backs of chairs with representations of Napoleon's battles, according to the popular taste of the period. I wish every young artist could have heard as I have, from Morelli's own lips, the details of that fight he sustained against bad fortune. How many who claim themselves born for art to find a legitimate excuse for their laziness, would learn that with a true artist there are no obstacles. Hunger and misery he looked on as commonplace incidents, like the lack of appreciation; he found his glory in single-handed combat against strongly intrenched adversaries, his pleasure in developing his character, in trying his forces, in perfecting his conceptions, in living up to an ideal.

His search for truth in seeking to render nature as he saw it made easier the mastering of what he thought good in the academy, and he succeeded in being first of his class in a competition for the painted nude figure, and followed this initial success by taking prize after prize against the very will of the men who gave them, and to whom he was so antagonistic. Having at last won a purse he set out for Rome. The sight of the treasures of the Papal capital confirmed his opinions, and when, money exhausted, he had to return to Naples, he was determined to show what was in his mind, and to paint a picture the subject of which he naturally took from one of his beloved authors, Byron. It matters not what definite judgment posterity will pass on this poet, he did enlist the sympathies of the young, and in that cold, hypocritical, pseudo-classical society, the fervid lines of that great rebel sounded like a clarion blast.

Morelli had selected from his favorite poem of "The Corsair" the farewell between Conrad and Medora. Subject as well as costumes were blamable for not being of the traditional pattern, but above all, dissolute Naples was scandalized by that painted kiss—however chaste it was, and the canvas was refused at the Exhibition. The matter created quite a stir; Morelli, fighting his ground boldly, protested against the verdict, which was finally referred, as were all important matters under the paternal régime of Bomba, to Monsignor Scotti, the King's confessor, who held a charge not unlike that of Grand Inquisitor of Spain under Philip II. The cunning old Monsignor, who knew most of the secrets of these edifying times, after having dutifully wondered how a young painter could read such fancy and unwholesome stuff as Byron instead of nourishing his mind with the "Lives of the Saints," asked if it were possible that a man and a woman had been used for models in the very attitude represented; to which Morelli, who had no money to pay for models, could verily reply that, instead of a live woman's head, he had made use of a plaster cast. So far as that *homme d'esprit*, Monsignor Scotti, was concerned, that plaster cast settled the matter, and after a pious injunction to choose in the future better and worthier subjects, he ordered that the painting should be exhibited. This first lisp, so to speak, of an artistic reno-

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Madonna and Child Jesus.
(From a painting by Morelli.)

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An Arab Musician.
(After Morelli by A. F. Jacassy.)

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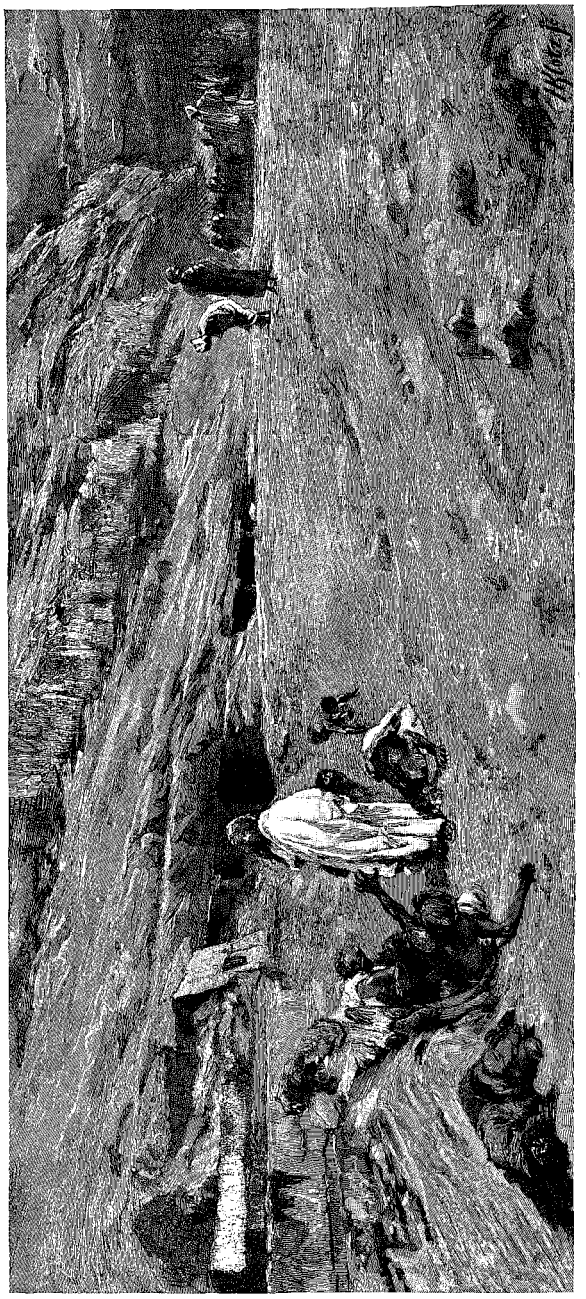
vation attracted too much attention altogether, and the angered professors had it, after a few days, taken down from its place on the wall and thrown, frame and all, from a window into the street, where it was shattered. Unjust treatment could not shake the energy of the young artist, who shortly after, against the verdict of the same academicians, won the gold medal and scholarship for Rome, with a scene of Greek corsairs on the sea-shore, which was as severely criticised, and for the same reason, as *Il Bacio*, save the kiss.



"Gli Ossessi"—The Possessed.
(Drawn from Morelli's painting by A. F. Jacassy.)

It was through Overbeck, under whom Morelli studied for a year in the Eternal City, that he was led to take up sacred themes; but how different were the results of the rigid master's influence on his German pupils and on this son of the South—the ones copying indiscriminately types, attitudes, draperies, all the little trade-marks of the Neo-Christian painter; the other, like a bee, sucking the essence of a flower, infusing himself with the pure and naive, though not unalloyed, sentiment, the chief quality of the man. This is seen in Morelli's first picture executed after his German experience, and which already showed, not the unwaverings and uncertainties of a man feeling his way, but the energy of a reliant innovator who begins to reveal himself. The subject

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The Three Marys.
(From a photograph of Morelli's painting.)

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was simple, and treated with that touch of human sympathy which stamps the religious ideas of our century. The composition, unlike the laborious, geometrical groups of the period, was full of freshness and novelty. In the centre of the canvas a Madonna rocks her child to rest, while a circle of seraphs accompany her lullaby on their stringed instruments. Truly modern are these seraphs and Madonna, and yet of the same lovely family as those of Bellini and Fra Angelico. This work created much enthusiasm among the Roman artists, who sought out the unknown painter and were amazed to find him a poor lad, whom they had noticed haunting the galleries and low eating-houses.

It seems to have been the first of a long series of works that quickly followed, until the specious aurora of 1847, with its illusive hopes of liberty for the down-pressed Italians, recalled him to Naples. Although a philosopher, not a man of the sword, he could not help taking the generous course of every patriot, and went to fight the Bourbons in the street. Cruelly wounded, he was carried to a hospital, and when he came out a few months later, he found himself unable to withstand the malignant persecutions of the hateful Bomba. Somehow, he found the means to travel, and visited the museums of Paris, London, Belgium, Holland, Germany, working but little; but when he came back, two years later, he had reached his maturity, and thenceforward his productions, which I will call in his second manner, are those which have made his name.

I select as an example of his later pictures before that period the "Boat of Life." A bark full of passengers is aground on a gray, dull, infinitely extended laguna; an Arab, white-robed, stands at the prow in the statuesque immobility of fatalism; near him a poet has just sprung up with hand raised, as if crying the *sursum corda* to encourage a young volunteer who has waded into the dead waters and is trying to float the boat again; a couple of young lovers, disdainful of all around them, exchange caresses; while a miser in a corner counts stupidly his money, and a glutton, his rubicund face sweating sensuality and selfishness, oppresses with his fat body the *misérable* who sits beside him. Rarely has an allegorical idea been expressed in a form so palpably true, yet so full of enchantment in the strange poetry of its general coloring.

But—the picture is too literary—it belongs to a period of preparation, like all those of his first manner, whose interest lies in that they are the promise of a future. Though their importance is lessened to some extent in our modern eyes, by finding them so singularly perverted with souvenirs of schools and traditional influences—not the less real because unconscious—we cannot forget in judging them that they spoke strongly to the men of those days, and proved irresistibly sympathetic to the young artists. Little by little the public gave the cold shoulder to the constantly decreasing band of the devotees of routine, and turned itself with slowly awakening interest to these living subjects. They mark the prelude of the new movement, and belong to history as the forerunners of the second Renaissance.

A superabundance of youth is their condemnation; they are often too brutal in their research for truth; they speak a dead tongue—the rich and florid language of the Romanticists. The painter wanted to put into them all his soul, with his loves, hates, enthusiasms, and he lacks the supreme art of choosing, of eliminating, of giving something synthetic; he felt so passionately then that his works were like so many outcries of one in revolt; he had the right ideal, but his taste was neither refined nor cultivated. Indeed, it is only from the brains of a Jupiter that a full-grown and armed Minerva can emerge in all her perfection.

It would be instructive and interesting to study the difference between the development of the great artists, known as the men of '30 in France, and that of Morelli. The social conditions were not alike, yet not wholly different, and they were all self-made men and innovators. The French, master-workmen and enemies of the style as embodied in the Italian tradition, are the direct descendants of the glorious Dutch painters.

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Morelli is also a lover of truth, of simplicity, of honest technique, and as little of a rhetorician as Rousseau. He is calm, sober of gesture, but there is a charm about his work which is the whole poetry of the South—color. Like the Venetians and Rubens, his colors are few, and his gift, like theirs, is to use them in the simplest way, with a subtle understanding of the value of demi-teintes, yet his harmonious coloring is softer than theirs, and in a minor key of infinite depth and tenderness, brought into moving life by a few masterly touches —a manner born naturally in looking at nature around him—the Neapolitan landscapes draped in soft haze, with here and there intense spots of color shining ardently, though in their relative places, under the sun.

Greco-Roman Naples gave Morelli for his studies of humanity the finest collection of types, from the most refined to the most vulgar, of which any city can boast. All is to be found there—picturesqueness, gestures, expression, character. It is a surprise that such a mine should remain so little explored, and I think the reason lies in that only great minds can extract the synthetic from such exuberant complexity; its very richness makes the common herd fall into prettyness, into brilliancy, and multi-colored superficiality.

Morelli, a nature *en dehors*, often reminds one of Rembrandt, a nature *en dedans*, for the intensity and depth of vision and the choice of every-day types of humanity. Like him, like the Italian *classiques*, he has found the source of his best inspirations in sacred history. In Italy they call him the Renan and the Strauss of sacred art, because, leaving theological and conventional interpretations to avail himself of the researches of modern criticism, of enlarged historical knowledge, he has succeeded in interpreting the Bible in a new way, truer and certainly better fitted to our comprehension. He is as full of reverence for the divinity of the gospel story as were his predecessors, but he recognizes it as practical, and having its roots in our daily life. Perhaps because Tolstoi speaks more strongly to me than Renan or Strauss, Morelli, I think, has much in common with the Russian; charity, the same love and respect for the poor neighbor, who, though homely, unintelligent, almost a beast of burden, has a soul, the equal in its coarse envelope of that of any man.

No picture can better illustrate this side of him than his "Buona Novella," The Glad Tidings. A narrow slope of prairie, occupying the whole length of the canvas, is cast into shadow from the setting sun, which shines gloriously over the quiet waters of a lake and on the mountains that pile up on the other shore. The antagonism between the cool, gray shadows of the foreground and the wealth of golden, resplendent light which suffuses the rest of the picture, has its meaning and is eminently suggestive. Standing among flowers and shrubs, Jesus speaks of the "glad tidings of great joy," and before him a singularly mixed crowd of followers and enemies, where negroes and Bedouins, merchants and fishermen elbowing one another, listen eagerly. His words, the promise of the Kingdom of Heaven to the meek, to those who mourn, to the lowly, startle the rich, whose countenances show their incredulity and dismay; while in the faces of the poor and friendless dawns a gleam of hope, a passionate desire to believe in these first words of human brotherhood and salvation. Behind the Saviour a woman, with the intensity of the new faith shining through her maternal anxieties, brings her sick babe for healing. All of Morelli's religious pictures are so full of meaning that they compel everyone to think: their key-note is their intense humanity.

Before "Gli Ossessi," The Possessed, no one thinks of the small canvas, so big the conception is. Jesus walks in sweet dignity, to comfort and sympathize with the unfortunate creatures who creep out to him from miserable lairs, stretching their arms, gazing on his face, kissing the hem of his garment. A crowd of followers, fearful of infection, look from afar; two disciples, who have ventured to accompany their Master, stop half-way to gaze wonderingly at the dreadful caves. From the rugged, gloomy desolation of the dramatic ensemble stands out like a lily the Christ's white robe, a note of exquisite radiance.

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Full of poetry and startling originality is the "Jesus Tempted by the Devil." It is in the arid, sulphurous dryness of a desert, whose gnarled and cracking surface tells of some primeval cataclysm, that the creature of vile earth, a sinister creation, creeps forth reptile-like from a deep crevasse at the very feet of him, whom he is asking to turn his eyes from heaven to the stones that lie about, and that at a word shall be changed into gold. It is the moment before the gentle, earnest face utters the reproof, "*Retro, Satanas!*"

But merely a nomenclature of Morelli's works would exceed the limits of a magazine article, and I am compelled to select a few at random to give some idea of the artist's range. There is no one of his favorite themes that has been discussed more vehemently, by critics and faithful alike, than "The Mother of the Redeemer"—the proud, loving mother, human, and yet not wholly of earth. In his "Salve, Regina" he has represented her pressing the Divine baby to her breast, her eyes closed in the very ecstacy of happiness, her joy all within her heart. I can say but little of this, and of the numerous other Madonnas, among which the large Assumption, painted for the royal palace at Naples, holds a prominent place. The same subjects, even when treated with incomparable grandeur of style by Rafael, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, cannot make me forget the art of the *primitifs*, clumsy and barbarous perhaps, but so full of a spiritual beauty born of faith, and made of naive love and reverence—the pale suffering Virgins, in whose faces shine hopes divine, their hands folded in ever-prayerful contemplation—the flesh palpably but a veil to the supreme glorification of a pure soul.

The picture of Morelli best known and most celebrated, no doubt because exhibited where it could be seen, at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878, is the "Temptation of St. Anthony." Morelli has said how, having read the story of Anthony the Alexandrian, the subject suddenly took hold of him; how he discarded from his mind, as he had done from his lectures, the mediæval legends, the extravagant phantasmagorias of devils and horrible monsters with which the painters of the past had filled their canvasses, and saw but the fight against temptation of a man, whose abstinence and privations from all the joys of the flesh had made him a prey to hallucinations. The picture is so well known that it needs no description. To the criticism that the female figures are abruptly cut and distorted, Morelli answers that they are such as the saint dreamed with his eyes wide open; to my sense they prevent the painting from being a *chef-d'œuvre*, they are too incomplete, too indefinite by the side of flawless *morceaux*. But right there is the master's failing in overstepping the bound; for some of his ideas are too subtle for definite expression, and better suited to other arts, literature or music.

Giving most of his time to the composition of his subjects, he has produced works which for that reason arouse the enthusiasm of the painters, yet where there is much that is sketchy and ill-defined in the rendering, that cannot possibly satisfy them. However, when he wants he can face pictorial problems and difficulties in the broadest way, and his technique is admirable in that it adapts itself to all things, and is never felt. Before his pictures, and they are many, one is impressed at once by the fact that the man knows all the secrets of his profession, but that which the mind had decided to say, the hand has expressed in an impersonal manner, exempt from smart artifices of the trade.

In that beautiful "Pompeian Bath" it seems as if the Flemish masters had inspired him in drawing those figures so honestly and strongly observed from life, their firm and supple modelling, their coloring which is that of the flesh, not of the skin, the mysterious atmosphere of that interior, which gives to each figure, to every object its proper place and relation. The rich harmony is somewhat higher in key, more luminous, and the shadows more transparent than even those of Terburg. But Morelli brings to mind the northern painters only because he has in common with them those sterling qualities, the probity of an artist. A research for the beauty of form stamps him distinct-

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ly as a man of his country, for that is an ideal the Dutch never had.

The life-size portrait of the Signora Maglione, in ball costume, family friends, and casual visitors like myself, find admirable not only in its resemblance to the envelope, the exterior, but also to that moral expression which is the individuality, the very *ego* of a person. The broad yet delicate treatment is a feast for the eyes of a painter. The merest details, amazing at a distance, are done in the simplest way imaginable; the paste put right on in a firm and definite manner which is the last word of good execution. The face and arms, the white silk, the pale yellow *sortie de bal*, the tapestried background—a play of golden and reddish tones—everything is marvellous.

It is a great portrait, one of the best of the century, and its place is in a public gallery. But it is a pity, that to have an idea of Morelli's works one must seek introduction into the private houses among which they are disseminated, and that only travellers with plenty of leisure and previous information can get at them. With four or five exceptions, there are no good reproductions of his works, and this accounts for their being so little known. To such firms as Braun and Goupil, public and artists are indebted for those reproductions that give to the former the only chance they often have to become acquainted with the creations of the latter, which, through such means, are made to be widely known and appreciated. If Morelli lived in Paris matters would have been different, but in Naples he refuses to trouble himself with affairs which would necessitate much loss of time. His friends care—but he does not—at seeing what scanty recognition a life-long production of great excellence has brought him. He stands a striking and refreshing contrast to the mercantilism which has invaded the art of our time, and he is reluctant about exhibiting in public, even in Italy, where his name would appear in company with that of men he hates—artists of name, who prostitute their talents to the mode of the day. To the courteous requests of the French Minister of Fine Arts, and the urgent entreaties of his friends, Gérome and Meissonnier, that he should be represented at last year's Universal Exhibition, he found some gentle way to refuse, having always disliked the brassy notoriety the "Temptation of St. Anthony" had brought him.

So this modest *maestro*, a plain man of unpretentious tastes, spends all his days working in the large studio often invaded by young artists, his former pupils, to whom he gives freely of precious time and helpful kindness. Souvenirs and offerings lie about; on the walls are studies by friends—many by that dearest of all, Fortuny—together with the last palette used by the lamented Spaniard, and presented to Morelli by Pradilla and Villegas in the name of the family and of the Spanish artists.

I should like in closing to speak of one of the pictures begun I saw there—his latest interpretation of Moore's "Loves of the Angels"—for, like the masters of old, he delights in treating again and again the same theme. Three lovely creatures, their long white wings outstretched, nestle amid the flowers on a soft slope, and gaze at the stars which are beginning to appear in an opal sky, while the redness of sunset dies slowly over a low horizon. . . . But what are words to that fragile and exquisite harmony of colors, to such enchantment of poses and expressions? It must have been before such a painting that Verdi said, the subject was borrowed from the legitimate field of the composer, meaning that a subject interpreted in that way inspired him with much of the same sort of emotion it is the privilege of music to give.

I have spoken of the all-powerful, individual influence of the master on the regeneration of Italian art. To appreciate it, one has only to look at Palizzi, the man who shares with him the honor of having been at the head of that movement. This old artist has in his studio a very interesting and complete series of works showing the development of his talent, from the chromo style of 1830, passing progressively through studies from nature, minutely finished, until, step by step, progress by progress, he came into possession of a large *faire* which is incomparable. But as Palizzi's object is simply to copy what he sees,

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his stumbling block, therefore, is the tableau; his forte—the study—in which he does give, and in a masterly, bold fashion, the sensation of nature; his animals live, breathe, they shine and pant in the sun, their expression is admirable. He is a great painter, he is not a great master; while Morelli, who commands admiration as a technician, is a master in the same sense as Millet; he makes us think, he tells us something new, something he has extracted from himself.

Better than words, an anecdote will illustrate the difference between the two men. It was at the time Palizzi was busy with his great tableau for the Museum of Capodimonte, "The Coming forth from the Ark," in which almost all the animals of the earth are represented. In his usual way, he had taken from the life one beast after another, without bothering himself about ensemble, composition, etc. Morelli, who watched with anxiety the progress of the work, could not bring himself to tell his old comrade that the whole thing was a mistake from the beginning. When a common friend then in Naples, Alma Tadema, and of the same mind as Morelli, took upon himself to try to open Palizzi's eyes:—"My dear friend," said he to him, "though your picture is full of fine *morceaux*, it is not what it ought to be. A picture cannot be invented in a moment, it must be thought out, composed. 'Tis just like a child of your brain that you must watch and help to grow little by little, trying to make it as perfect as possible. It is only in improving and perfecting your first idea that you will find your last definite expression of it—and the best."

THE PLUMB IDIOT.

By Octave Thanet.

THERE was a vast deal of excitement in Sycamore Ridge when it was rumored that Milt Bedford, that jewel of his party, but otherwise not especially respected citizen, was likely to "get the post-office."

The place wasn't worth more than nine hundred a year; but in a Southwestern town where you can buy meat for eight cents a pound and a boiled shirt is high toilet, nine hundred dollars is a tidy income. Consider, too, the dignity of office and the patronage. The postmaster of Sycamore Ridge had at his beck one assistant, one janitor, and one and a half scrub women—the half standing for the scrub-woman's small daughter who should "pack up the water." And one must take into account that the present postmaster, Captain Leidig, the incumbent ever since the war, had slaved days and schemed nights until the office was brought into a condition of prime efficiency; it could almost run itself.

Take the matter by large, the little crowd of men discussing it on the hotel platform opposite the railway, were agreed to swear at "Milt Bedford's cussed luck."

I have waited so often for trains on that platform where they sat, tilting their chairs against the clapboards, that I know by heart the steel streaks and the gaunt, dim sheds and the infrequent lamps, and the black shadows that crouch like goblin beasts under the eaves, at night, and the wide, wide street that has an uncanny and lonesome air, so spacious is it, and so low are the little brick blocks of shops and the little wooden houses with their pointed roofs.

Being a December night—this of which I am telling—there was a show of Christmas bravery in the windows, and a barrel of holly at the hotel door.

Across the street is a small park with a trim "bow-dark" or osage orange hedge. Two lamps shine hospitably at

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the entrance. Great gum-trees and sycamores make a pleasant shade for summer days; and *then*, the plash of the fountain entices the ear, but it tinkles coldly, of a winter night, and the white sycamore trunks look spectral. And in winter — even the half-hearted, snowless winter of the Southwest — the hillsides grow ragged and rusty and the houses look bare; and the engine, that every night at dusk drags its lurid eye and trail of fire across the bridge between the hills, like a disabled rocket, hisses and shrieks dismally. At intervals a light streams athwart the skies above the river, and a steamboat pipe vies with the engine-throttles.

To-day the air was so mild that no one of the talkers had buttoned his coat except General Throckmorton, the congressman from our district. He always buttons his coat as a preparation for a speech; a habit acquired in the court-room.

"Gentlemen," said Throckmorton—his voice was soft as silk and flexible as a whip-lash, the true Southern orator's voice—"I reckon Milt Bedford has got a better bargain than we all."

"He'll sure devil the money-order office *some* way," a shopkeeper prophesied.

"Why, the scoundrel can hardly read writing," cried Mr. Marsh, the banker.

"An' Cap'n Leidig knows whar ever' town in the kentry does be," said an old farmer, "state an' caounty an any. Never does need t' look in the book. An' he reads them letters right spang off, no matter how blind they be. More'n I cud do."

"He's a nice man," another farmer struck in, "mighty stirrin' an' liberal."

"Yes, sir," grunted a one-armed man. "That's jest him. Look a that pyark" —pointing to the sycamores—"that's his'n, but he keeps it up for the public. Jest as he always keeps them flower-pots in the winders."

"He's a mighty clever man."

"An' a mighty smart man."

A chorus of praise arose, to which Throckmorton listened, smiling.

He smiled with his mouth, alone; and to smile under such a drooping, inky-black mustache as his, with never a ripple in the intense black eyes, is to smile like a cynic. Throckmorton looked cynical. He was a slim, erect man, as distinctly a Southerner as a gentleman. His appearance suggested the planter of the caricaturists, without his whip or soft hat, and better treated by his tailor.

"Now I, gentlemen," said Throckmorton, "*I* call Hiram Leidig a plumb idiot."

The crowd simply gasped; Throckmorton being Leidig's closest friend, and a man not to desert a friend under stress of weather.

"Yes, gentlemen, a plumb idiot," he repeated, in his gentlest tone; "here he is. He could have made a fortune had he stayed in the manufacturing business. When the war broke out he was getting a salary of twelve hundred dollars, and he had invented half a dozen little tricks and got patents on them, and saved ten thousand dollars. If he'd gone back to business he would have had a hundred or two hundred thousand dollars to-day, instead of his little twenty-five thousand. But, no; first he must fight for his country, and then he gets a notion of patriotism and serving his country in his head. Patriotism is worse than a tick, gentlemen. Here's Leidig has worn himself to a puzzle to do ten men's work for his office. He is a man of talent, a man of inviolable honesty, and yet so courteous, so kindly, that every child in the town smiles at him on the streets. He has done more than any one man of his d—— party in the State to make it respectable. And Milt Bedford has done as much as any man to make it *detested!*" ("That's so, blame his skin!" and laughter from the hearers.)

"Well, what does the Government or the party give Leidig for his long services?" You all know. Half a dozen times he has been within an ace of getting bounced by one party or the other, and now he is going to be pitched out in good earnest by his very own party because he can't be trusted to run the office as a party machine, and Milton Bedford *can!* That's the size of it. Now, a man who will squander his chances of fortune and the best years of his life on a Government or a party

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which kicks fidelity every time is—a plumb idiot!"

"To my thinking, the Government is the plumb idiot to lose such a servant," said the banker.

"And we all ain't far from plumb ijits t' low of it bein' done!" cried the farmer. "That ar Milt Bedford ain't got no more honesty 'n a shote. All's pickins t' him!"

"Say, Gineral, are ye shore certain 'baout it?" asked Miller, anxiously. "Captain didn't seem a mite skeered up 'bout it."

"Rice telegraphed me not to come on to Washington," said Throckmorton. "It would be useless, he said. Bedford has the pull. It has been a still hunt, you understand."

There were honest expressions of dissatisfaction.

Throckmorton unbuttoned his coat. His next words appeared to slip from his lips by accident. "Yes, gentlemen, unless we can persuade Bedford to withdraw, we must have him."

The crowd pushed their chairs closer. "No violence, gentlemen, I beg," said the banker, nervously.

"Oh, violence!" said Throckmorton, curtly, "Violence is played out. The first man on Bedford's side would be Leidig, if we tried that game. No, sir; if we overcrow Bedford we have got to do it with moral suasion. [Everyone looked blank.] For instance, he is the real owner of Hurd's big saloon. Are we all obliged to buy our liquors at Hurd's?"

A solemn-looking, lean man in a very decent black coat answered: "No, for sure you are not. You are ruining soul and body drinking his abominable stuff. I, myself, am the agent for the old-established, square-dealing house of Drake & Makepeace, of St. Louis, which will supply you directly with pure wines, brandies, whiskies, liquors, and malt liquors at most reasonable prices."

The crowd were tickled by this, and laughed.

Thockmorton had shot his arrow; without any more words he arose, saluted the others, and went away.

It occurred to him that he ought to warn Leidig, who would not believe in any danger. At the same time he shrank from inflicting pain. He loved Leidig. The two men had been like brothers since the Federal soldier saved the Confederate soldier's life and cared for him in prison during the war.

His scheme *might* succeed. There was a chance of intimidating Bedford's bondsmen. He had been quietly working and suggesting for days, and his wits were busy with the details as he walked past the dazzling windows of "Hurd's Palace Saloon." He was so absorbed that he jostled Milt Bedford, himself, coming out of the door.

Milt gave his stiff apologies a very truculent smirk.

"You're runnin' into me more ways than one, I reckon, Gineral," said he, "but you can't play off any foul on me, by ——, so don't try it on!"

Throckmorton, a lawyer, had no notion of committing himself; he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and gave Bedford to understand that he considered him drunk. Then he brushed past, leaving Bedford (who really was half tipsy) to cool his fury at leisure.

The encounter increased his perplexity. For the life of him he couldn't decide whether to tell Leidig. Nevertheless, he went to the banker's, where, as their custom was, Leidig and the three others played whist every Thursday evening, in a manner to curdle the blood of a modern combination whist-player. But these primitive players led from "sneaks," clung to their picture cards or trumps like grim death, and committed atrocities right and left with as much placidity as if they had been getting in the finest *coups* on record.

Throckmorton was an indifferent player this evening. Even the long-suffering Leidig, his partner, remonstrated at his recklessness with unprotected queens. Later, on their way home to Leidig's lodgings, he turned on the lawyer with a friendly bluntness: "What's gone wrong, Marion? You weren't yourself, to-night."

Throckmorton squirmed out of the question, somehow. Leidig, the least suspicious of men, believed in a knotty law suit and a headache, and wanted Throckmorton to stop and get some anti-pirene. Throckmorton caught his wistful looks at every lamp-post.

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Leidig was not a handsome man, he was too short and too round; his face had kept its boyish look to a surprising extent, although he was growing bald and wore a big mustache. He dressed with great care. According to the black maid servant, he covered his off-duty coats with a towel, and pressed his trousers between the mattresses of his bed. Every morning, winter or summer, he used to pick a flower for his buttonhole. He wore a tall silk hat; because in his youth (when he was a young mechanic, determined to become a gentleman), gentlemen used to wear tall silk hats. For the same reason, he carried a silk handkerchief. Indeed, Sycamore Ridge considered him a mirror of fashion.

As they walked along — perhaps it was the full moon pouring a flood of glory over the landscape—Leidig began to talk about a girl who was to have been his wife long ago. She had died as his mother had died, while Leidig was fighting on the southwest border. And so hard had he taken the blow that he never would return to Ohio; he gathered together his property, and settled in Sycamore Ridge.

Leidig rarely spoke of that old grief; he never had spoken so frankly before. Somehow his frankness gave Throckmorton a sinister and creepy disquietude. He interrupted him:

"Why did you leave the agricultural implement business? You needn't go back to Ohio, of course; but why take our post-office?"

"Marion," said Leidig, solemnly, "the post-office saved me. You don't know. It was awful! I brooded over it until I was fit to kill myself. God knows, I might have killed myself, but they offered me this post-office. They said here was a chance to serve the country. And I seemed to hear my mother's voice, just as it used to sound, evenings, when she would tell me stories about the Revolution. Mother raised me to love my country, ever since I was old enough to fire firecrackers. I seemed to hear her voice, saying, 'Son, it's worth while serving such a government as ours.' I had a feeling—well, you know the feeling you have for your country."

Throckmorton's face contracted, while his eyes roamed, in a curious way, from the stars and the darkling river (they stood on the bridge, as Leidig spoke) to the lights of the city twinkling like fireflies above the black roofs. He made an abrupt gesture, spreading his hands and clinching them. Then they relaxed and dropped by his side.

"Oh, what's the use?" said he, "I felt that way when—when I had a country. Now, I see how impracticable such sentiment is."

"No you don't," said Leidig, "*I* know you don't, whether *you* do or not. Look here, Marion, the way you felt for the South, I felt for my country, *our* country. And I had this kind of a feeling. The way to obliterate the war is to fetch people close together. 'You stay here awhile, old fellow,' says I, 'and do your best for the old flag. Be a decent fellow, for they are going to sample the North by you. Don't go at them ramping and roaring and shaking your opinions in their face like a red rag, when they're just naturally sore all over. Here's a chance,' says I, 'to do your country better service than you did in the war!' Consequently, I stayed and I tried. Mother raised me to be a gentleman. Leidig is as good a name as there is in New York State. I always remembered that. A gentleman and a soldier, they say, you know. Why shouldn't every servant of the government be as much of a gentleman as a soldier? I hope I haven't made my Southern friends ashamed of me. Well, I got to love the work, fairly love it. Once or twice, as you know there has been talk of removing me, and I can't tell you the feeling I've had about the whole town standing by me so. It's the honor of my life. And to show you, Marion, I aint joking and bluffing, when I pretend not to be afraid, this time, I'll tell you that if they *were* to turn me out, after all these years, it would break my heart. I never could hold up my head again."

In such a strain Leidig opened his heart, until they reached his lodgings. He had two rooms on the ground-floor, with an outside door and a corner of the wee piazza glassed over for a conservatory; and he was considered to live in luxury.

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Throckmorton drew a sigh of relief at the sight of the gay window. He parted fag end of the conflagration) fell upon him and forcibly bore him home. Then

They played whist in a manner to curdle the blood of a modern combination whist-player.

from Leidig affectionately; but he said nothing of Rice's telegram.

That night is memorable to Sycamore Ridge as the night of what they call "The Great Fire." Actually it only swept one small street, but it menaced the whole town.

Every soul at the fire admired the postmaster, that night; his daring coolness and his chemical-engine saved both post-office and town. He risked his life half a dozen times. The enthusiasm of the witnesses bubbled over. Poor Leidig, himself, meanwhile, had been flung from a fractured ladder. He would not go home, but directed his engine, propped up by the janitor and Miller. Throckmorton (who nearly killed a favorite horse to get in at the he hustled the telegraph-operator away from the cinders, and sent off a message to the Post-office Department, lavishing details of Leidig's bravery, regardless of expense.

The fire called a truce to the warfare against Bedford. Certainly the Government wouldn't have the brass to bounce Leidig after his saving the post-office, Throckmorton assured Roz Miller.

"But I can tell one thing, Roz," he added, dryly, "you would have to give up Christmas or the place—one, if Milt had come in. Milt aims to do all the Christmasing himself."

"That's so," acquiesced Roz, looking foolish. He was a loyal soul and full of energy, but he was "just naturally obliged to get drunk Christmas week." "I couldn't fault the season, like to go

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dry through it," he said, long before, to Leidig. Leidig knew the man. "All right," he said, calmly, "it is disgraceful for a government official to get drunk. I shall suspend you *one week* between Christmas and New Years—

"Indeed, Sycamore Ridge considered him a mirror of fashion."

your salary to go on as usual. You are *not* the assistant postmaster, then. If I ever see the assistant postmaster drunk, he goes."

Thereafter, annually, Miller was suspended and, annually, he returned to his post, a week later, very shaky in his fingers and puffy about his eyes; but deadly sober. Between suspensions he was the most temperate of men.

Bedford, all this time, kept well under cover. Perhaps he knew that Leidig's injuries were turning out to be more serious than any one expected. There was a couple of broken ribs, and pneumonia had set in complicating the case. The doctor talked of "internal injuries." "Infernal injuries, I say," fumed Throckmorton; "why the—— must *you* be prancing on a ladder, a man of your flesh? You *are* a plumb idiot!" He was too anxious to keep his patience, and scolded Leidig out of sheer fright.

Leidig smiled tranquilly. He could not drink the choice liquors or smoke the expensive cigars that Throckmorton, the banker and other friends were always sending; but he took a boyish kind of pleasure in watching the wrapping papers removed; and he must have all the odd assortment of cards stuck up around his looking-glass, in full view.

By and by, Throckmorton did not snap at him, but used a studied gentleness. But whenever he left the sick-room and walked through the little parlor, he would glare at the now dishevelled rows of flower pots, with the blackest frown. Maudy Lize, the landlady's eldest girl, always a pet of Leidig's, took to red eyes and snuffles; and the black maid-servant grinned incessantly, and forgot everything that was told her, which is the African fashion of showing emotion. When a negro stops grinning, he begins to howl.

Besides Throckmorton's telegram, the citizens had sent an elaborate letter to the Post-office Department; but ten days passed and the Department made not a sign! On the tenth day, Throckmorton saw Bedford on the street. He sat enthroned in a red-wheeled buggy between two men. All were smoking, all grinning. Seeing Throckmorton, Bedford swept his hat off his black curls with an exaggerated flourish, and grinned more broadly.

"What does the scoundrel mean by *that?*" queried Throckmorton.

He understood directly.

Two envelopes were handed him at his office. One was addressed to Leidig (Throckmorton looked over his mail), and had the official superscription of the Post-office Department. Throckmorton tore out the enclosure, a florid letter of thanks to Leidig. Although a critic in general, Leidig's friend waded through the fine phrases well pleased.

"It will tickle old Leidig," he thought. "Oh, well, they are more decent than I 'lowed they were."

Then he opened the other envelope. There was a telegram from Rice, con-

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cise and to the point. "Bedford has got the post-office. Damn!"

Throckmorton flung the telegram into the fire. He used some vitriolic language about the civil service that would better not be repeated; but he understood Bedford's grin.

Late that afternoon he paid a visit to Leidig. Young Dr. Rollin had just walked away on foot. Dr. Peters was untying his horse at the gate, and old Dr. Farwell sat in the buggy.

"They've had the consultation," thought Throckmorton. And his heart choked him.

"Well, gentlemen?" said he. Somehow the sensation that he felt seemed to mix itself up with an old pain, and, again, he was a lad on the battle-field, dizzy with the smoke and roar, and that horrible smell of carnage in his nostrils; watching his brother die.

The old doctor gripped his hand.

"Dear, dear, dear," the old doctor said, "ain't it too bad? Such a splendid man!"

Then they explained to him; but he didn't understand, though he nodded and said "yes" and went through the manual of intelligence, decorously; the internal injuries rather than the pneumonia that had supervened were killing Leidig, so much he did comprehend, and it was enough. Leidig might live a week, he might die in two days. Throckmorton got away from the doctors and went in to his friend. Leidig lay quite alone, but Maudy Lize cried softly to herself in the parlor with the door ajar.

When he stood by the bedside, Leidig turned over feebly and smiled. "Sit down, Marion," said he; "no, that's the chair with the broken spring; take another."

He is ashamed of it to this day: but Throckmorton groaned, "Oh, d—— the spring!" and burst out sobbing like a baby.

Leidig soothed him; yet there were traces of tears on his own check. There had been a grim half hour for Leidig after the doctors were gone, alone, in his chamber with the vision of death. How does the soul conduct itself, to which, of a sudden, awe and mystery have become the inexorable, next realities? Disease blunts the sensibilities; yet is there not always a chill in this going beyond the shining of the sun?

All Leidig revealed were those tears on his cheek and one speech to Throckmorton. "Don't take on so, my dear; but, indeed, I can't help being glad you're so sorry. It has been pretty lonesome." But, immediately, he was talking about the post-office, telling Throckmorton his plans. "And, Marion," he added, half apologetically, "would you object to writing the department and just mentioning I did my best for the office—afterward, you know."

Throckmorton still coughing and strangling and blowing his nose, fished the official letter out of his pocket with his handkerchief.

The sick man's limp fingers fumbled in vain at the paper. "I reckon you'll have to read it for me Marion," he was obliged to say.

Throckmorton gulped and desperately went at it. The letters danced before his eyes; he had enough to do to keep his voice steady through the sentences, but he read to the end. When he looked up he was startled by the rapture on Leidig's face.

"I wasn't sorry before, but now I'm glad," said he, "Marion, it's worth while to serve such a government!"

Then and there, Throckmorton registered an oath that his old friend's delusion should not be broken; and he kept his vow.

It was easier than might be imagined. All Leidig's friends entered into the plot. He still saw a few friends, and still, every morning, Roz Miller reported for directions. He kept on reporting just the same after Milt Bedford's commission arrived; and Milt himself was swaggering about the office with his hat on the back of his head, cursing the late trains. Leidig couldn't say enough to praise Roz. "Why, Marion," was his grand climax, "he is keeping sober over Christmas. He refuses point-blank to be suspended!"

Christmas morning, for a second, Throckmorton distrusted poor Roz. The assistant came banging and hobbling and pounding down the street, on his wooden leg, hatless and coatless,

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in the utmost disorder. He tumbled into Throckmorton's office.

"Oh, Lord," he gurgled, spent with his efforts, "the fat's sure in the fire, *now!* Bedford's up with the Captain!"

As soon as he could get his breath, he related how Leidig had sent an imperative message to the post-office, requesting him or someone else there (Roz, hard pressed, had set up a mythical assistant) to come directly to the house. Unluckily, Roz was out of the office. Bedford, observing the ambiguous direction, opened the note, and then remarked to the janitor that *he* would wait on Captain Leidig. "And he's gone," said Roz, nearly crying, "and he'll *kill* the boss, telling him! Oh, dad burn his ornery hide!"

He wasted his rage on the two clerks and a much scandalized girl typewriter. Throckmorton was half-way down the street. The lawyer fancied, savagely, that he could understand; Bedford's brutal vanity was in arms; and he would take this revenge. Throckmorton ground his teeth. Ten to one the cur would blurt out the whole vile truth! All the while his long legs swung over the ground, his mind was gyrating through lurid lies of fires at the post-office and fights in the street and sudden deaths of Bedford's nearest kin—*anything* to get him safely outside the house, where he (Throckmorton) could deal with him.

"I'm a right peaceful man," said Throckmorton, feeling for his pistol, "but I've stood all the nonsense from Milt Bedford that I'm going to?"

But when he softly opened Leidig's door, no human being could look meeker. The spectacle that met him was amazing. He saw the familiar bed with the long fold of the white sheet over the quilt." He saw Leidig's peaceful face laid back on the pillow. He saw, on the other side, the ragged chrysanthemum petals nodding their white against Milt Bedford's blue flannel legs, as Milt stood, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. His face fronted Throckmorton. It wore the strangest expression; bewilderment and awe confused by the sense of an ugly kind of comedy in the situation. That was the way Throckmorton chose to interpret it, later. At the moment his wits were held by the daze of the first words that he heard. They came from Bedford.

"So *you* ben runnin' the office jest layin' here on the bed," said he, slowly; "I expect Roz ben here regular——"

Throckmorton beckoned.

"That's all right, General," said Bedford, "I catch on. Well, Captain, I won't take up your time. I'm 'bleeged to you for seeing me, and I sincerely hope you'll feel pearter, soon. I wish you well."

"Thank you, sir. I wish you well, sir," said Leidig. Clumsily Bedford shook hands. Clumsily he tiptoed out, shaking the house at every step. I am told that all the way down the street, he wagged his head and muttered: "Lord, aint he a plumb idiot! But he's a mighty nice man."

Throckmorton shot a keen glance at Leidig, as the door creaked and closed. He ventured to ask: "Did that brute say anything to disturb you?"

Leidig's eyes twinkled. He feebly indicated a package on the table. Opening it Throckmorton lifted a bottle of rum.

"Very old Medford, Marion," said Leidig, "he brought it for a Christmas present. I expect that was why he came. He began a queer farrago about all being fair in politics, and no personal feeling, and the highest respect for me, and he looked very up a tree, when I condoled with him on his own disappointment; and finally he presented this. It is rather pleasant, don't you think, Marion, to know he doesn't keep any grudge about the thing?"

Throckmorton said, "Yes, it was pleasant."

Then Leidig spoke of his message to the post-office, wondering why it had not been answered. It had reference to his will left in his desk. By this will, after legacies to his friends, he left the remainder of his property to the town. The bequest included his little park and about eight thousand dollars. The money was to be used to erect a building suitable for a post-office in the park, and the town was directed to give the use of the building to the government, rent free.

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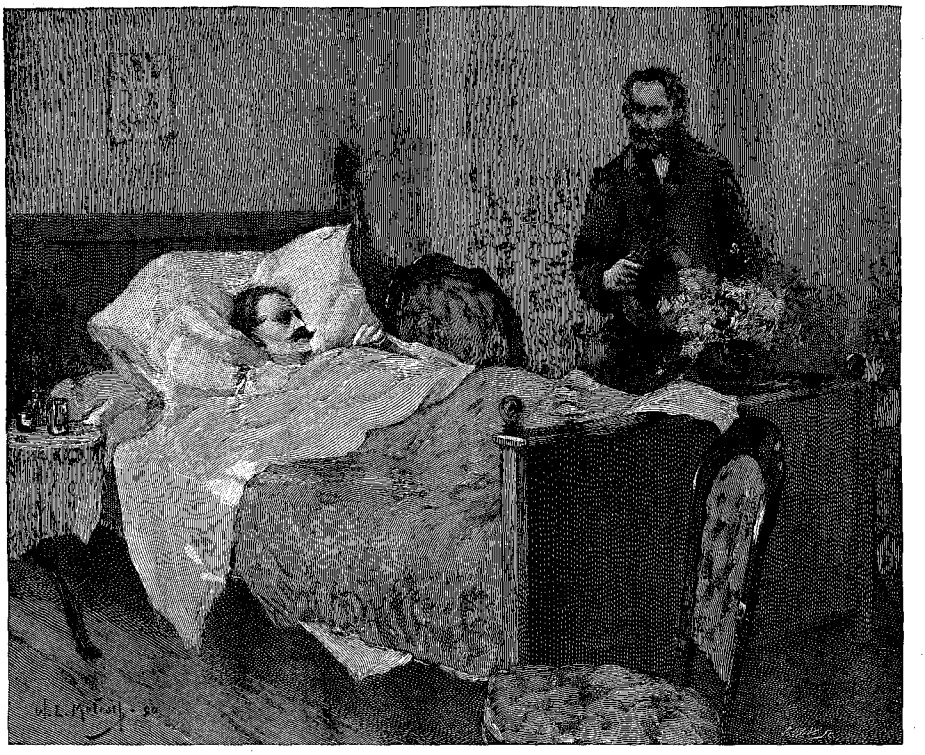

No human being could look meeker.

Leidig lived for two days longer. Nothing occurred to disturb him any more; and his last intelligible words were to Throckmorton, repeating:

"It is worth while, my dear, to serve such a government as ours."

Perhaps he was right. Perhaps, again, he may be right, some day.

FROM THE JAPANESE.

By R. H. Stoddard.

"So young he cannot know the way,"
Thus I heard a mother say,
At the close of a summer day;
But he knew the road, it seems,
Into the shadow-land of dreams,
And she wept above his clay,
Since, though young, he knew the way!

Gone, where summer moths resort.
Or small boats that leave the port,
Sailing over the stormy brine,
As, with this long sleeve of mine,
Under the gloom of alien skies,
I dry my weeping eyes!

If I could be where the billow whirls,
In a lacquered skiff, with a paddle of pearls,
Young no more, but old and gray,
You may be sure I'd know the way.

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Waiting for the Door to be Opened—Christie's.

"CHRISTIE'S."

By Humphry Ward.

IT is by this title that all the world knows the auctioneer's in King Street, St. James's Square, which for some years has borne the name of Christie, Manson & Woods. For a generation or more there has been no Manson in the firm, and just now all the frequenters of the rooms have to regret the departure of the last Mr. Christie, who, a few months ago, retired from his position as head of the firm founded by his grandfather. Still, though Mr. James Christie has withdrawn into well-earned leisure, there is no danger that his name will be forgotten. "Christie's," the rooms have been called for a century or more, and "Christie's" they will be called till the end of the chapter.

No greater contrast could be imagined than is presented by the French and the English system of auctions. Within and without, in organization and in practice, in the habits of those who sell and those who buy, London and Paris occupy two opposite poles. In Paris the auctioneer's business is not only a practical but a legal monopoly. It is as much protected by rules of law and by privileges which the courts maintain as though Paris were still in the Middle Ages, and as though the Revolution had never affirmed the rights of man. And yet, if man has any rights, we Anglo-Saxons should have imagined that the right to sell goods entrusted to him, whenever and wherever he could find customers for them, was as indefeasible as any. In France they do not think so, and the Society of Commissaires-priseurs is as close a corporation as any that

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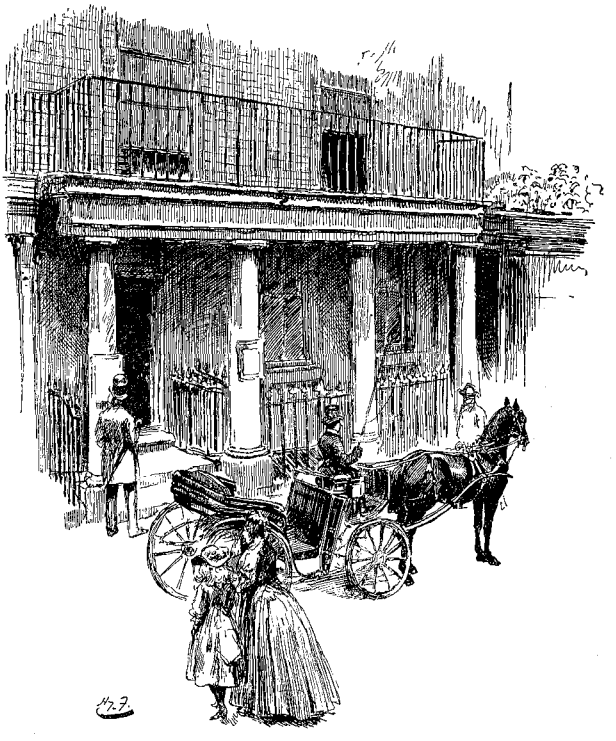
in London, Amsterdam, or Nuremberg used to beat down competition by force of law. In Paris anybody wishing to sell his goods by auction must employ one of these gentlemen, and must pay, he and the buyer between them, dues so exorbitant that any really commercial community would long ago have broken out into rebellion against them. And, as every one knows, the commissaires-priseurs have their own building, or a building which they own in union with their ally, the State, in the many-roomed Hôtel Drouot. There everything is done in accordance with two maxima—the maximum of red-tape and the maximum of noise. Rigidly closed till one o'clock in the day, the building is then opened to admit the Parisian crowd, commonly of mere sightseers, who lounge through the rooms making it difficult for the true buyer to get a sight of what he wants, and when the sale comes on there follows that pandemonium of noise, the rival shouts of the auctioneer and the usher, in an atmosphere of growing thickness and offensiveness till the sale is over. However, with the Hôtel Drouot and its inconveniences, with its humors and its chances, with its prices, high and low, its bargains and its "sells," we are not here concerned. Our business is with the great English house which, without any legal privilege at its back, has, by its own sheer strength and merit, attained to a position in London equal to that of all the *salles* of the Hôtel Drouot taken together. For, so far as any of the choicer kinds of personal property are concerned, with the sole exception of books and prints, Christie's occupies the position of Eclipse in the proverbial horse-race. For sales of pictures, of fine furniture, of old china, of jewelry, and of all kinds of costly curiosities, it is "Christie's first and the rest nowhere." Several attempts have been made to beat down this practical monopoly and to set up a rival which should compete on something like equal terms; but though we do not say that such an object is unattainable, all attempts to attain it have failed as yet. In the department of what is called literary property, that is to say, of books, prints, and old drawings, the firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, in their humble, not to say pokey, quarters in Wellington Street, Strand, still hold a position as high as Christie's themselves. When a great library is dispersed, such as the Hamilton, or the Thorold, or the Osterley Park library, it is commonly Sotheby's that has the sale of it; and they, too, have a reputation for understanding the sale of engravings or Rembrandt etchings which is not surpassed by the reputation of King Street. But with this exception



The Entrance to Christie's.

Christie's has no competitors in London for the sale of fine things. Three or four other auctioneers have, indeed, fre-

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quent sales of pictures, but it is the rarest thing in the world for them to get hold of works that command or deserve very high prices. For example, at Messrs. Foster's, in Pall Mall, there

A Buyer from Paris.

turned up last year a portrait by Romney, which, to everyone's intense surprise, sold for about £3,000. The surprise attached not so much to the fact of a Romney having brought that figure, but to such a picture having appeared on any other walls than Christie's.

The history of this great house has often been sketched, but it has only lately been brought together in detail in the elaborate work of Mr. George Redford — the two quarto volumes which he calls "Art Sales ; a History of Sales of Pictures and other Works of Art." It is upon this inexhaustible spring that we must draw for whatever facts regarding the prices that have been attained, etc., we may have occasion to quote. Mr. Redford's book is not a model of arrangement, but it is an extraordinary aggregate of facts, in which those who have time and curiosity may trace the history of multitudes of individual pictures and other works of art, and, what is much more generally interesting, may learn a great deal about the vicissitudes that have come over public taste during the past century and a half—in fact, ever since public taste may be said to have existed in England. But first we may follow Mr. Redford in his sketch of the beginnings of auction sales in England and of the way in which Christie's gradually evolved itself from the number of indistinguishable competitors. We hear of various auctioneers in England during the seventeenth century, but not of the establishment of any regular auction-rooms until the closing years of it in the reign of William III. Then Edward Millington established his sale-room, called "The Vendu," in Covent Garden, and had winter sales at four o'clock in the afternoon, taking his pictures and curiosities down to Tunbridge Wells in the summer "for the diversion and entertainment of the gentlemen and ladies." In due time Millington disappeared and the more famous name of Mr. Cock emerged. He was the auctioneer that sold the possessions of Harley, Earl of Oxford, and it was in Cock's rooms that Hogarth formed the idea of having that auction of his own which was so lamentably unsuccessful. Him followed Langford, and other names that occur during the second half of the eighteenth century are Prestage & Hobbs, Peter Coxe, and Skinner & Dyke. It was by these men, whether at Covent Garden or in Spring Gardens, near Charing Cross, that old masters, real or fictitious, were sold to the collectors, who were at that time becoming a numerous class, while at certain times in the year their rooms were utilized by one at least of the new societies of artists which were forming themselves with or without royal patronage. The rooms that are of most interest to us at the moment are those in which the infant Royal Academy first housed itself in Pall Mall. Where these rooms exactly were is a matter of dispute, for no street in London has been more changed by the hands of time and the builder than Pall Mall. It is now, on the south side at least, a row of palaces, "temples of luxury and ease," as Mr. Gladstone calls them, clubs—those which have become a necessity of existence in London. Where there has been demolition and reconstruction on this scale it is exceedingly difficult to fix the precise latitude and longitude of any house that existed in the days before post-office directories. We only know with regard

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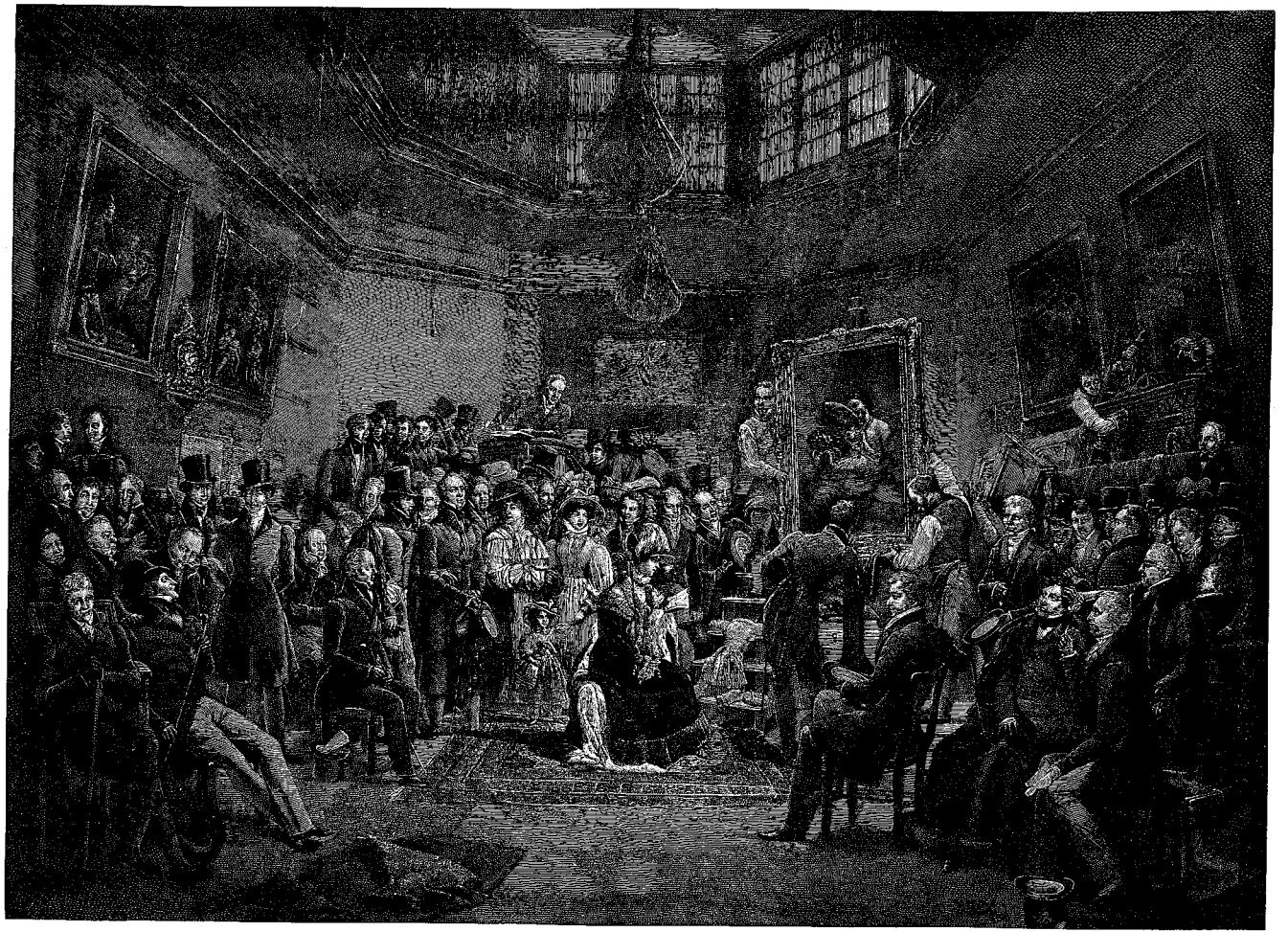

A Sale at Christie's, 1828.
(From a painting by J. Gobaud—by permission of Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods.)

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to the Royal Academy rooms that they were opposite Market Lane, and Market Lane is supposed to have been a narrow thoroughfare about a hundred yards to the west of the Haymarket. This, then, would fix the Royal Academy rooms on the site of the present "Senior," *i.e.*, the Senior United Service Club, where generals and admirals do congregate of an afternoon. It was here that Christie's had its origin, for in 1762 we find the original Mr. James Christie, a Scotchman of thirty-two, setting up in business as an auctioneer in these rooms. The Royal Academy had not then come into existence, but in 1768 it took partial possession, and two years afterward Christie moved westward to a house adjoining Schomberg House, where Gainsborough, on his arrival from Bath, had set up his studio. Schomberg House is also in Pall Mall, close to the present War Office, and though half of it has long been pulled down, the rest remains as one of those relics of old London which still exist side by side with the stately monuments of modern luxury. Here, then, Mr. Christie established himself in the year 1770, at a moment when the arts were flourishing in England more than they had ever flourished before; when we possessed at least three painters of the first rank, and when, in the bosom of the young Academy, those contending thoughts and passions were having free play out of which it might be supposed that a public love of art would by degrees emerge. In "the great rooms in Pall Mall," as the catalogue puts it, Christie's

At the Private View.

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remained for more than fifty years, in fact till 1826, when the lease fell in and the Crown resumed possession.

What sort of a man the original James Christie was can be seen from Gainsborough's well-known portrait of him. A gentleman and a man of distinction this Scotchman was; genial as well as honest, frank and straightforward beyond the custom of auctioneers, and a man who could make himself valued by many of the most eminent men of his time, including Sheridan, Garrick, and Gainsborough himself. It has been noticed by many that the great painter showed his particular regard for Mr. Christie by adding to his portrait a landscape of the artist's own, as though to associate himself forever with his neighbor. Alas! the relations between an auctioneer and his friends often take a melancholy turn, and the moralist finds food for reflection in the fact that when Gainsborough's pictures came to be sold after his death, Christie sold them. This was on June 2, 1792, three years after the death of the artist, and the pictures in the sale included a number of those marvellous copies of "old masters," on which Gainsborough practised his brush, and eighty-seven pictures by the artist himself, including the wonderful "Representation of St. James's Park," which now belongs to Sir John Neeld and which has delighted visitors to two of our loan exhibitions in recent years. The same hand held the ivory hammer two years afterward at the sale of the collection formed by Gainsborough's great rival. Sir Joshua Reynolds died in 1792, and on March 11, 1794, and on the three following days, Christie sold his collection of four hundred and eleven pictures, while Sir Joshua's own remaining sketches were disposed of in the following year. Reynolds was an enthusiastic rather than a discriminating collector, and he was not afraid of

Behind the Scenes at an Auction.

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ticketing his pictures with the greatest names. It is curious to read in the catalogue of the collection of so eminent a painter that he believed himself to possess no less than forty-four pictures of Michael Angelo and twenty-four of Raphael! Naturally his heirs found that the pictures did not realize more than about half of the sum they had cost him, £10,000 as compared with £20,000. The great sale of that period, that of the Orleans collection, did not come to Christie's; it was managed in a different manner, and in Mr. Redford's record of Christie's sales at this period we find nothing more important than the collection of Sir William Hamilton, the husband of Romney's "Lady Hamilton," Lord Bessborough's collection, and some of the pictures from Fonthill. Then followed some busy years and the

A Purchase.

golden age of English collectors, for they were the years of the great war, when men like Walsh Porter and Buchanan were pushing here and there over the Continent, into Italian palaces and Spanish convents, and the houses of the old Dutch burghers, persuading the owners to exchange such risky property as ancient masterpieces, which Napoleon's soldiers might any day burn or steal, for solid English gold or bills upon London. Christie, of course, had no monopoly of these treasures, but a very fair share of them came to him even after Buchanan and his contemporary dealers had satisfied their private clients. Then came the peace and the opening up of the Continent to English travellers; fresh importations, fresh interest in art, and great increase in the national wealth. One sale may be mentioned which took place in 1821, and which shows how, in the course of a short time, the great reputation of Sir Joshua Reynolds had risen rather than declined—surely the highest test of a man's excellence, since the most critical moment that his reputation can pass through comes about thirty years after his death. The sale in question was that of the pictures belonging to the Marchioness of Thomond, who had been his favorite niece, Mary Palmer, and who had inherited almost all Sir Joshua's own remaining pictures as well as his other property. The excitement of the buyers was as great in its way as would be the case at the present time; indeed, one doubts whether at any modern sale one would see such a list of great social magnates as were there gathered into James Christie's rooms—the Dukes of Devonshire and Northumberland, Lords Egremont, Grosvenor, Bridgewater, Fitzwilliam, Dudley and Ward, Harewood, Sir Charles Long, on the part of the King, and Mr. Alexander Baring. What was considered to be the great feature of the sale was the series of studies of full-length family figures which Sir Joshua had made for the New College window—beautiful women sitting for the virtues—Mrs. Sheridan for Charity, Lady Dudley for Fortitude, and so forth. High prices ruled, and fifteen hundred guineas was paid for one of the studies by the young Lord Normanton, who then made his first appearance as a collector. Another very high-priced picture was the portrait of Mrs. Stanhope called "Contemplation," which sold for £1,125. This, if we recollect aright, is now in the gallery of the Baroness Alphonse Rothschild in Paris, one of the most enthusiastic buyers of the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, and the purchaser, at a fabu-

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lous price, of the almost unknown Romney, "Mrs. Stables and Children," at the last "Old Masters'" exhibition.

In 1826, as we have said, Christie's migrated from Pall Mall to the well-known rooms just a hundred yards to the north, in King Street, St. James's, and there the firm has remained domiciled to the present day. Moreover, so far as anything can be permanent in this world, we may suppose that the home of Christie's will be permanently established there, for of late years great additions have been made to the premises, a new gallery has been built, and everything has been done to make the house complete, whether for storing or for selling precious possessions. We cannot, of course, go through the history of all the fine collections that have here changed hands during these eventful sixty-four years, but we may pick out one or two of the most famous sales. Some very choice collections made little noise in the world in general, for instance, the Saltmarshe pictures in 1846; but those who possess Dutch works coming from that sale—such as Sir Richard Wallace and the Rothschilds—know that for a picture to have passed through the Saltmarshe gallery is a certificate of nobility. Some other sales, such as those of the Fonthill and Strawberry Hill collections, were in other hands than those of Christie—the disposal of Horace Walpole's multitudinous knick-knacks being appropriately placed in the hands of an auctioneer who was at least half a charlatan, the late Mr. George Robins, famous in his day for his proficiency in what is known as "auctioneer's prose." Again, one of the greatest of all sales, though managed by Christie & Manson, did not take place in the rooms. This was the sale of the Stowe collection in 1848, when the extravagant career of the then Duke of Buckingham came to its natural end, and all the treasures which he had accumulated with so much recklessness were scattered to the winds. This sale took place at Stowe itself, near Buck-

The Office at Christie's.

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ingham, and the memory of it abides among the older inhabitants of the county to this day. We may pass on to a sale of a very different kind, and one that deserves to be characterized as perhaps the most memorable of any that have taken place, not excluding that of the Hamilton collection in 1882. This was the sale of the Bernal collection in 1855. Mr. Ralph Bernal, who was born about 1783, was of Jewish origin, and nature had endowed him with a sevenfold portion of the fine *flair* which she has so liberally allotted to his race. He was in easy circumstances and was not a Jew by religion, so that, like young Disraeli, he was eligible for Parliament, which he entered as member for Rochester. That he worked hard in the House of Commons and gained a great reputation for ability is shown by the fact that under Lord Grey's government he was chairman of Ways and Means, or, as we now sometimes call it, Deputy Speaker; but his name has come down to posterity rather as a most consummate judge of works of art than as a politician or public servant. He lived at a time when no one either knew or cared about the choice things which nowadays ten thousand collectors seek for with frenzy. No one of his contemporaries in England—though Sauvageot and others were equally fine judges in France—knew so much as he about old armor or mediæval goldsmith's work, or the steel inlaying of the Milanese, or the makers and decorators of the *pâte tendre* of Sèvres, or about majolica, or those infinitely delicate kinds of Chinese porcelain for which English and American connoisseurs are now prepared to pay any price. What times those were for the collector! one is tempted to say as one looks through the priced Bernal catalogue with its pretty engravings by Mason after Fitzcook's drawings. The things sold for what we should consider literally nothing, though in almost every case they marked a considerable advance on what Mr. Bernal had paid for them. As you walk through the South Kensington Museum you can see in numbers of the cases specimens of Limoges enamel or of "ruby-backed" Oriental plates, or of a score of other curiosities with labels marking the prices at which they were obtained in the Bernal sale: £3 for the plates, £50 or £60 for the pieces of Limoges, and so forth—in every instance about one-tenth or one-twentieth part of what would be paid now, so tremendous has been the effect of the spread of education, the diffusion of wealth, and the desire to possess some at least of the choice works of the past. What was remarkable, however, in the Bernal collection was not the low prices at which things had been bought and were sold, but the faultless taste that had presided over their acquisition. Mr. Woods, the present well-known and accomplished head of Christie's firm, is fond of quoting this Bernal sale as the supreme instance of a perfect collection; there was nothing out of all the 4,294 objects that was not good, genuine, and, it may almost be said, in intact condition.

A Dealer.

After these choice things had been dispersed the world had to wait for twenty-seven years before a collection of miscellaneous works of art in any way comparable to it came before it again. That was almost in our own time, when the Duke of Hamilton found

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it necessary or desirable to clear out the whole of the contents of Hamilton Palace. The Hamilton collection was not like other aggregations of things, good and bad, rare and common, that are to be found in the great houses of England and Scotland; for toward the beginning of the century a Duke of Hamilton had married a daughter of William Beckford, and all the finest things from Fonthill had found their way into the Hamilton family; but even so, according to those who were present at both sales, the Hamilton collection was not to be compared to that of Mr. Bernal. It contained a number of extremely fine things — some glorious pictures, some twenty or thirty pieces of furniture, the finest of their kind, and some hundreds of other objects of the highest class— but taking the collection as a whole one missed that faultlessness, that evidence of a fastidious and exclusive taste which had marked the earlier sale. Still, times had changed in the interval. The generation that had come into existence was the generation that had grown up with railways, big steamships, and free-trade. Where in 1855 one man had known the value of a piece of majolica, or of a Riesener table, fifty knew it in 1882, and the natural result was that what had sold for tens of pounds at the earlier date, sold for hundreds and even thousands at the later. However, this is an old story, and we need not tell over again the follies of which the great collectors and the men of the long purse were guilty at the Hamilton sale, or at the sale of the Fountaine collection of majolica and Limoges a few years later. Enough to say, that whenever, at the present time, things so precious as those come to Christie's, there are plenty of people gathered together to do them full justice.

It must not be supposed, however, that Christie's is a net which catches nothing but big fish bred and fed by Bernals and Hamiltons. On the contrary, it is an ordinary set of auction-rooms, where the little purses as well as the big ones may find their satisfaction, and in which, as the auctioneers would be the first to admit, a good deal of poor stuff as well as good —rubbish as well as priceless treasure— is brought to the hammer. The rooms are open all the year round, and every day, except from the beginning of August till the middle of November. As a

The Auctioneer.

rule there are two or three sales every week, and in the season sometimes a sale every day of one kind or another. Saturday is commonly reserved for pictures and drawings, through an old traditional habit which has this much of reason on its side, that Saturday being a half holiday in the city and for men of business generally, such of them as are connoisseurs are better able to attend sales on that day than on any other. Let us endeavor to describe a walk through Christie's on two or three various occasions, say on an afternoon in January, and again in the height of the season, when some famous collection is on view. In January there may be exhibited in various cases, in the different rooms, and dotted about the floors, and what the catalogue calls "a valuable collection of porcelain decorative objects, the property of various owners," and on the walls there may be hung one or two hundred specimens of Old Masters. You enter early in the afternoon, before the short winter day has been shrouded in twilight. You find perhaps thirty or forty people lounging through the room; a few ladies with or without their husbands or brothers; an engaged couple of æsthetic tastes anxious to pick up something for the little house they are

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A Sale at Christie's, 1890.

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about to occupy in Kensington; three or four well-known dealers looking slightly contemptuous and a good deal bored; half a dozen persons politely known as "commission agents," men of very varied attainments in art, some of whom know their business while others are merely there to take any commission that they can get, and to obey orders without asking themselves whether those orders are sensible or not. For a few moments there may look in a peer or two, or a wealthy collector, taught by long experience that sometimes it is in the out-of-the-way sales that one finds the best things, and hoping (for who is above entertaining such a hope, or gratifying it if possible?) that he may light upon some treasure that nobody else has discovered and buy it for a song. The furniture is of the class which is called "decorative," an extremely elastic term covering everything from the cheap Dutch marqueterie cabinets which are made at the present day, as they have been made for a couple of centuries, in the back streets of Amsterdam, up to the choice pieces which bear the genuine impress of Paris in the eighteenth century. The varieties of quality are endless, but it is not often at this time of the year that anything of a really choice kind finds its way into the auction-room. Supposing that it does, however, supposing that a genuine Sheraton sideboard of fine finish, or a Louis XV. sofa covered with Gobelins tapestry, appears in the rooms, there are pretty sure to be two or three dealers about who will have taken note of it, and who, when the sale comes, will be ready for the prey. Of course they make no fuss about it; they begin with a low bid—perhaps even they do not bid for themselves but put their commission into the hands of some small man, to make it appear that they are not in the field; but soon the thing creeps up, and what the outsider might have thought would bring £40 is finally knocked down for £400. In the cases we see an agglomerate of little objects, which, generally speaking, we seem to have seen a hundred times before, so strong is the family likeness between one of those curiosity sales and another. There will be half a dozen old Chinese cups and saucers with enamelled borders and floral decorations; close by will be a bunch of old Dutch silver boxes; and next a couple of miniatures, one of them true, and one a flagrant modern imitation; a little farther is a bit of old *cloisonné* very much battered, and next to it an exquisite Nankin bottle, on which, two centuries ago, some Chinese artist spent his best labor and much of that enthusiasm which fires the artist of the East as much as it does his Western brother. Then there will be a set of old Dresden knives and forks, the one precious possession, perhaps, of some country clergyman, come down to him from a more fortunate grandfather, and now sold in consequence of the cruel fall in the value of glebe. Next we may see a lovely plaque of *repoussé* silver, from a design by Mantegna—beautiful in line and seemingly wonderful in finish. But let us look at it well before embarking in a contest for the possession of it, for in these things, as every modern collector knows, the forger is at work, and clever as he is, his hand is not altogether beyond detection. Take the plaque from its case and examine it with a magnifying-glass, and see if it fulfils the tests which distinguish an object worth £500 from one worth £5. Yes! it shows the sand-marks clearly and beyond question, and that head in the corner is not the work of a cinque-cento artist. We will put it back, remembering that in the neighborhood of Genoa there are some very clever fellows who work up electrotypes just in this way, and who have fashions of "giving them age" which are dangerous traps to the unwary.

But if we enter the rooms on an afternoon in May, when all the papers have announced, sometimes in special articles, that "the collection of that well-known connoisseur, Sir Caius Verres, will be on view in the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, the sale to take place on Saturday," we shall see a different sight. All that exists in London of connoisseurship will of course be there, and with the connoisseurs will have come the fashionable people, anxious to see and be seen, and so have something new to talk about at the dinner-table. Besides, Sir Caius Verres has been a man of many friends; his dinner-par-

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ties have been famous, though small; his wife's receptions have been as famous, though very large; and there are few pleasures so subtle as those of recognizing in the auction-room the plate off which we have eaten, the pictures upon which we have gazed in the houses of our friends. This kind of reflection, however, applies only to the fashionable many, and not to the serious connoisseurs who make a business of seeing anything in the way of art that is worth seeing, whether with or without a view of becoming possessed of it. We need not concern ourselves here with the society ladies and their friends, who come to Christie's merely as a show; but the others are a class by themselves who deserve a word or two. Of course all connoisseurs do not go to see all collections; men who care for pictures only will not busy themselves much with such a collection, for instance, as that of the late Mr. Charles Sackville Bale, which was, though very much smaller in extent, a worthy successor to the Bernal collection. Possessions like Mr. Bale's, when they come to Christie's, attract in the first place more foreigners than Englishmen, for it is still true that Paris has much more knowledge and much more taste in the matter of *objets d'art*—the term including pictures—than London has. Perhaps a dozen Paris dealers will come over for such a sale as this, or as that of the Londesborough collection of armor which was sold two years ago. As a rule, they are men of great knowledge and great intelligence; men who have to begin with an artistic instinct, and who, in the second place, have trained the instinct by a careful study of their own national collections, and even by reading some considerable part of the literature of the subject. Of how many of their Anglo-Saxon colleagues or rivals could this be said?

To return from this digression to our Sir Caius Verres, or rather—since there is no particular reason for a fictitious name when the real ones are so many—to such a sale as that of the possessions of the late Mr. William Wells, which occupied the best part of a fortnight during the present season. Mr. Wells was not himself much of a collector, but he was the nephew of one of the men who in the last generation most abundantly, as the phrase runs, "patronized art." This uncle, who had a large house at Redleaf, in Kent, was fond of entertaining leading artists of his day, and was an especial friend of Sir Edwin Landseer, though hardly as good a friend as Sir Edwin has proved to be to Mr. Wells's descendants. He filled half his house with Landseers, but the other half, with equal or perhaps superior wisdom, he filled with old Dutch pictures of a high class. Of these he had a sale in the year 1846, and great was the fame of it, and high, relative to the standard of those times, were the prices that were brought. A certain number of the old pictures were purchased at the sale by the nephew, who also inherited the modern works, and it was this double collection which started the series of Wells sales in the present year. Those who follow these things in the newspapers have probably read of the astounding prices brought by little pictures by Landseer—two, three, and four thousand guineas for comparatively unimportant works of cabinet size, such as "Not Caught Yet," which everybody knows from the engraving, and the pretty "Honeymoon," a picture of two sentimental-looking roe-deer. There were other examples of a greater art than this; a jewel-like landscape by Hobbema, a grave and noble Ruysdael, a little Adrian van de Velde, which in itself is a summing up of the Dutch school, so minute and yet so broad, so delicate in technique and yet so firm. Nine hundred and forty guineas was a very small price for a gem like this. Then, in the week after, came the turn of those who care for art of another kind, the art of the oriental pattern, in which Mr. Wells was equally rich. Seldom has such a collection of quaint Japan dishes or of suites of Chinese vases been seen in Christie's rooms, and seldom has the fancy of dealer and amateur been carried so nearly to the pitch of frenzy. Again, a week later, came the library, not so remarkable as the objects of ornament; and a little while after, the collection of plate, solid, substantial, and mostly old, but only of great interest by its containing two pieces of absolutely unique interest. One was a censer, in

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form like a bit of a Gothic cathedral, of English workmanship, and dating according to the experts from the time of Edward III., and consequently, if this is true, at least seventy years older than any other extant piece of English plate. The other, also ecclesiastical, was a century later in date, and bore the Tudor rose and a sort of anagram of Ramsey Abbey. Both had been found at the bottom of Whittlesea Mere, in Huntingdonshire, where they had doubtless lain since the dissolution of Ramsey Abbey by Henry VIII. had led some monk to fling them away rather than they should fall into the hands of the despoiler. Of course the coming of such pieces to Christie's caused no little excitement, and no one was surprised when the pair brought two thousand guineas.

It is just such a scene as the sale of the Wells pictures that Mr. Furniss has taken for the subject of his principal sketch, and by great good luck we are able to compare the scene as it strikes a clever observer of the present day with a corresponding scene sixty-four years ago. The firm has lately, by a singular chance, become possessed of a picture by a comparatively unknown artist, J. Gobaud, of "A Sale at Christie's, 1828," and this, by the kindness of Mr. Woods, we have been permitted to engrave. The art of the picture is not amiss, and the historical interest of it is very considerable. It represents the famous sale of Lord Carysfort's pictures. Mr. Christie himself is in the box eagerly looking toward the bidder in the left-hand corner, and on the easel is Sir Joshua's celebrated "Snake in the Grass," which now hangs in the National Gallery. The nation bought it, with the rest of the Peel collection, for Sir Robert Peel purchased the picture at this sale, and there he is standing to the right, his hands behind him, his frock coat tightly buttoned across his small waist. There are other famous persons here, as may be seen from a sale catalogue of 1875, describing the picture.

J. GOBAUD.

1875.

LOT 146.—The Sale of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Picture of "The Snake in the Grass." A scene at Christie's during the sale of the late Earl of Carysfort's pictures, June 14, 1828, with portraits of the late Sir Robert Peel, the late Marquis of Stafford, Prince Paul Esterhazy, Lady Morgan, the late John Allnutt, Esq., Mr. Smith of Bond Street, Mr. Emmerson, and other well-known personages.

Lady Morgan, the bright Irishwoman, with many friends and not a few enemies, is in the centre of the picture, and the bidder, with his hand and pencil raised, is the "Mr. Smith of Bond Street," of whom the catalogue speaks, and who was himself the author of the most famous of all catalogues, the "Catalogue Raisonné of Dutch, Flemish, and French Pictures," which is still regarded by dealers and amateurs as the principal authority on the pictures which it describes. "The Snake in the Grass" was knocked down to this eminent dealer, for Sir Robert Peel, at the price of twelve hundred guineas. Lord Carysfort paid five hundred and ten for it seven years before. What would it bring now? Those times, as far as the great works of English portrait-painters are concerned, are long past, and can hardly return again; though, on the other hand, it is difficult to suppose that the fashion of the next generation will not turn against such freaks of extravagance as that which a Rothschild of Paris is said to have committed the other day in giving £60,000 for a pair of full-length portraits by Gainsborough.

Mr. Furniss did not intend, like his predecessor, to take the actual portraits of the persons present, so we will not attempt to identify his figures. If he had wished to do more than generalize his impression of the sale, he would have given us pictures of many well-known men; of Sir Frederick Burton, the director of the National Gallery, with silver hair and a pair of keen eyes behind his spectacles; of his *confrère* of the Dublin Gallery, Mr. Henry Doyle, famous for making a very small endowment go a very long way, and for having enriched his gallery with many admirable and characteristic works, especially of the Dutch masters, bought at prices far below their value; of private collectors like Mr. Charles Butler, whose appetite for old masters is insatiable; of Lord

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Pembroke, who buys Watts to keep company with the Vandycks, at Wilton; of Lord Rosebery, a keen lover of the old English school; of Mr. W. H. Smith, who amid the cares of public life still finds a moment of leisure to visit Christie's, and to add fine examples to his collection of modern masterpieces. Nor would Mr. Furniss have forgotten the professional *habitués* of the place, the pivots, so to speak, on which the great machine of art business turns—Mr. William Agnew, the unquestioned head of his profession; Mr. Vokins, the intimate friend of Dewint and David Cox, a man of excellent judgment still, and of a most racy memory; Mr. Martin Colnaghi, the bearer of a name celebrated in the picture business, one whose knowledge of old pictures is wide, and who can tell, when the fancy takes him, many a lively anecdote of discoveries and artistic *bonnes fortunes*. It may amuse our readers to try to find in Mr. Furniss's drawing suggestions of these well-known faces. They will find others, especially in the separate vignettes; a dealer who seems to have thriven on his trade; a visitor from Paris, bringing, doubtless, an excellent judgment with him; and, above all, the auctioneer, who for many a year has wielded the ivory hammer in the historical rostrum with admirable tact, great patience, and imperturbable good temper. We began this article with the indication of some points of contrast between Christie's and the Hôtel Drouot; but, after all, there is none that is half so striking as the difference in demeanor between the two auctioneers. While in Paris the seller, the expert, and the *huissier* carry on, from the beginning of the sale to the end, a hideous rivalry of noise; while the bidder's modest nod or word is taken up and translated into a shrill volume of sound, as though a picture could not be sold in tranquillity nor business done in peace, at Christie's everything is sober, steady, silently decisive, and, for all that, none the less serious and important. We have used the word imperturbable, and it is the word *par excellence* that denotes the skilled English auctioneer. He never loses his presence of mind, he never raises his voice or seems to quicken the beat of his pulses, whether the bid be for a shilling or for a thousand pounds; whether the object he is selling be a trumpery bit of bric-a-brac or a masterpiece of Rembrandt. It is the system, and it is the outcome of the national character.

THE LADY HANNAH—A BALLAD OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

By James Herbert Morse.

If ever you meet with Captain Kidd,
At dawn, or dusk, or late moonrise,
Pray hale him hither to Dead Neck Isle,
Where the Lady Hannah lies.

The tale is old. At the dead of night,
Because she wearied of the sea
And prayed full long for the turf she loved—
"You'll have it soon," quoth he.

At dead of night they plied the oar
From where the pirate at anchor lay,
With taper spars against the stars,
Until they reached the bay.

Round Dead Neck Isle they cut the waves
That never a keel had ploughed before,
And, where the ancient cedars rose,
Rose sharply up the shore.

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"Now take my hand," quoth Captain Kidd,
"The air is blithe, I scent the meads."
He led her up the star-lit sands,
Out of the rustling reeds.

The great white owl then beat his breast,
Athwart the cedars whirred and flew;
"There's death in our handsome captain's eye,"
Murmured the pirate's crew.

And long they lay upon their oars
And cursed the silence and the chill;
They cursed the wail of the rising wind,
For no man dared be still.

Of ribald songs they sang a score
To stifle the midnight sobs and sighs,
They told wild tales of the Indian Main,
To drown the far-off cries.

But when they ceased, and Captain Kidd
Came down the sands of Dead Neck Isle,
"My lady wearies," he grimly said,
"And she would rest awhile.

"I've made her a bed—'tis here, 'tis there,
And she shall wake, be it soon or long,
Where grass is green, and the wild birds sing,
And the wind makes undersong.

"Be quick, my men, and give a hand,
She loved soft furs and silken stuff,
Jewels of gold and silver bars,
And she shall have enough.

"With silver bars and golden ore,
So fine a lady she shall be,
A many suitors shall seek her long,
As they sought Penelope.

"And if a lover would win her hand,
No lips e'er kissed a hand so white,
And if a lover would hear her sing,
She sings at owlet light.

"But if a lover would win her gold,
And his hands be strong to lift the lid,
'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis everywhere—
In the chest," quoth Captain Kidd.

They lifted long, they lifted well,
Ingots of gold, and silver bars,
And silken plunder from wild, wild wars,
But where they laid them, no man can tell,
Though known to a thousand stars.

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JERRY.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

"Dark, dark was all! A mist
A blinding, whirling mist of chilly snow,
The falling and the driven; for the wind
Swept round and round in clouds upon the earth,
And birm'd the deathly drift aloft with moans,
'Till all was swooning darkness. Far above
A voice was shrieking with a human cry!"

THE wind was howling wildly, and the snow, falling in swirling sheets, was scurrying across the wide plain, driving against the great cliffs, and banking, dangerously almost, on the frail new houses. It had not been falling for an hour, and yet all the land was covered. The fire burned hotly, sending a vivid glow over Joe's chair that stood in its accustomed place, and seeming as if it strove to touch with one little shaft of light Joe's pipe that lay in the crack between the logs where for years he had kept it. Buck slept in his box; the lamp shone brightly, and Jerry, with his arms crossed on the table, and his head bowed down on them, sat alone.

There was nothing to indicate that Joe might not come in at any moment, except that his clothes hung long and limp against the wall, that his hat was on the peg behind the door, and that his boots stood in the corner with some mud still on them, and their tops drooping over one another.

The bread browned in the spider; the coffee-pot steamed on the hearth; why should not the old man come in? Because the door was barred, or because the window was shut fast, blind and all—was that a reason?

Lonely? Jerry had never realized that such loneliness could be felt.

Fresh from the whirl of gayety and excitement, fresh from the midst of luxury and praise, to this. He raised his head and looked about him; this was all he owned; all he owned, for the old man had died with the secret of his "find" kept close. Jerry was in despair; he had spent hundreds, and had pledged himself for far more; and now Joe was dead, and the secret of where he found his gold was dead with him.

It was not in Durden's Mine; that appalling truth had come home to Jerry in the midst of that awful death-scene like a merciless blow. For he had been so sure that Joe got his gold in Durden's Mine, and Dan Burk, who professed to know, had confirmed his surmises—and now?

A groan broke from his lips.

"Great God!" he cried, "what *shall* I do!"

What, indeed! The next week the engineer would come, and the examination of the mine begin. Never go to the left, the old man had said, but had added, "There's death in the mine?" Death. Death was nothing compared with failure. He would suffer a thousand deaths rather than fail.

What should he do?

He turned his head from side to side to deaden the dull pain that had never left it since that bewildering day in the Board room; a heavy, heavy pain that would not go.

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He looked back all along his course; how he had been pushed and driven; how his present position seemed to spring on him full-armed, and he so unprepared; how blindly he had gone into this wild scheme that no man with any experience would have dreamed of attempting. It had wound like a coil about his feet—a net spread so plainly that any eye could see. Nothing but invincible ignorance would have dared so much so regardless of all consequences. And now the consequences were on him, and he was lost in a mist of despair.

Would it not be better to put the engineer at work on the new finds; while he searched for Joe's place of work?

Again he shook his weary head; this would lose to him the people's confidence; and a slow feeling of resentment began to burn in him against the poor dead man. He had not money to live on even, now that Joe was gone; he was afraid to ask Greg if Joe had repaid all of Mr. Greg's advances; he was afraid to ask any question; to meet Dan Burk; to look anyone in the face; for what better was he than a pauper and a fraud? At last he rose and shook himself; whatever else he might be, he was surely a fool and a coward. He must not dream of flinching now, but must fight this thing through whatever the end might be. He must put the engineer to work in Durden's Mine; must go in himself regardless of the death that was prophesied for him there.

He laughed.

It showed what an idiot he was to remember even an old man's superstitions; and he tramped up and down the little house until the floor shook. To-morrow he would put on his old clothes and move into Durden's; he was going to live with Greg now, and the change and new life would help to rouse him from this wretched weakness and despondency; he would move everything and shut up the old house for a while.

Up and down he tramped until he felt better; well enough to put his supper on the table.

One week ago he was at that ball. He put his cup down; he seemed to hear again the minor chords of the waltz that passed by him when he sat alone among the flowers and heard that last farewell! He took up his cup again, and emptied it; he would lose his mind if he allowed himself to brood in this way. He must eat his supper, and then must read the sealed paper the doctor had given him that morning after the funeral. He had put off the reading hour after hour: he had said that when he finished cooking his dinner he would read it; then, when he had finished eating his dinner; then, when he had finished cutting his wood because the storm was coming; and then, when he had finished cooking his supper. Now all was done save the eating of his supper, and he could have no further excuse. The paper was in the inside pocket of his coat, he could hear it crackling a little every time he moved; he was silly to put it off any longer; he would finish his supper and then open it.

Resolutely he set to work and made himself eat as usual; then he washed the few things and put them away, as he had done for so many years, then sat down by the light.

It was a large yellow envelope, with inky finger-marks on it, and a long smirch where it had been glued down. Jerry turned it over slowly; no living creature knew its contents. This thought gave him a tremulous feeling, as if a ghostly company were waiting to see him read it, and to watch his action.

He looked over his shoulder hastily, and the clothes of the dead man hanging limp and straight against the wall, fluttered slightly as a more violent gust than usual struck the house. A cold perspiration broke out on Jerry's forehead! For one moment he sat quite still, then rose and took the clothes down, putting them on Joe's bed. Of course the wind had stirred them; the wind was unusually high.

Then, once more seated near the lamp, he took the ugly envelope from the table, turned it over once, then tore it open.

Was there anything in it?

Nervously enough he held it before he looked, then one little scrap of dirty white paper was all he found, and on it, in cramped, laborious, printed letters, these words:

"Een the dorg korner—een the raf-

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ters—een the j'ists—een the korners"—that was all!

Jerry put the paper down and looked about him bewildered—what did it mean?

The dog's corner; that was mentioned first. Should he go there; and if he went what would he find? In the dog's corner—he must look!

He called old Buck from out his box, putting all the remaining supper on the floor for him, then pulled the box away. Carefully he rapped the floor—it was hollow; but all the floor was hollow. He took the lamp from the table and looked more closely; all the boards were short, and were more compactly fitted together; more carefully still he looked, and in the darkest part of the corner he saw a place worn almost smooth, and on the edges of it many finger-marks.

He thought for a moment, then put his fingers in this place, and the floor came up!

Jerry drew a long breath and dropped it. He walked up and down the floor once or twice: was he dreaming, or was he a coward?

Once more he approached the corner, once more fitted his fingers—it came up readily, and looking he saw that a square of the short boards turned on well-greased wooden hinges.

He had often seen such hinges, why should they so astonish him? Then he saw something else; was it another floor or a box? He ran his fingers over the whole smooth surface, then carefully examining he found more finger-marks; he fitted his fingers to them—one second—then a lid was lifted!

Had his mind deserted him suddenly?

He passed his hand slowly over his eyes and brow, then knelt by the open hole as if turned to stone!

Was any one knocking, or crying, or was it the wind?

Hastily he sprang up, shutting down both floors, and putting the lamp on the table.

Buck was eating his supper quietly; the wind howled despairingly, and he could feel the snow banking against the window. He could feel it falling flake by flake, he knew he could—and some one was walking and wailing outside!

He covered his face with his hands—was it Joe? A shudder ran over him—Joe longing once more to count his hoard!

With a wild shriek the wind came down the gorge, striking like a human hand against the door and window. Jerry stood still, and cold and white; it came across those lonely graves: those lives had been sacrificed for this gold!

Greg had left a flask of brandy on the shelf; he needed strength now, and he would find it in that flask.

He took a tin cup and poured some in it; how Fred Greg would scorn to drink from such a vessel; and yet this was the same brandy Fred drank in the East. It looked like melted gold as the light shone through it; then he tossed it off. He stood still for a moment: he was on fire—there were broken stars before his eyes, and red-hot blood in his veins! He walked to the book-shelf—those were his books, he knew every one of them—and there was Joe's ax in the corner, and Buck lying full length before the fire.

Nothing ailed him, he had taken only a little brandy to steady him after a day of unusual excitement; he had often seen men take more than he had taken.

Now he had strength to open those floors; and after that—"een the rafters—een the korners—een the j'ists"—he laughed aloud.

Poor Joe, he said always "een" for "in." He felt better now, quite strong and well, and had been a fool to think he had heard voices, or footsteps, or snowflakes falling—a perfect fool!

He walked to the corner, he knew what was there now; he knew that his reputation was saved—his name made good.

Eagerly, greedily he lifted the two floors—ah, those little bags: they could hold only one thing—gold! Gold dust—gold nuggets?

Anxiously he opened one—one, two, three of them—five, ten of them—and a cry burst from his lips!

Gold money, firm and solid from the mint! He heaped more wood on the fire—he spread a blanket on the floor—a blood-red blanket—how the gold would sparkle against it!

And then bag after bag he emptied it. How it clinked—how it rang—piles

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and piles of it! He was drunk with the sight, and sat on the floor and smiled at it, and talked to it like an idiot; then suddenly rising up with arms outspread he cast himself upon the glittering heap!

"Mine, all mine!" he cried aloud; a wild, sharp cry that seemed to still the wail of the wind as it passed, and an awful silence fell. Had he made that sound?

He got up slowly. What ailed him? Was he mad? Of course not; but foolishly he had emptied many of his bags of gold; he must fill them all again and put them back; that corner was the safest place in which to keep them.

Then the words came back to him—"een the rafters—een the korners—een the j'ists." He looked up; could gold be hidden up there in the rafters? He put his hand up in the lowest corner of the roof, and something was there—something soft and round. He paused a moment; should he take it down and examine it now, or wait until he had put away all his gold, and replaced Buck's box. Poor dog, he waited so patiently, so still and watchful near the fire. Perhaps he was accustomed to see those little bags taken out and emptied—emptied and counted over and over again. Old Pete had had those patient ways, too.

Slowly Jerry filled the little bags, packing them tightly;—had he done it too securely? He looked about him bewildered; he must have, for there was no gold to fill the last bag which he held in his hands. He passed his hand slowly over his forehead and eyes—had an unseen hand filched any from him?

Out again, hurriedly, eagerly, came all the little bags; how many pieces had there been in each? Many of them he had not touched as yet; he would count the pieces in these, and fill the others with the same number of coins.

Bag after bag was carefully set apart on the floor; the unopened ones opened and counted, and the rest filled accordingly, and enough was left for the last bag—none had been taken.

Then he put them back; shut down the floors; drew the box into its place, and watched as without any command the great dog stepped into his resting-place.

While he had been dreaming of the equal distribution of land and money, and making maudlin speeches about the inalienable rights of humanity, old Joe was gathering and old Buck was guarding!

Humanity had no inalienable rights—had no right to anything save what he could get and hold by his own strength. Buck and Joe had been wise—had gathered and saved the one thing that would make these ignorant hordes respect him, and stand back from crowding him down; the one thing that would give him power in the world.

He laughed a little, then stood still in front of the fire trying to calm his excitement, and decide what he would do. Should he hunt for and examine his treasure now, or wait until daylight?

For a moment he wavered; he might lose some in the night; but in the daylight Greg might come upon him at any hour—he was more secure now.

He again took up the blurred, rudely written paper; "een the rafters—een the korners—een the j'ists." He would have to tear the house down! Had the old man designed this so that no one should have the house he built so long ago for his little Nan? But now he must look.

The rafters were rough logs with the bark still on them, and ran the length of the house; nor were they very far apart, for the clapboards that stood for shingles were nailed to them without any intervening sheeting. Jerry was tall, and the house was low; he could reach up and touch every rafter except the three in the peak of the house, and these he could reach by standing on a chair.

He took it all in; almost he could see Joe's long arms reaching up, and his bony hands fumbling about the rough bark; and now he could understand why he was not allowed to whitewash the inside of the house, nor to move Buck's box. What a blind fool he had been! If he had had any sense he could have read the secret of Joe's life long ago, and the mystery that kept him aloof from his fellows; it was all clear to him now—so clear that the only wonder was that he had not seen it sooner.

Now he went back to the place where

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he had put up his hand, and had felt the soft little bundle he had been afraid to take down. He went back now and lifted his slim, nervous hand that trembled foolishly; it was there, he had not been mistaken, and he brought it to the light eagerly. A little roll about the size and shape of his finger, and wrapped in a piece of leather that looked as if it had been cut from the top of an old boot, and tied round with a leather string.

He sat down by the table, he was so nervous, and untied it—slowly it unrolled before him, an orderly pile of bank-bills!

One hour ago he had looked on himself as a ruined man — a pauper — a fraud! Now, who could say how much he owned?

He got up and poured more brandy into the cup, but before he drank it he wound up the clock; this task would take hours, and he must know when to look for interruptions. An intense, excited quiet seemed to have fallen on him now; he must work steadily and systematically; he must know exactly where he began his search, and carry it on quietly from that point. He marked the place, then went regularly on, putting all he found on the table. Strange little rolls wrapped in scraps of leather, or in pieces of the skin of animals, or in squares of felt that looked like the remains of old hats, and all of them carefully tied. Some were hard, as if they were rolls of gold or silver, and some were soft as the first bundle had been. Carefully, slowly up and down the long rafters he felt his way; up and down all the higher ones, filling his pockets that he might not have to move too often.

How careful and ingenious the old man had been in hiding his treasure! No one could possibly have found it without some clue. Then he emptied his pockets on the table. What a pile it made! and how should he store it away? One or two of the little packages he had found stuffed in between the clapboards. How many more might be there he did not know; but he would find out—find out if he had to pull the house down piece by piece!

Carefully he went over it all again, very carefully; he must not miss one inch of that roof. He was not trembling now, but he was cold, cold as death! He piled more wood on the fire; the blaze mounted up higher and higher—the room was in a glow. Then he looked about him; there was his trunk he had bought while he was gone, and his valise. Not in the valise, but in the trunk; that had a false bottom that opened with a secret spring. A new invention, the man had told him; he would put all his money there: the bills would not rattle, and would lie flat; and he could put the extra covering on the rolls of coin to stop any possible sound.

In a moment the trunk was open, and all his clothes out on the floor, all his fine new things that had cost so much money, and been put on with so much pride and pleasure; what did they matter now—what did anything matter! Down, down to the bottom, down into the false tray that was so deftly concealed; one touch and it flew open. Only one thing was there—one small bundle tied up in an old newspaper. Jerry stopped; his hands fell at his side, and the light died out of his eyes. "Mammy! mammy!" he whispered.

What came to him that he looked all about him; stood up and turned and looked about as if listening. What did he see or hear?

He turned the soiled, crumpled bundle over and over in his hands. The same old paper he had put about it as a child—the same old paper he had left there because he had not known that it was wretched and dirty—and that later he had left because of a nameless pathos that appealed to him from every smirch, and every wrinkle! Now it came to him like a voice or a touch from another world; his life was cut in two, and that other life he had lived had died and been buried long ago.

He was another person; he could not be that wild dreamer who had thought to equalize all the possessions of the earth; who would now have had him give a roll or a bag to every person in the town. How strange he had been! No wonder Joe had laughed at him.

And this little bundle that, for all his life until now, had been his only possession; poor little bundle, the only inheritance of his life.

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He turned to look at the table where his treasure lay in piles and heaps—now! He thrust the bundle far back in the bottom of his trunk—far back in a hidden corner; the night was going and he must work. Hurriedly he began to drag the trunk across the floor; midway he stopped and lifted it; it might jar some of the little bundles from their resting-places in the joists; and he put it down very carefully near the table and began to pack. All the bundles of bills he smoothed out evenly, laying them in exact piles in the false tray; then the rolls he covered more securely, putting them in even rows, and there was a great space left.

"Een the korners," the paper had said. He took the lamp, and moving his cot looked carefully on the floor in the corner, while visions of another double floor, as in the dog's corner, flashed across his mind.

But carefully as he looked there were no marks; he tapped the floor, he tried the boards, but with no success, and a feverish impatience began to pervade him. What had Joe meant "een the korners?"

He lifted the lamp and looked up and down where the logs crossed each other—ah—! In each joint there was a crack, an innocent natural crevice, but they meant much to Jerry. There they were, little rolls and bundles hidden away, pushed in carefully and systematically, hidden entirely. Slowly but surely he pulled them all out, one after another, with an absorbed, intense expression on his face, and a burning light in his eyes. One after another they came out; how many more were there, and how many more in the other corners? How much would he have when he gathered it all together? how much? And would he ever find time and place to count it?

Each corner yielded up its treasure, and he put it away as he had done the rest, then paused and looked about him.

He was very weary, and the night was nearly done. Should he put away everything and rest until the day came, or should he search further? He was very weary, and his head felt strangely heavy. Was it the brandy, or the pain that had worried him for so long, turned to heaviness? It was something he had never felt before, and he must rest.

It would not do for him to be ill and all this money about; no, he must put the house in order, and rest; perhaps a little sleep would send the feeling away.

Slowly and heavily he moved about, shutting down the secret tray, putting his clothes back as they had been, and carefully rolling the trunk against the wall. The fire; yes, he must make that safe, it would never do to let there be any danger of that kind, with all this money about. How reckless he had been all these years, not knowing the wealth hidden all about him!

But now he was very weary; he must rest; but he would not put the light out—a light would be a safety to the house; seeing it thieves would think him awake, and be afraid to break in. But yet the light might guide some wanderer there, some traveller lost on the trail; so he must turn it very low, for it would not be safe to take strangers in with so much money about.

He must be careful now, very careful, for no one must know of his wealth; no one must know. Nor must he undress, that would not be safe; and the old rifle must be loaded and cocked by his bedside; that was what Joe always did; Joe, who was so clever to gather and to hide!

He felt better lying down; but had he left any of the little rolls in his pockets that he could not lie easy? And he felt about him on the bed and in his pockets. No, they were all safe in the trunk, unless he had dropped some on the floor. He did not remember hearing any of them fall, and yet they might have. Would it not be better to get up and look?

Only he was so weary; let him rest a little while longer, then he would look; yes, he would look, for perhaps he had left some on the table, and that would betray him to Greg.

Was Greg there in the room—had he come softly over the snow from Durden's?

He must get up; he must! If Greg found it out everybody would know, and they would force him to share it out. Never—never!

He must hide it: he must send it to

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old Mr. Greg to buy shares, and make into millions and millions; until it would be scattered about him like chips around the woodpile—yes, like chips!

And so he tossed and dreamed, half asleep, half awake, while the night waned, and the wild wind blew the snow-clouds away and let the morning stars shine and glitter, and the moon turn all the snow-covered world to silver.

Clear and crisp, and cruelly cold when the red sun rose and shone on the work of the busy snow-clouds, and stole under Jerry's doorway, following a little drift of snow that had driven in, and lay across the floor a beautiful, unheeded stream of gold; stole in to show that a new day had broken over the land, and a new time and chance wherein man might begin his life afresh.

A beautiful new day; a resurrection from the death of sleep; a clearing of the soul from troubled visions that once more it might look up to God's glad light and turn away from sin and darkness; one more gift of time and opportunity sweeping in a golden flood before each life!

CHAPTER II.

"Howbeit all is not lost:
The warm noon ends in frost;
The worldly tongues of promise,
Like sheep-bells, die off from us
On the desert hills cloud-crossed!"

It was late when Jerry roused from his restless dreams, and he wondered vaguely what had come to him, and if he had slept at all. The fire had smoldered into a gray heap; the sun shone under the door, and old Buck lay with his nose up on the edge of the box blinking at the unaccustomed darkness at this hour.

Jerry sat up and looked about him: it surely had been a black, wild, snowy night when he lay down, and now the sun was shining.

He got up slowly, staggering a little just at first, and his head was very heavy; that was the brandy—yes, he had taken some brandy. Then slowly across his memory came all the scene of the night before; and he covered his face with his hands—could it be true possibly?

He walked to the window and pushed open both sash and blind, and the sight of the whitened world reassured him that he had not lost his mind. But it was cold, bitterly cold.

Quickly he made the fire and put on the kettle; now he would go out to the bathing-pool and put his head under the spout of the spring—that would clear his brain so that he could think.

The fire burned brightly, and Buck came out of his box to sit near it; things were beginning to look more natural.

Jerry took out a suit of the rough clothes he had worn always, and that Joe had put away for him in the old wooden chest; he would put them on when he came back from the spring, and things would seem more real.

Once out in the crisp cold air he started at a full run up the little snow-covered path: he used always to run on cold days, and somehow he had a wish now to do as he had done always; he wanted to take a fresh hold on the old life that had been so real and so happy! Yes, it had been happy, but he had not realized it at the time; this new life, into which he had stepped so suddenly, seemed like some strange dream from which he must soon be roused; he seemed to be able to stand off and look at himself as if he were some other person. He could see himself smiling, and talking, and bowing in the beautiful rooms that were full of light and music and lovely women; he could see himself down among the busy offices with his face grown keen and sharp after gain; he could see himself mad with joy over his heap of gold! And the person who looked was a grave young man, with rather a sad face, who trudged back and forth to the humble school-house in Eureka; a sad young man with a heart all wounded and embittered by the love cast back on it.

Ah, that had been the turning-point! If only the doctor had not cast him off.

The thought was bitter to him still, and hastily he pushed his head under the rough spout. The little icicles hanging on the side broke and fell clinking down with a sharp rattle; he laughed a happy little laugh, the sound took him back so entirely into the old days. And the water was so cold, his head felt clear and sound in a moment.

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Now he could go back and cook his breakfast and make his plans in a cool, sensible way.

He rubbed his hair round and round with a rough towel; Joe had made him do it in this way always, and he was finding Joe to be a very wise old man in many ways.

And they had been happy together in all those long, quiet years that were gone—they had been very happy. And the study under the doctor had been so pleasant and good, and he had found when he went out into the world that he knew more than most of the young men; nor had their ways and manners been strange to him. Yes, his life had been happy; picking his way slowly back to the house; but there was no reason why this new life should not be happy also—why not? He took off his "city clothes" and put on the rough suit that seemed so much more real and substantial; and made up the bread for his breakfast, and the coffee, and sliced the bacon that he would fry when the bread was nearly done. It was all so much as usual that he felt quite sure Joe was at the spring and would come in soon.

Busily he swept the floor, stepping softly lest he should jar some of the little bundles out of the joists; but when he remembered all the years that he had been coming in and out, and Joe, stamping heavily, he thought there could be no such danger.

Then looking up, his eyes fell on the little flask; that was what had made him so wild the night before, so miserable this morning, and it should not stand there to tempt him, he would pour it out—Greg had plenty more. It made a little hole in the snow as he poured it—a little round hole like a bullet—and the smell sickened him, bringing back the horror of the night. He put the empty flask back on the shelf, and arranged the table for his breakfast; it was better to do things with the usual regularity, it would help to calm him from the excitement of the past week, and allow him to think quietly of his future.

He would send his trunk down to Greg's, and whatever else they would need out of the house; and Joe's clothes and tools he would give to some poor emigrant—there were plenty of them who would be glad to get these things.

His books he would pack in the old chest, and take them with him, too; he paused, and a sudden thought came to him that made him turn and look at the chest. Surely it would hold all his books even with a false bottom put in, and his gold bags packed between. And books were heavy, so that the weight of the chest would not be noticed, and he would pack the gold so as not to rattle; this was a good plan, and he felt relieved.

As to the house; and he paused again in his slow eating to look up at the roof—it would have to come down, and what excuse could he give for taking it down himself? This thought worried him. He could not say it was from love to Joe, affectionate recollection of the old man who had been all to him. A real pain—an acute, accusing pain for the poor old man—crept into his heart. Until now no thought of love or of mourning had come to him; it had been painful, and he had missed Joe, but that had been all.

And he hated himself for the coldness of his heart.

No, he could not claim love as a motive for pulling down the house himself; he could not use the kind old man's memory in this way. He would pull down the house and say nothing about it, and when it was all down he would move it into the town, it would make a good house for somebody. This was the best plan, and surely it was nobody's business.

The dog was fed, the things put away, then he went to the bottom of his trunk once more; all was safe, and he put his clothes back more carefully, and on top he put the rest of his coarse clothes; it would be best to dress as he had always dressed, and to live as he had always lived, for too much public money passed through his hands for it to be safe for him to change in any way.

And not even Greg must know of the extent of his fortune, for no one would be loath to suspect him of knowing Joe's "find," and of concealing the knowledge in order to reap all the advantage.

Now he must prepare the chest; and

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the lid from the second floor in the corner would make an excellent false bottom, for it was thin and light.

The tools were all there, and he knew pretty well how to use them; it would not take him long; then he must go down and see Greg.

Quickly the hours slipped by, so busy was he, but all the little bags were safely stowed away, with space left for what he might find in the joists.

And gradually, as he worked, the absorbing thought of his future took hold of him again; in the morning the reaction from the troubles of the night had made him long to go back to the wholesome old times; but as the hours went on, and he realized for what he was preparing, the same excitement crept again into his veins.

So soon as these minor matters were made safe, he would map out his future course, and pursue it steadily to the end.

Durden's should succeed—Durden's should swallow up Eureka—Durden's should be the creature of his hand, and call him master as long as life pulsed in his veins. Only wait a little while—only be patient—and soon all the world should see what he could do and be.

He cooked his dinner and ate it, then locked the chest, and the trunk, and the house, and set off down the trail toward Durden's. He must see Greg, for it had occurred to him that it would be better to put up another room in addition to the two which Greg had already; it would be much more convenient for them to have such a place, and there was lumber to be bought in Eureka and plenty of men anxious for the work.

Certainly it would be best, for things had changed, and they could not now have all affairs in common.

To-morrow the Town Committee would meet, and the sub-committee make a report; after that he would have to report, and he must make out his papers to-night, and the feeling of a pressure of work seemed to lighten his heart and his step.

He had risked a great deal in giving his notes to Mr. Greg for such large amounts—had done wrong, perhaps, but it had been Joe's fault—Joe had given him unlimited credit. Then again there came into his mind the question of the motive that had instigated Joe's course. On his death-bed he had said that he sent him to learn to love money—to learn to love money. A light seemed to break in on him: Joe had been afraid that Jerry, not valuing money, would share it all out! Was this his only motive?

He remembered Joe's distress when mention was made of buying Durden's Mine; the distress that more than anything else had convinced Jerry that Joe worked in Durden's Mine.

Now that theory was done away with, what caused that distress? And his death, what caused that? Something mysterious which he would not tell; and Greg's story of his absence surely looked as if he had some resort and place of work other than the mine.

All this came back to Jerry now that his mind was free from the awful anxiety that for two days had possessed him—the anxiety about his notes falling due, and, there being no money to take them up, what would have happened? The whole scheme would have failed, and he have been branded forever as an impostor.

Now all was secure, perfectly secure; he could take up his notes and invest more—could himself run up the Durden's stock a point or two, so that even those keen, cautious men in the Board would feel secure. In a day or two he would take Greg and go in the mine, but he would not suggest any of the men going with them; for until they were accustomed to the idea of people going in and out of this haunted place it was best not to ask them, so risking a refusal, for a refusal would set the whole town talking, and he must be very cautious about this.

And besides his report he had a proposition to make to the committee; it was to buy all the lumber now lying in Eureka. It would be sold at cost, now that Eureka was depressed, and it all would be needed in Durden's as soon as the rush began. It would be a good investment for the committee to build the houses, so that the community would own them, and when rented or sold, the money would come back to the treasury. It was a good plan and he would suggest it.

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And now he began to whistle merrily as he walked, for his heart grew light as he planned his future, and felt that in the present he was safe. Yesterday the world had seemed blacker than the grave—to-day there were no tints needed to brighten it. But it would not do to be too gay suddenly—Greg nor the doctor would understand it, and he sobered down before he entered Greg's house, where he found him writing letters.

"Letters for you, too, Wilkerson," he said; "the old gentleman has followed you up quickly."

"A note of mine falls due next week," Jerry answered, opening Mr. Greg's letter first. "And good news, too," he went on, "Durden's stock on a steady rise, and Fred anxious to join us."

Greg shook his head.

"I shall say no to that," he said. "Too many of a family or a class coming in will look like a ring, and we cannot afford to lose the least bit of ground in the confidence of these people."

Jerry looked up from his letters.

"Is it well for us to live together, then?" he asked.

"I have been thinking about it," Greg answered, rather hastily, "and scarcely think it wise; and for Henshaw, the engineer, I have taken a room at Dave Morris's. I tell you, Wilkerson," he went on more gravely, "that since I worked on that committee I have not the least faith in these people; they would turn against either or both of us in a minute. They cannot understand anybody's working for the common good, and immediately grow suspicious of anyone who says that he does. Constantly I hear them going back to the doctor's case, and saying how he deceived them. They have to be held with a strong hand, or they will turn on you."

Jerry sat quite still; these were Joe's own words—"They will kill you in a minute"—and they would, if he did not kill them first!

Still, he did not blame them altogether now, for his own views had changed as to the rights of the masses, and as to the masses themselves; and, perhaps it was well that they had changed, for now, instead of trying to work out some romantic dream—some philanthropical impossibility, he would take hold of these people and rule them as the ignorant needed to be ruled.

"I will manage them," he answered, "and perhaps we had better not live together, although it would have been very pleasant."

"Very," Greg assented, drawing idly on a piece of paper that lay near him on the table; but the voice was not hearty, and Jerry wondered why the wisdom of not living together had come to Greg so suddenly—yesterday he had insisted on it.

Did he know of anything these people were plotting, and so had grown afraid of being connected with him? Jerry would not look up while he thought, for he was afraid the suspicion would show in his eyes; and it was a mean doubt to have, but since the doctor had failed him he had come to doubt everybody. "I shall try to get a room at Mrs. Milton's," he said, "until I can move my own house nearer the mine; it is too far from my work now;" then he went on opening and reading his letters.

Three or four applications for places under him from young men of good standing; two or three inquiries as to the real worth of land in Durden's, and of the true future of the place; and numbers of answers to his circulars sent out two months ago. He read them all through gladly enough, for they all promised well; and in a general way he told Greg their contents; but thought that as things between them were turning out so differently from what he had expected, it would be wiser to keep his own counsel. Nor did he mention his plan of buying lumber and building; he would keep this to himself also. And he was glad that Greg had declared himself so early in the campaign, thereby giving him time to strengthen himself so as to stand alone. It had all turned out very well, and it would be a good thing to read out these answers to his circulars, then propose the building plan to the full meeting of the Town Committee, and let them see that Greg was no more in his confidence than they were.

And he would not, as he had thought of doing, send more money to Mr. Greg

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to invest for him; but after taking up all his notes he would employ a regular broker to transact his business for him; for of course all that he told the father would be used to help the son, and maybe the son would join with any party that might form against him—might even form one.

And in the half hour that he sat so sociably by his friend's fire, the whole plan and temper of his life had changed; and the thought came to him, as he left the house, that it seemed to be ordained that he should stand alone.

He had grown up with two men whose lives hid mysteries, and so touched his only on the outermost surface, leaving him to live within himself; and now when he thought that he had made a friend; had found one of his own age with the same views and ambitions, this friend suddenly withdrew from him; because their ambitions *were* the same, perhaps. It was disappointing, but maybe it was best; his life would be much more to the purpose, and much more intense, if he lived entirely within himself, and frittered away none of his strength or energy on love and sympathy.

A little laugh broke from him as he walked, that was not pleasant to listen to, and he said aloud—"Love and sympathy!" and said it with great contempt. It seemed to him that he had given so much, and to what purpose—to have it all thrown back on him, not because of lack in him, but because of a love given long ago to a woman.

And as he stood knocking at Mrs. Milton's door, that weary, delicate face rose up before him. A strange story—a sad fate that often he dreamed over: and who was the one shut away in the convent—and why was Paul with the doctor?

"Bless my heart, Jerry Wilkerson!" and Mrs. Milton stood in the doorway looking him over from head to heels. "Come in—come in," she went on, after Jerry had shaken hands with her and had knocked the snow off his boots—"it's rale wittles an' drink to see youuns a-bowin' aroun' an' a-talkin' fur orl the worl' like the doctor; tucker cheer," and she dropped into one of the rocking-chairs that had figured so many years ago at 'Lije's funeral; only now it had grown rusty and bare of varnish, and the arms were tied in place by pieces of string.

"An' how did youuns favor down East?" she asked.

"Very much," Jerry answered; "but I could not live away from Durden's."

"Gosh, no!" scornfully; "I ain't got no stomick fur the pulin' way folks lives down East, thar ain't no grit 'bout nothin'—notter specker grit!"

Jerry laughed.

"But it is very comfortable over there, Mrs. Milton," he said.

"Durden's 'll do me," she answered, taking down a black clay pipe; "an' it did fur Joe Gilliam, an' it did fur 'Lije Milton, an' them were good men as ever wuz daubed outer clay; an' youuns orter 'gree to thet, Jerry Wilkerson."

"I do," and Jerry looked into the fire sadly; certainly Joe had been faithful to him.

"I 'llows thar's sumpen on youun's mine, Jerry Wilkerson," the old woman went on, reseating herself and looking at him keenly from out a cloud of smoke; "when a man's wittles don't sot easy, or ther's the least little thing a-pesterin' him, he allers looks like he's a-hankerin' atter a-buryin'; what's up?"

Jerry ran his hand over his face, trying to change his expression; this old woman was so keen.

"I came to see if I could board with you, Mrs. Milton," he said, quietly, "my house is too far from my work."

"I knowed it," nodding slowly, and looking into the fire; "Joe's gone, and youuns is a-goin' to spen' what he saved, a-boardin'. Mussy me, boy, youuns kin live a heap cheaper to youuns 'seff."

The color rose in Jerry's face.

"I want to board only until I can move my house," he said, "and I am going to work, Mrs. Milton, not waste."

"Jest so, thet's better; but movin' thet house ain't a-gointer pay, them logs is plum rotten by now; git youuns a little new lumber an' put up a shanty—it'll pay a heap better."

"Maybe so," Jerry answered. This was a good idea to have in people's minds; they would think the old house had rotted away; and as no one used the trail now, no one would know it had been aided in its fall.

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"I shall send my trunk and my bed down on Monday," he suggested.

"Well, an' the price?"

"You must settle that," rising, "you know best what it will be worth."

"Youuns makes a fine trade, Jerry Wilkerson," standing between him and the door, with arms akimbo; "Joe'd be rayly proud to hear how peartly smart hisn boy were."

"I don't think you will cheat me, Mrs. Milton; at least I did not think so," laughing.

"Thet mout be so, an' agin it moutent; an' I'd sot a heap mo' sto' by youuns if youuns'd try to maker trade, I would. Youuns tried it on me when youuns come alonger Dan Burk to buy the mine, an' youuns made a rale good trade, youuns did," putting her head on one side and taking her pipe from her mouth. "I reckon youuns is got mo' truck sence Joe's gone, an' don't feel so pertickler bad off; ain't thet so?"

It was in Jerry's mind, indeed on his lips, to say that then he had been buying for the people, and now he was making only a little arrangement for himself; but he remembered Greg's words that these people did not believe in such motives, words he knew to be true, so he said only:

"Yes, Mrs. Milton, I have more money now than then."

"I knowed it," nodding her head, "an' nobody need not to prophesy to know it; kase orl the town knowed thet Joe Gilliam were a savin' creetur, an' lived lonesome;" she went on more thoughtfully, "an' did orl fur hisseff and fur youuns; I'll be bound Joe washed youuns's cloze; now ain't thet so?"

"Yes," Jerry answered, "and mended them, too."

"Great-day-in-the-mornin'! an' a heaper gals jest ready to tuck up alonger him. Gosh!"

Jerry laughed, he could not help it. The idea of Joe's marrying seemed so queer, it had never occurred to him before; and the other idea—of the young women being willing to take him—that was still more strange; marry old Joe! and he laughed. The old woman joined in with a grim sort of chuckle over her own wit, walking with him to the door.

"Go 'long, boy," she said, "an' don't fotch no beds—I'se got beds, I reckon, an' Milley kin rub out youuns's shirts onest inner while; an' youuns is jest right thet Mandy Milton ain't agoin' to cheat youuns. I were jest a-foolin'; come along when youuns hes a mine to, and youuns'll find the inside of Mandy Milton's han' jest sure, youuns will," and she slapped him on the back too heartily for comfort almost. "I ain't furgot thet Joe Gilliam, an' me, an' 'Lije come from the same ole State, and thet fur a while Joe Gilliam an' 'Lije were kinder pards—I ain't furgot—farwell," and she stood in the doorway to watch him.

"Poor creetur," she muttered, "to think as he's pards alonger Dan Burk, the pi'sen-meanest parry-toed creetur as ever were growed, drat 'im;" then she shut the door.

And Jerry went his way up the lonely trail, thinking deeply, and readjusting his mind to the new order of things that had come to him since he had left his home, light-hearted, and sure of his future.

CHAPTER III.

"Friend, who knows if death have life or life
have death for goal?
Day nor night can tell us, nor many seas declare, nor skies unroll
What has been from everlasting, or if aught shall always be.
Silence answering only strikes response reverberate on the soul
From the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea."

SETTLED at Mrs. Milton's, Jerry felt more himself than he had done since the time that seemed so long ago when he had waited to warn the doctor.

It was better for him to be always among his fellows; the lonely life up on the trail allowed him too much time to brood and see visions; this busy life was more wholesome.

His report had been received with great applause by the committee, and his proposition to buy the lumber from Eureka, and to build houses, had been accepted, and a committee on building appointed, of which he was chairman.

Engineer Henshaw had come, and had been settled in his rooms, and now the

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investigation of the mine was to come the next day.

It was very late; Mrs. Milton and the town of Durden's had been long sleeping the sleep of the weary, but Jerry's light burned still, and he wrote busily. All day he had worked for the Commune—to-night he worked for himself. His private affairs were in the most prosperous condition; he had taken up all his notes as they fell due; and had spent three days in riding to and from the nearest station—to send his money to be deposited safely in bank. His broker had telegraphed its safe arrival, and his certificate of deposit and bank account had come to him that afternoon. He knew now how much he owned: at last he had counted all the savings of old Joe's long life, and of old Durden—whose money Joe had found—had counted every cent won by those lives of unceasing toil and saving, and knew himself to be a rich man.

It had taken time for him to get the money together; log by log, and board by board, he had taken down the whole of Joe's house; he had gotten all that was hidden under the floor, and had searched the roof most thoroughly. If ever it came to his memory that he was destroying the place that had sheltered all his happiest years, the thought did not stay his destroying hand; rather there was a haunting fear always that some of the treasure might be lost; and his most constant dream was that the little bundles were rolling away from him in the snow and the rain.

Relentlessly he pulled down all the little shelves and conveniences that one after another Joe had arranged for him. The first shelf put up for his schoolbooks; the larger one put up later for books that Joe had given the doctor money to buy for him; the little cupboard nailed against the wall, that served to store his papers in—all these came down one by one! Whatever was of any use he gave away—Joe's clothes, and tools, and bed—the rest of the things he kept to put in his own house that was now building.

All his money was safe now—what did these old things matter? But he kept the little bags that had held the gold; somehow he could not destroy them; and in one of them he had found a strip of paper, and the words on it puzzled him; but he could not destroy the little bags.

His face had grown very sharp in the last few weeks, and his eyes burned more brightly than ever before, as he sat writing under the full glare of the lamp.

He was a rich man now—a rich man! Sometimes he said the words over to himself until they rang in his ears and his heart—a rich man! And the respectful letters from his broker, and the paternal notes from Mr. Greg, were but the forerunning voices of what the world would soon sing around him.

His broker had advised him not to take any more stock in Durden's just now; he carried enough to assure people of his confidence in the venture, and to take any more would look as if he wished to prop it up. So some of his money was invested in other ways, and people in business circles looked on him as a "solid man." But in Durden's he was still only "Mr. Wilkerson," the chief man of the Commune; the man who had the responsibility of the whole town and its affairs on his shoulders, but who expected to make his money as the Durdenites made theirs. No one knew of Joe's treasure, and his strange sickness and death were soon forgotten.

Mrs. Milton had said, and everyone believed it, and thought it most natural that Joe Gilliam had saved a little money, and young Wilkerson was living on it; but no one knew of the bank account, nor of the investments made in his name in various prosperous railways; only Dan Burk wondered in his heart where Joe's money was. He knew how much he had saved, and he knew that Joe must have saved twice as much; yet no word had come to him—no whisper of Jerry having found but the little he was now spending on his living; and he wondered if the old man had hidden it too securely, or purposely had put it out of Jerry's reach.

Burk had been to see Joe once during his illness, but Joe had not vouchsafed to notice him except to say that there was "a curse on the gold, and death in the mine"—and this looked as if he might have buried it out of sight for-

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ever. Then Dan remembered Jerry's visit to the East and hearing that he had spent a great deal there; maybe it had gone in this way, maybe; but then this would not account for Joe's great desire that Jerry should learn to love money. He could come to no satisfactory conclusion, and fell to watching Jerry closely for any betraying word or action; he went to see him at all hours, hoping to surprise him in some way, but gained nothing for his trouble. Jerry lived quietly at Mrs. Milton's—he was building for himself a small house in no way better than the houses built for the emigrants; only two small rooms close under the cliff near the mine's mouth; he gave no sign in his dress, nor in any of his habits, that he was in possession of any great amount of money, and Dan Burk was puzzled.

The others who watched Jerry were Greg, with always an anxious look in his eyes; and Paul Henley.

The doctor came and went silently; he attended carefully to his work in Eureka, and kindly to all the sick and dying; his life seemed to have lost all interest, and he went about as one to whom duty has become habit. His great tract of land lay under the sun and rain untouched and unsought; his great stacks of lumber had been sold to Durden's; his imported workmen had followed their leader Greg, each buying his little lot, and building his little shanty; and the land-agents whom he, more than Jerry, had foiled, had been bought out by the railway company, and in a body had gone away in search of further prey.

All things rested in Jerry's hands now, and he had begun to think he could not fail—that all he touched must succeed. Nothing surprised him unless it went wrong; then he was provoked. He ruled the Town Committee, never hesitating to tell them the most biting truths; he dictated to the Building Committee; he asked no advice, and told none of his plans. When a plan was fully matured in his own mind he systematically worked things in that direction, then laid the plan before the committee, quite sure of its adoption.

He was fully armed always, and people said he was not afraid of the devil. More than once Dave Morris had bragged of his defeat, elevating himself along with the reigning hero—a friend intimate enough to knock him down; and Dan Burk often had repeated old Joe's words, "he would kill without thinking," and, if true or not, this was believed.

And Jerry's laws were stringent.

No whiskey was allowed in the town save as rations to men who were working; and it was said that Mr. Wilkerson would shoot any man he caught selling anything stronger than beer. Long ago he had established a school and church, where services of some kind were held every Sunday; but he had no reading-rooms, no lending-libraries, nor any news-stalls; those who wished newspapers might take them privately, but the fewer the better; he did not think them good for the masses, they only fomented discord and discontent. He had seen this, and as the people were satisfied with the *Durden's Banner* he made no move to introduce papers from the outside world.

As it was, his power was scarcely realized; and Durden's, surprised by the order and method with which she was governed, followed Jerry quietly and blindly.

His letters were finished now, and he pushed aside the coarse curtain that shaded the window and looked out. The autumn was very late, fortunately for his plans, with only the slightest snowfalls at long intervals; allowing him to build and prepare for the newcomers, and to push the work in the new "finds;" a little more good weather, and the old mine would be reopened, and the railway in; and of course the weather would hold.

There was a slight covering of snow on the ground now, as Jerry looked out, but the stars were shining overhead, and the moon so brightly that he could see the stone meant for Joe's grave leaning against the fence.

"*Joe Gilliam's Last Find*" was the inscription cut on it, with the date of his death.

Jerry turned away; his last find! Where had his first find been? where had he worked all these years? where had he found all his gold?

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Up and down Jerry walked; to-morrow, for the second time in his life, he would enter Durden's Mine. Would he find anything there to tell of that long toil and saving? Might he not have mistaken Joe's last words?

He had found no mining tools among Joe's things; no lanterns, nor miner's lamps, nothing but common saws and hammers and hatchets; no clothes that looked as if he had worked underground. Would he find them all in some black passage in the mine? all piled carefully in some far recess, put there by the old hands that could handle them no more: or had Joe said true, that he had not worked in the mine—that it was all safe unless you turned to the left.

He paused in his walking; some day he would examine that turn to the left. Die—he could not die yet—he *would* not die! If the devil had filled all the cracks of the earth with gold, he would dig it all out and give it to men, so that there would be no more power in it to tempt them; and he laughed a little, remembering his foolish visions.

He went to the window again; his head was hot and heavy, and lifting the sash he leaned out into the biting wind.

"*Joe Gilliam's Last Find.*"

The stone leaning against the fence seemed to speak to him. Something connected with his work had killed the old man; and his last find, did that mean his grave, or the thing that had caused his death?

He could never find out; and to-morrow he would go into the mine that the old inhabitants looked on as fatal to all who entered it.

Mrs. Milton had uttered sad forebodings.

"My 'Lije were a good, strong man, an' he were gone two days," counting slowly on her fingers, "two days, a Thursday an' a Friday, thet were orl—orl the time he were in thar; thet were orl, but when he come home a Saturday, he were done—plum done!" And she wiped her nose with the corner of her apron; "thar warn't no mo' sperrit in him, no mo' sperrit in 'Lije Milton," shaking her head; "he never said another cuss, ner tuck another dram, 'ceppen what the doctor give him; an' he never tole what he sawn in thar—he never tole it."

Then Jerry had left her: he had heard that story long ago from Joe, and later had had suspicions of Joe's connection with this same story—dark suspicions that he had stilled; now they all came back to him as he thought of the next day, and looked at the stone leaning against the fence.

"*Joe Gilliam's Last Find*"—that narrow grave up among the rocks—the common pine coffin—the quick forgetfulness!

He came in hastily from the cold night, and shut the window; he must get some rest, or he would not be fit for the next day's work.

Carefully he put the fire together, and drew the curtain, then looked at the clock; it was time almost for Mrs. Milton to get up.

(To be continued.)

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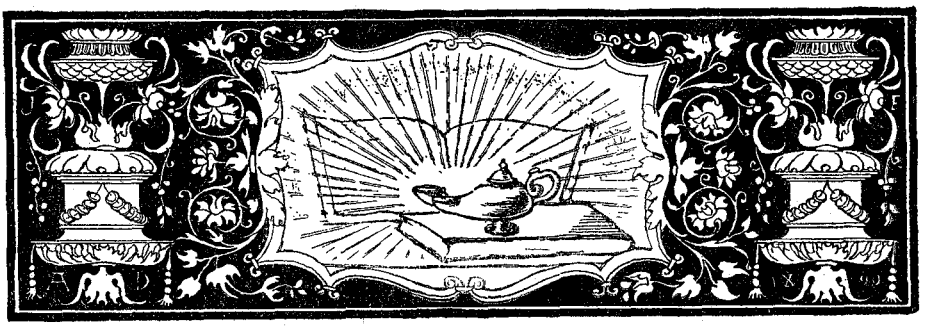

THE POINT OF VIEW.

It cannot be denied that this last decade of the century is not precisely the flourishing period of either jovial or sentimental celebration, and it is doubtful if the Spirit of Christmas Present and Tiny Tim find much tolerance at the hands of even the most catholic of the *fin-de-siècle* critics. There are "no new facts to communicate" (to quote from the bashful man of science recently cited in these pages) as to holly, plum-pudding, or the whole duty of man to his neighbor under the Christmas-tree or elsewhere; and he would be a bold man who should essay a seasonable talk to the generation that has run the whole gamut of Christmas literature, from the Carol and Bracebridge Hall to Mr. Stevenson's Christmas sermon. Nevertheless, the diminution, not only of this literature, but of the cheery, optimistic note in current literature generally, is not altogether owing to its past abundance, and is in itself the subject for a homily that has not yet been read, if one were preacher enough to handle it. If Christmas does not bring new expositors of a gospel of good cheer, it suggests at least an inquiry into their absence, and a question whether it means loss or only change.

The world has had harder treatment at the hands of the pessimists in the last two decades, perhaps, than in any like space of time before; but probably no man will seriously contend, whatever his philosophy, that there has been any real diminution in the fund of enthusiasm, initiative energy, and on the whole of genuine hope, in the race at large. If he be a pessimist himself he may lament it—that the younger generations, at least, will keep on hugging their delusions, and believing in the time-honored possibilities of happiness and fruitfulness; but he cannot deny the fact that the trait is ineradicable, and that it carries with it as a corollary a tendency to do something for the general good. If he looks, like Cardinal Newman, at "the many races of men, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then . . . their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts . . . the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish," and all the rest of the dreary catalogue set forth by the unerring pen of the "Apologia," why, so has every man looked at them after his kind, and it has made no difference—the sum total of effort and of hopefulness has remained the same. Even beliefs may change in part, as they undoubtedly have changed in their literal form, and yet the bases still remain unaltered with the vast majority of men — probably with as large a majority as ever; in the last analysis a faith in benevolent design, in an essential and consistent purpose of good, in the duty to one's neighbor. Added to these are other and greater faiths, from Newman's to the simplest individual belief; but so much is virtually universal.

On the whole, too, there has been no decrease in the emotional enjoyment of life. To reverse the old line in a way that sometimes suggests itself, *nos mutamur, et tempora mutantur in nobis*, and the older man must recognize that it is he that is changed,

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and the times only as he sees them; but, taking age for age alike, no one will doubt that men love as deeply, feel pleasure as keenly, enjoy their happiness as fully as they ever did.

What, then, is the reason for the undoubted fact that the cheery side of life seems to find less voice in literature? Or if not absolutely, at least relatively less? There are the old stock explanations, the greater complexity of contemporary life, the growing intensity of the struggle for existence, a repressive criticism, and so on; each one of which seems to lead back to the same untenable premise, that not only the utterance but hopefulness itself has actually decreased. But has any one thought sufficiently of the fact that the mere gigantic increase, if not of literature, at least of literary expression, the immensely greater ease of inter-communication, and the extent to which nowadays we share each other's experiences, have driven writers more and more to the exceptional and the recondite—to the psychological entanglements and the unhappiness which form, to quote Mr. William James's phrase, the "unclassified residuum" rather than the established conditions of life?

Contrary to the common belief, it is the unhappy and not the happy man who is loquacious. There are very few who are compelled to make record of their happiness; but the Rousseaus and Senancours and Amiels (and Marie Bashkirtseffs if you like) find voice enough. And now, when the channels have become wide and easy, the same principle applies with a new force, and with results which are portentous. Now that the habit of rushing into print has so enormously increased, almost everyone who feels the impulse indulges it, and *ex hypothesi* the great majority who feel it are of those to whom unhappiness, commonly their own, seems the most important thing in life. Add to this the fact that, when we all know so much about each other, to write about so well understood a condition as happiness seems *fade* and commonplace to all except the few who have too much real power to fear it; and here is, I think, at least one factor in a possible explanation why the short stories and the minor novels shun the old open, and take to devious ways of entanglement and misery, or to the strained realism of showing faithfully only the hard, outer shells of things.

A FEW nights ago, after seeing a good American play well acted, I wished, for perhaps the hundredth time, that we might hand over to our descendants, before this nineteenth century closes, a subsidized metropolitan theatre devoted to our own drama, which, though often crowded out by successful foreign plays, can no longer be said not to exist. We, who are destined so soon to be regarded as odd remnants left over from another age, shall never live to see such a theatre founded by the government, and granted annually for its support a large sum out of the public treasury; they do this as well as other things better in France, and he who should venture to suggest the scheme at the present stage of our civilization would not have to wait long to be convinced of its impracticability. But neither private munificence nor private enterprise need wait upon the passage of a bill through Congress. Already we have an opera-house second to none, where the work of the great composers is produced in a manner that falls little short of perfection; and every winter we listen with delighted ears to an orchestra established in another city by one man's generosity. Overflowing houses attest the hearty acceptance of these gifts by the music-loving public; their entire success is proved beyond dispute. Why, then, should the sister art languish for like recognition? How much longer must we wait in New York for the Comédie Américaine?

Ten years remain to us in which to set this good work going—*to us*, because if it is deferred until the twentieth century we shall no longer be identified with it. Not half the time we have left is really needed. In five years our theatre, well organized and conducted, would command attention the world over. That it will do so at no very distant day is almost certain, since the people's interest in the theatre increases constantly. It rests with us to make a day that is sure to come our own. But the chroniclers are sharpening their pencils and getting out their note-books to set down the fact that this century of our republic, with all its devotion to literature, its museums, its schools of art, never founded a dramatic

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school, and let its national theatre go a-begging for the means to undertake it. "Such welcome and unwelcome things at once, 'tis hard to reconcile."

Every one knows, of course, that a theatre of the highest class might be carried on with a much smaller fund than that required for the Metropolitan Opera House, with its famous singers, its important conductor, and its enormous corps of supernumeraries. With the right man at the head of it, a syndicate for the promotion of a national theatre could be formed in one day. Were the money a gift, it would be one of public benefit, making honor for the benefactors. In the end it might prove to be no gift at all, but only a good investment; our theatre-goers have never yet been slow to recognize the best that comes before them. The details, to be sure, would take some serious thought, but there is the long experience of the Comédie Française ready to be drawn upon. *Va pour la Comédie Américaine!* It needs but one man to make the effort. Where is he? Naming no names, it can do no harm to put the question openly to whom it may concern.

THERE is probably no good American citizen of regular occupation (and good citizens, almost to a man, are regularly occupied) who has not at some moment observed and deplored the fact that his life, without strenuous effort to the contrary, is but a mere passing and repassing over the same familiar ground. The busy man, whether lawyer or merchant, clerk or cashier, soon learns the shortest way from his door to his business, and the chances are many to one that he will always go and come by it. Day by day his feet are slowly wearing away the pavement in ruts scarcely wider than those of the long-silent chariot wheels in Pompeii; were he stricken with sudden blindness he could follow that hurried course in the dark; and as the landmarks along it are so hackneyed that he has ceased to regard them, he might as well be blind to every non-obstructive thing. Study his face, and you will find that he is absorbed in his task, whatever it may be. Question him about any matter that does not immediately concern that private interest, and he will plead in excuse for his ignorance, often with a sigh of regret, that he has no time for side-issues.

Now, in nine cases out of ten this is not strictly true, though he has made the statement so often that he really believes it, and under oath in the witness-box would solemnly state it again. He does not know what is the matter with him, but you can take *your* oath, if need be, that the patient old scape-goat of the scythe and hour-glass is less to blame for it than himself. He has simply fallen a victim to the money-getting habit — a vice like opium-eating or any other. Its earliest symptom is a passion for overwork, attended by total indifference to social and other distractions, including every form of literature except the newspaper; relaxation, when indulged in at all, is taken with a rush, like the mid-day meal at a lunch-counter, where all eyes are fixed upon the clock, and the voice of the ticker dominates everything. The acute form reveals a kind of mental dyspepsia to which enforced leisure brings additional pain rather than relief. The brain-wheels, nicely adjusted to their narrow groove, are unfit for freer service, and nothing short of recasting will make them go.

The desire to live at ease by achieving success in a chosen profession is natural and proper, but a reasonable variety in one's life is not inconsistent with it. He who listens to the clink of coin in his own pocket is never to be envied; on the other hand, the poor man with a wide range of resources becomes enviably happy in his own flexibility of temper which makes friends for him on every side. One such cheerful soul, no longer in his first youth, and anxious to make the most of the fleeting remnant of existence left to him, actually divides his day into epochs, giving an hour to study, an hour to exercise, an hour to light literature, and so on. In his eagerness to avoid running in a groove, he has run into the other extreme with as many grooves as his waking hours will permit. His plan, if generally practised, would have its inconveniences, no doubt; yet he is a far more rational creature than the man who has merged all ideas in one. He is living his life, at all events; he will not break down before his time, and pursue health ever after, restless and miserable, with no comfortable tastes or habits to fall

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back upon. Would that our nervous nation might take to heart and learn to apply this lesson in deliberation of an English sage: "It does a bullet no good to go fast, and a man, if he be truly a man, no harm to go slow; for his glory is not at all in going, but in being."

WHY do people care so much about what is said in newspapers? They do care, especially when the something said is said of themselves. My friend the Judge remarked the other day, on what seemed to him the absurd fact, that when a young man of questionable wisdom made a remark you gave it such attention as his abilities and the accuracy of his information seemed to warrant; but when the same young man got his remark committed to type, and put into a newspaper, it became clothed in an authority which you felt bound to respect, and did respect more or less, however you might have differed from the opinion. But the fact was not so absurd as the Judge thought.

When Brown remarks to Jones, "Robinson is an ass," that is one thing. Brown may not really mean what he says. His remark is intended for Jones, and very possibly he counts upon certain qualities in Jones to qualify its force. Beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, and of course very much of the force of talk lies in the listener's ear. Then, too, when Brown makes his remark it may be with recognition of the chance that he may feel differently about Robinson the next morning, and may recall his opinion the next time he and Jones meet. But when Brown, the editor, composing the opinions of his newspaper, has his disparaging opinion of Robinson put into type and published, that is a different matter.

In the first place, when the opinion once gets into print it becomes something *more* than Brown's opinion. It is the opinion of a responsible business establishment, which very possibly represents an investment of some hundreds of thousands of dollars, the profits of which depend in a considerable measure upon its reputation, which in turn depends, to some extent, on the ability of its editor to say the right thing at the right time, and defend it.

And to anything which a responsible newspaper prints attach many of the qualities which thus characterize its personal remarks. For whatever it says it must be ready either to fight, or to apologize and pay. Inevitably it will have to apologize sometimes; but the apologies of great newspapers are far between, and are apt, when they come, to relate to matters of minor importance. The obligation to be right, or at least defensible, in the first place, is seriously taken, and an apology is a confession.

In the second place, when an opinion about Robinson gets into a newspaper it is on the way to become the opinion of that newspaper's readers, and from that it is only a step to becoming the opinion of the public. If the remark is so manifestly true, or supported by such evidence that the average intelligence accepts it, it comes with the force of revelation, as did the remark of the little boy in the fairy tale that the king hadn't his clothes on. From private opinion to public opinion is as great a step as from a liquid to a crystal; but when matters have come to the right point a little jar will often precipitate the change in an instant.

Robinson may bear with equanimity the knowledge that Brown in talking with Jones has called him an ass, but the suspicion that Jones's opinion is public opinion may reasonably disconcert him.

END OF VOLUME VIII.

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